July, 1942

TECHNOLOGY DEPT.

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FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

PACIFIC HURRICANE . . . . . *By Warwick M. Tompkins*
PT BOATS IN ACTION . . . . . *MTBRON–THREE Plays Havoc With the Enemy*
ATLANTIC CONVOY . . . . . *Royal Canadian Naval Photos*

R v.72 Jy-D 1942

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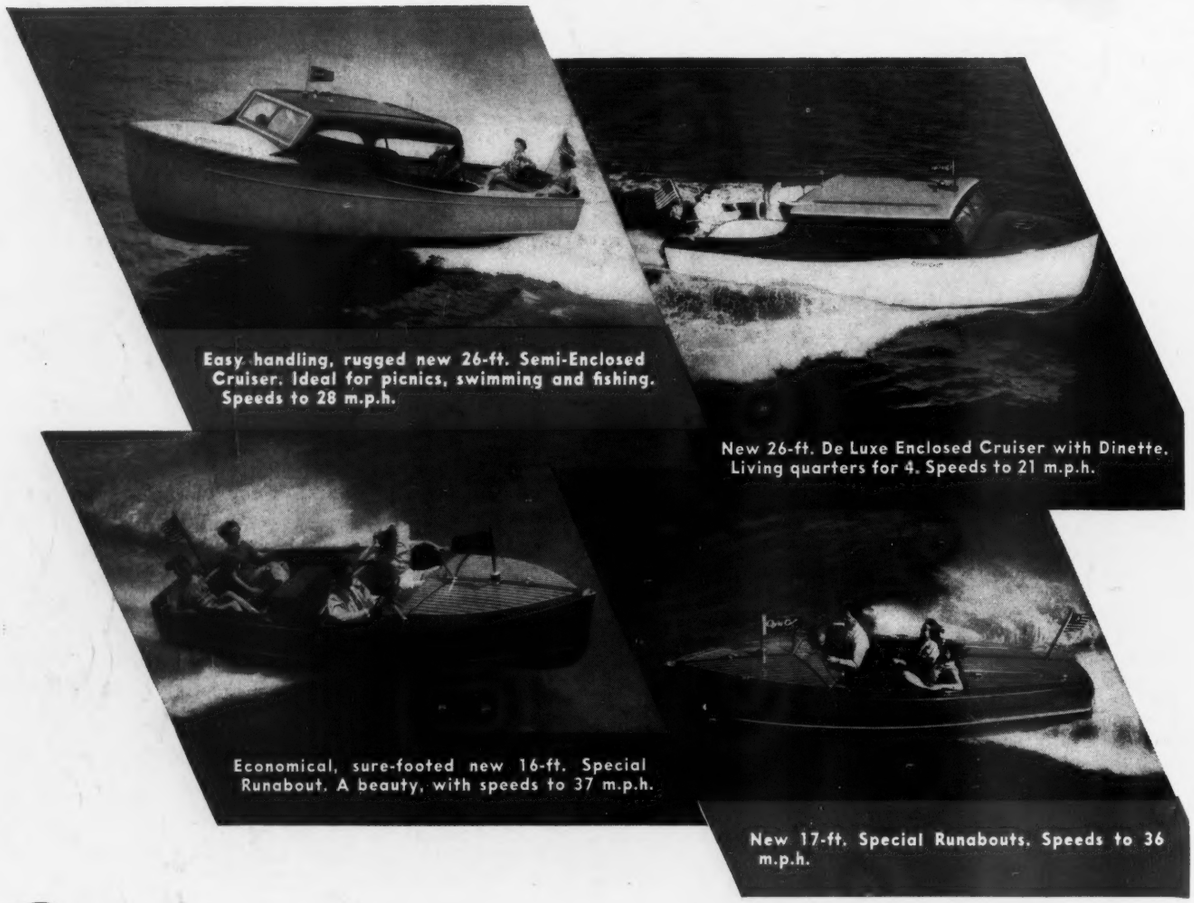

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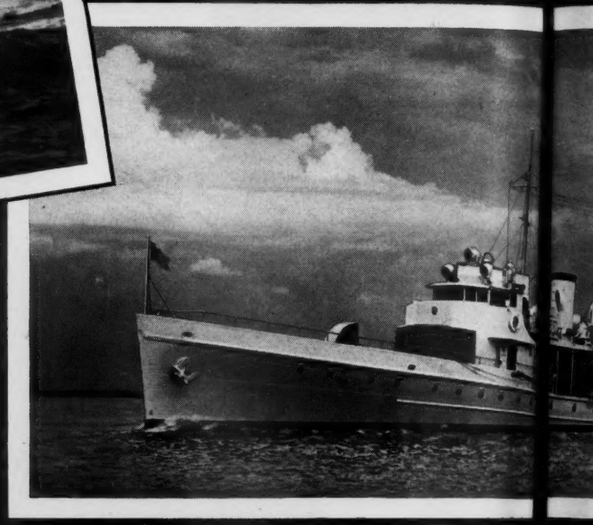

AMONG the U.S. Coast Guard vessels now actually serving the Navy in the war are many ice breakers, cutters and harbor patrol boats that are powered with GM Diesel engines. And the Navy knows, from its own experience with GM Diesel power, that it can count on these craft to do a highly efficient job.

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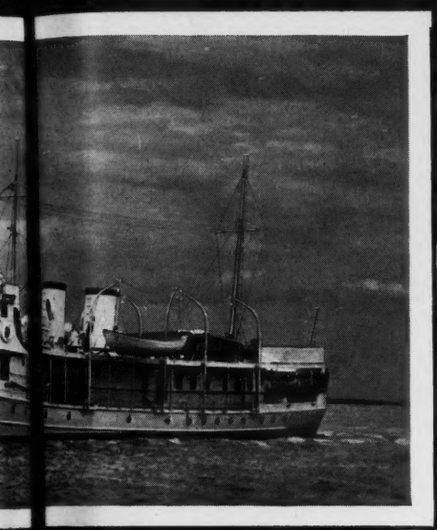

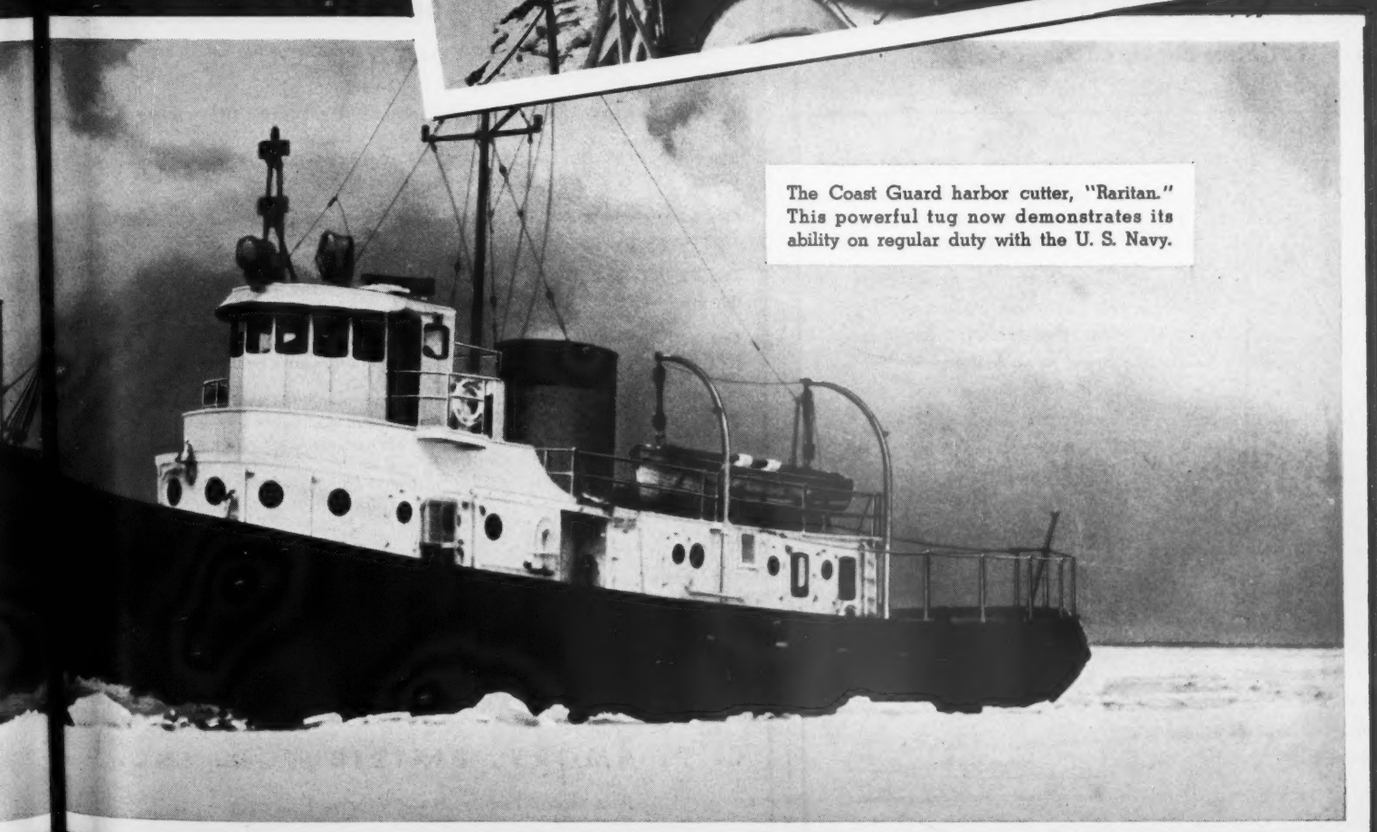

The Coast Guard harbor cutter, "Raritan." This powerful tug now demonstrates its ability on regular duty with the U. S. Navy.

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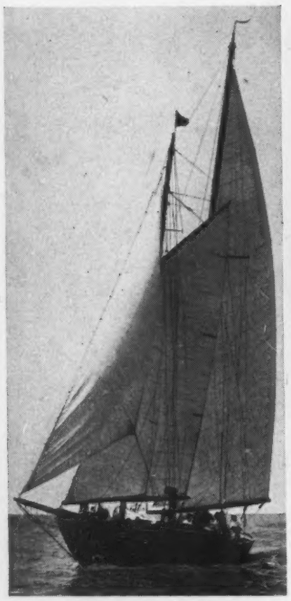
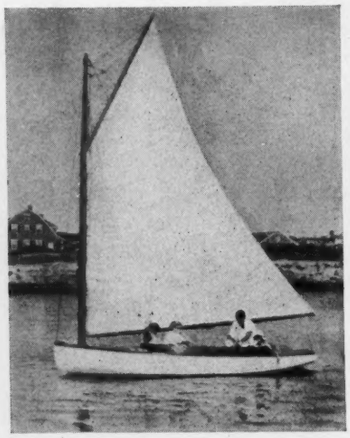


● FOR SALE: Fine cruising schooner. Alden design. Sleeps four in cabin and two in large double stateroom. Sails, spars and motor nearly new. 52′ 3″ x 38′ x 12′ x 7′ 4″. Separate engine room aft, large cockpit. Good sized galley forward with berth in forecastle. Price low. *Refer to No. 248.*



● FOR SALE: Handy Cat, 18′ x 8′. Inboard rudder. Comfortable cockpit, flush deck, small mainsail, exceptionally good model. Bargain. Location: Falmouth, Mass. *Refer to No. 1830.*

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● FOR SALE: Smart cruising yawl, 38′ x 28′ x 10′ 6″ x 5′ 3″. Designed by us in 1937. In commission. Gray motor. Large and comfortable double stateroom forward, roomy toilet amidships, numerous closets, lockers, etc. Galley aft, separate motor compartment. *Refer to No. 639.*

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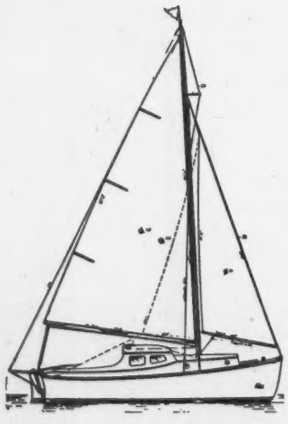

No. 4894—FOR SALE— Brand new 22′ overall motor-sailer. Sleeps four. Gray "Sea Scout" engine. Large cockpit. Designed by Eldredge-McInnis. Boat located near Boston.

No. 4897—FOR SALE— 28′ overall auxiliary sloop. Four berths. Full headroom. Gray engine. Boat designed by L. Francis Herreshoff.

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Four **New 30′ 6″ OWENS SEDANS.** Power, Chrysler Crown. All of these are sedan boats.

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One **39′ ELCO.** It is a twin screw job, with Chrysler Royal motors. It is a 1940 model.

One **46′ MATTHEWS double cabin enclosed deck cruiser.** This boat is a 1941 model, like new. It is powered with two 155 H.P. Kermath reduction gear motors. She is like new.

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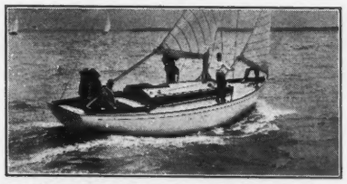
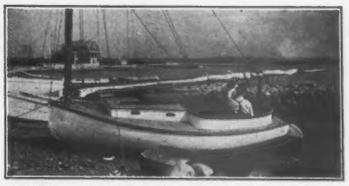


No. Y-7400 — FOR SALE or CHARTER — 27′ w.l. auxiliary sloop, built by Lawley in 1939 from our designs. Smart under sail, four berths and large cockpit. SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, INC., 11 East 44th Street, New York.



No. Y-70074 — An interesting catboat for someone who wants a boat for afternoon sailing where shoal draft is required. For further data consult SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, INC., 11 East 44th Street, New York.

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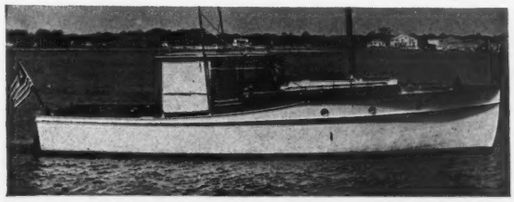

No. 3430 — FOR SALE — 39′ 4″ x 12′ 1″ twin-screw cruiser and fishing boat. Very able and of rugged construction. In fine condition throughout, fully equipped and ready for use.

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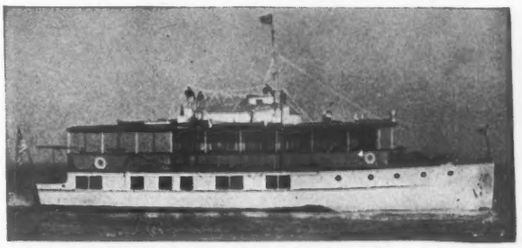
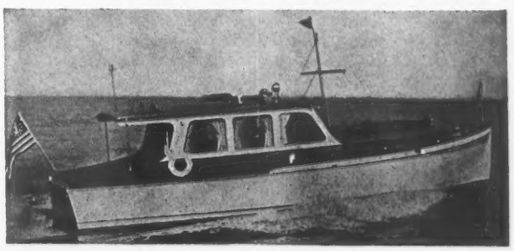


No. 722 — FOR SALE — 78′ x 17′ 3″ x 4′ 6″ twin-screw houseboat, designed by John H. Wells and built by Robert Jacob, Inc., City Island, N. Y. Accommodations include two double and two single staterooms with two baths. Comfortable quarters for crew forward. Excellent galley finished in Monel metal. Beautifully furnished and completely fitted. Ready for immediate use. For further particulars, communicate with YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



No. 1237 — FOR SALE — 38′ Matthews sedan cruiser, delivered new 1939. Twin Kermath motors with reduction gear, beautiful condition, many extras. For further particulars, communicate with YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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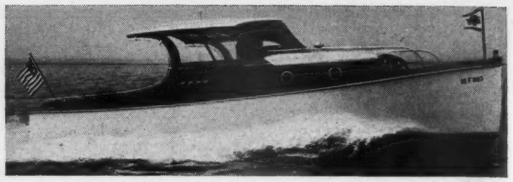

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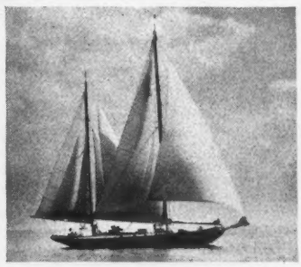

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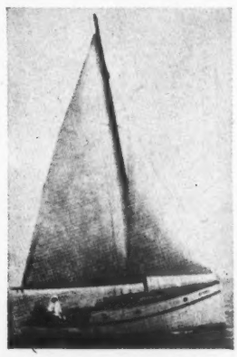

25′ Block Island Type Seagoin Sport Fishing Boat, Rigged as Motor Sailer, Outside Ballast, 4-Cylinder Hercules Motor. Write for list of good used power cruisers, work boats, auxiliaries and small sailboats. Several of these boats priced low for quick sale.

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Want Motor Sailer

that will sail, about 45 feet. Picture will be returned. Give lowest cash price. Write Box No. 700, care YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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58-ft. Crash Boat, twin 6-cyl., 180 hp. Speedways. Fast. Lux, protane gas, 1¾″ planking, 2 staterooms, large pilot house, large galley, shower, 2 toilets. All one man controlled. Can easily be converted to semi-Diesel. Located at Busse's, Astoria, L. I., N. Y. Must sacrifice. Best offer over $4,000 takes it. Fred C. Wendt, III, 217 N. York Road, Hatboro, Pa.

Dear Swap Chest:
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Will swap for a modern yawl or cutter.
P.S. NOTHING UNDER 45′ L.O.A. WILL BE CONSIDERED.
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Have 30 lb. Northill anchor, perfect condition, used very little. Will swap for $50.00. Cost $97.50. Box 7–2.

Will swap $25.00 cash for 9′-10′ Amesbury-type dinghy. Must be clean, structurally okay and preferably located western Long Island Sound. Oars and oar locks should be included. Box 7–3.

Have three "B-O" dinghy sails, excellent condition. Want stop watch, Curry's "Aerodynamics," good slicker suit, 5.50-17 tires or cash. Box 7-4.

Will swap both a Hyde 16″ x 16″ R.H. 1⅛″ bore and a Hyde 16″ x 24″ R.H. 1¼″ bore propellers for one approximately 16″ x 16″ left-hand propeller, or will pay cash. Box 7–5.

S.O.S. Please rescue me from the Sea of Uncertainty by giving me a job from now until October. Sail preferred, but will swap my services on power boat. References: Schooner "Yankee," "Penguin II." Box 7–11.

Have two pieces 1½″ Manila rope, one 18′, other 54′. Was used as room decoration, otherwise as good as new. Will swap for eight-day bell-striking ship's clock. Box 7–12.

Have Ritchie dia-line compass. Need parachute spinnaker, maximum dimensions 36′ on the luff and leach, and 16′ breadth. Box 7–1.

Young man willing to swap his services for chance to sail this summer as deckhand on sailing craft, Atlantic coast. Experienced, dependable, sober. Eighteen, Blair graduate. Box 7–6.

Have a 4-cylinder, in-line, air cooled aluminum block, "souped-up" ex-midget racing motor, good condition. Want rebuilt or new Ford model B block for conversion. Box 7–7.

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Business executive, experienced sailor will swap his services as crew, deckhand, cook, mainsheet man, or other, for weekends aboard sailer, cruising or racing. Willing share board expenses. Box 7–9.

Want two five-inch roller bushed blocks, running and anchor lights, also smaller blocks and other equipment. Will swap cash. Box 7–10.

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To Place an Ad: Type or write the text of your ad clearly just as you want it to appear except for the Box Number which will be supplied free by the "Swap Chest." Count the words and multiply by 8¢ per word. The result, if over $1.50, is the cost of your ad. If less than $1.50, you may add more words or pay the $1.50 minimum charge. Send your ad, with check or money order (not stamps), together with your name and address, to the "Swap Chest," care YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York. You need not write a letter.

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Exclusively for yachtsmen, the "Swap Chest" will not knowingly accept advertising from business firms, dealers, manufacturers or other commercial vendors.

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Rates and Terms: "Swap Chest" ads are published at the low rate of 8¢ per word, with a minimum charge of $1.50. Check or money order in correct amount must accompany orders or ads will be returned. All "Swap Chest" ads will be printed in the first issue of YACHTING, to go to press after their receipt. All ads are set in uniform style and are assigned blind Box Numbers from which replies are forwarded by YACHTING.

YACHTING reserves the right to refuse any advertisement for any reason whatsoever. YACHTING assumes no responsibility for any transactions arising out of the "Swap Chest." All advertising is accepted with the understanding that it is placed in good faith.

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This is the second Navy "E" presented to the Wheeler organization. The Wheeler Whitestone plant received an "E" award for minesweeper production several months ago. Thus Wheeler has another FIRST, being the proud possessor of two "E" awards for wooden boat construction.

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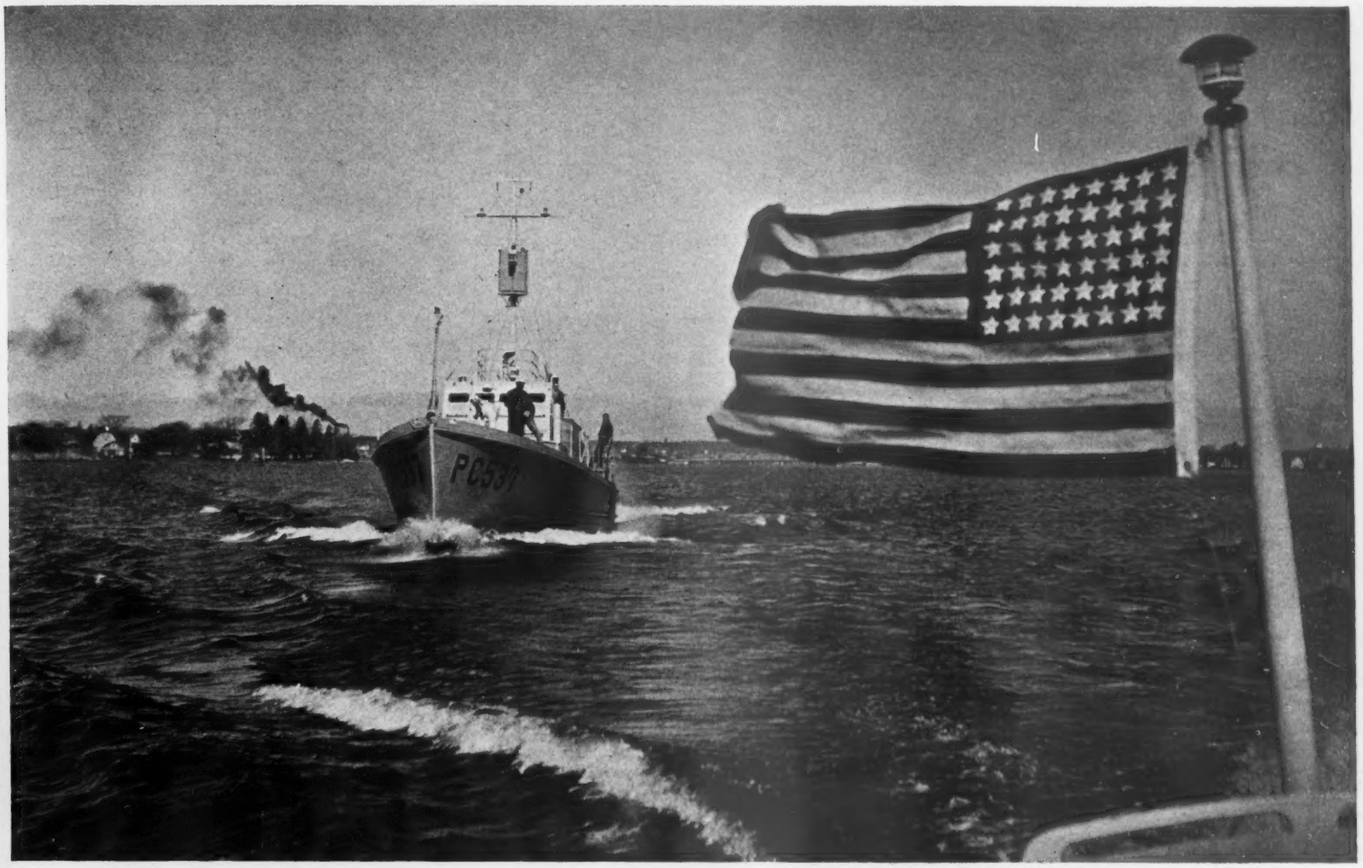

One of our answers to the Axis submarine campaign. In ever increasing numbers, these 110-foot Patrol Chasers are sliding off the ways from yards on both coasts and the Great Lakes. From this yard on Green Bay, Lake Michigan, many have already been delivered and more are to come.

VOL. LXXII
NO. 1

YACHTING

JULY
1942

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YACHT CLUB NEWS AND COMMENT

YACHT CLUB ACTIVITIES

▶ Recently elected to steer the Habana Y.C. for the next two years are: Silvio de Cardenas, president; Mario Pedroso, vice president; Manuel Aspuru, commodore; and Rafael Posso, vice commodore. Adolfio Ovies heads the regatta committee. Junior officers at the St. Petersburg Y.C. are Joe Cramer, Bud Weaver and Patrick Cruchy. At Jacksonville, a new organization has been encouraging sailing races on the St. Johns River. The Rudder Club, with Albert Stephenson commodore and E. John Saare race chairman, has been racing off the River Oaks basin with Stars, Comets, Darts and open class. Although the sailing has been held up somewhat by requirements for Coast Guard identification cards, the club has just made a cruise up the river to Green Cove Springs.

SOUTHERN MASSACHUSETTS Y.R.A. HELPS CLARIFY REGULATIONS

▶ Early in the year, when Coast Guard and Navy regulations and restrictions affecting the use of pleasure craft began to appear, it was hoped that YACHTING could keep its readers informed of developments and changes in the situation from month to month. This, however, has not been feasible. For not only do the regulations vary considerably among the various Naval Districts, but also the necessary time lag between the date of issuing the regulations and the date of publication might be as much as forty days.

However, the Southern Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association, a live wire organization of Buzzards Bay, southern Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket yacht clubs, in connection with its regular bulletin for the 1942 season, has compiled and mailed to all its members a simple, concise, and easy-to-understand summary of the regulations affecting pleasure boats within the area. This will undoubtedly be exceedingly helpful, particularly to the many sailors and boat owners who reside elsewhere except during the summer. In addition to providing full information on just what is needed in connection with identification cards, boat licenses, Federal Tax Stamps, the prohibition against cameras and firearms, etc., the bulletin lists the name and address of the Coast Guard officer responsible for the area in question as well as local Coast Guard stations, and other sources of information. The bulletin closes with a plea for coöperation with the Coast Guard on the part of all clubs and individuals.

CALENDAR

July 1 — Annual Regatta, Royal St. Lawrence Y.C., Montreal.
July 2–3 — Annual Race to Saugatuck, Jackson Park Y.C., Chicago.
July 3–5 — Annual Semaña Nautica for small classes and Blue Flattie Series, Santa Barbara, Cal.
July 4 — Puget Sound Races, rendezvous at Port Madison, Seattle Y.C., Seattle.
July 4 — National Outboard Ass'n Regatta, Alton, Ill.
July 4 — N.O.A. Regatta, Lake Chickamauga, Tenn.
July 4 — N.O.A. Regatta, Pequea, Penna.
July 4–5 — N.O.A. Regatta, Madison, Wis.
July 4–5 — Annual Macatawa Bay to Chicago Race, Morton Star Trophy series and Regatta, Chicago Y.C.
July 4–5 — Queen's Cup Regatta, South Shore Y.C., Milwaukee.
July 5 — S.B.R.A. Race, Richmond Y.C., Richmond.
July 5 — Windmill Point Shield Race, Royal St. Lawrence Y.C.
July 5 — N.O.A. Regatta, Santa Barbara, Calif.
July 11 — Mixed Race, Southern Lake Michigan Elimination Series for Stars, Jackson Park Y.C., Chicago.
July 11 — 18th Port Huron-Mackinac Race, Bayview Y.C., Port Huron.
July 11 — Regatta, Manhasset Bay Y.C., L.I.S.
July 11 — Currie Cup Dinghy Race, Toronto.
July 12 — Annual Regatta, Lorain Y.C., Lorain, Ont.
July 12 — Bessborough Cup, E Class, Royal St. Lawrence Y.C.
July 12 — Midsummer Festival, South Shore and Milwaukee Y.C., Milwaukee.
July 12 — N.O.A. Regatta, Kaukauna, Wis.
July 14–15 — Third Annual Stone Horse Invitation Interclub Regatta, S.M.Y.R.A., Harwich Port, Mass.
July 17 — Third Annual Stone Horse Regatta, Gifford Cup, Harwich Port, Mass.
July 18 — Chicago-Mackinac Race, Chicago Y.C.
July 18 — Inter-State Race for Auxiliaries; Erie, Pennsylvania, to Mentor Harbor, Ohio; Erie Y.C. and Mentor Harbor Y.C.
July 18 — Regatta, Echo Bay Y.C., L.I.S.
July 18 — Duggan Cruising Cup, Royal St. Lawrence Y.C.
July 18–22 — Quincy Bay Race Week, Mass.
July 19 — Lake Washington Races, Seattle Y.C., Seattle.
July 19 — S.B.R.A. Race, San Francisco Y.C., Belvedere.
July 19 — N.O.A. Regatta, Long Beach, Calif.
July 19 — N.O.A. Regatta, Marion, Ind.
July 21 — Wianno Senior Class Regatta, Wianno, Mass.
July 24–26 — 19th Annual Regatta, Edgartown Y.C., Edgartown, Mass. (Tentative).
July 25 — Regatta, Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., L.I.S.
July 25 — Dinghy Regatta, Pointe Claire Y.C., St. Lawrence.
July 25–26 — Falcon Cup Race and Annual Regatta, Mentor Harbor Y.C.
July 25–26 — 100-mile Sail Race and Regatta, M & M Y.C., Green Bay.
July 26 – August 2 — Larchmont Race Week.
July 26 — S.B.R.A. Race, Encinal Y.C., Alameda.
July 26 — N.O.A. Regatta, Alexandria Bay, N.Y.
July 28 — West Seattle Hi-Yu Series, Seattle Y.C., Seattle.
July 31 — Annual Cruise, Unqua Corinthian Y.C., Amityville, N.Y.
August 1 — Regatta, Larchmont Y.C., L.I.S.
August 1–2 — Overnight Race, Huntington Y.C., New York.
August 1–2 — Northern Lakes Open Comet Series, Algonquin Y.C., Irondequoit, New York.
August 1–2 — Milwaukee Journal Annual Regatta, Milwaukee.
August 1–8 — Marblehead Race Week.
August 2 — Fifth Annual Big Boat Skipper Race and Annual Rendezvous, Chicago Corinthian Y.C.
August 3–8 — Great South Bay Race Week.
August 6–8 — Lipton, Nutting, Gehrmann, Richter and Special Trophy Series, Chicago Y.C.
August 7 — Black Lake to Muskegon Race, 22-Square-Metre and cruising classes, Muskegon, Mich.
August 7–9 — Annual Regatta, Western Michigan Y.A., Muskegon Lake Y.C.
August 8 — Regatta, Manhasset Bay Y.C., L.I.S.
August 8 — 12th Annual Regatta, Nantucket Y.C.
August 8–9 — Open Comet Regatta, Greater Wildwood Y.C., Wildwood Crest, N.J.
August 9–10 — Annual Regatta and Lightships Race, Nantucket Y.C. (Tentative).
August 10–12 — Annual Regatta Inter-Lake Yachting Association, Put-in-Bay, O.
August 13–15 — Annual Regatta, Central New York Y.R.A., Syracuse Y.C.
August 15 — Annual George Orr Memorial Regatta, Columbia Y.C., Chicago.
August 15 — Regatta, Orienta Y.C., L.I.S.
August 15 — 9th Annual Southern Mass. Yacht Racing Association Championship Regatta, Waquoit, Mass.
August 15 — Championship Series for 18′ Knockabouts, Waquoit, Mass.
August 15–16 — Annual South Shore Regatta, Vermilion Y.C., Ohio.
August 16 — Bechtal Trophy Race, Stockton.
August 17–22 — Sheridan Shore Y.C. Race Week, Chicago.
August 22 — Regatta, Echo Bay Y.C., L.I.S.
August 22 — Annual Long Distance Races to Cornfield Lightship, Stratford Shoal, and Eaton's Neck, City Island Y.C., City Island, New York.
August 22–23 — Northern Lakes State Championship, Comets, Lake Owasco, New York.
August 23 — Daily News Regatta, Chicago.
August 23 — Fourth Championship Races, Y.R.A. of San Francisco Bay, Berkeley Y.C.
August 23–24 — Auxiliary Race, Tacoma Y.C., Tacoma.
August 24–25 — S.M.Y.R.A. District Junior Championships, Cumming Cup (Tentative).
August 27–29 — Barthel Trophy Series, Detroit, Y.C.
August 27–31 — Snipe Class International Championship, Crescent Sail Y.C.
August 29 — Baie d'Urfe Annual Dinghy Regatta.
August 31–September 1 — S.M.Y.R.A. District Women's Championships, Prosser Cup (Tentative).
August 29 — Regatta, New Rochelle Y.C., L.I.S.
August 29–30 — Wildwood and Stone Harbor Comet Regatta, Stone Harbor Y.C., Stone Harbor, N.J.
August 30 — S.B.R.A. Race, Corinthian Y.C., Tiburon.
September 4 — First Leg: Annual Tri-State Race, Chicago to St. Joseph, Columbia Y.C., Chicago.
September 5 — Regatta, Larchmont Y.C., L.I.S.
September 5, 6, 7 — Tri-State Race, Chicago, Columbia and Jackson Park Y.C.
September 6 — Second Leg: Annual Tri-State Race, St. Joseph to Michigan City, Chicago Y.C.
September 7 — Third Leg: Annual Tri-State Race, Michigan City to Chicago, Jackson Park Y.C., Chicago.
September 11–13 — Middle Atlantic States and World Championship Regatta. International Moth Class, Atlantic City, N.J.
September 11–13 — National Championship Regatta, Comet Class, Seaside Park Y.C., Seaside Park, N.J.
September 12 — Regatta, Manhasset Bay Y.C., L.I.S.
September 13 — S.B.R.A. Race, Palo Alto Y.C., Palo Alto.
September 13–14 — Possession Head Race, Tacoma Y.C., Tacoma.
September 13–20 — St. Francis Race Week, St. Francis Y.C., Cal.
September 19 — Regatta, Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., L.I.S.
September 20 — Annual Sheldon Clark Regatta, Chicago Y.C.
September 20 — Vashon Island Race, Seattle Y.C.
September 26 — Regatta, Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., L.I.S.
October 16–18 — National Moth Boat Regatta, Pasquotank River Y.C., Elizabeth City, N.C.

Chesapeake Bay

July 3 — Virginia Cruising Club Race, Hampton Y.C., Hampton, Va.
July 4–5 — Regatta, Hampton Y.C., Hampton, Va.
July 4–5 — Regatta, Rock Hall Y.C., Rock Hall, Md.
July 10 — Gibson Island-Annapolis Race, Gibson Island Y.S.
July 10–12 — Annual Regatta, Annapolis Y.C., Annapolis, Md.
July 18–19 — Regatta, and J. Rulon Miller Memorial Series for Stars, Gibson Island Y.S.
July 24–26 — Regatta, Chester River Y. and C.C., Chestertown, Md.
July 26 — Poplar Island Race, Gibson Island Y.S.
July 31–August 2 — Regatta, Cambridge Y.C., Cambridge, Md.
August 6–8 — Regatta, Miles River Y.C., St. Michaels, Md.
August 9 — Race Back from Miles River, Maryland, Y.C., Baltimore, Md.
August 14 — Race from Gibson Island to Oxford, Chesapeake Bay Y.R.A.
August 14–15 — Regatta, Chesapeake Bay Y.C., Easton, Md.
August 14–15 — Regatta, Tred Avon Y.C., Oxford, Md.
August 22 — Regatta, Sparrows Point Y.C., Sparrows Point, Md.
August 29 — Regatta, Naval Academy Y.S., Annapolis, Md.
August 29–30 — Regatta, Indian Landing Y.C., Indian Landing, Md.
August 29–30 — Regatta, Rappahannock River Y.C., Irvington, Va.
September 5 — Cedar Point Race, Gibson Island Y.S.
September 5 — Regatta, Norfolk-Portsmouth Y.R.A., Norfolk, Va.
September 5–7 — Regatta, West River S.C., Galesville, Md.
September 12–13 — Regatta, Urbanna Y.C., Urbanna, Va.
September 12–13 — Regatta, Elk River Y.C., Old Fields Point, Md.
September 13 — Regatta, Maryland Y.C., Baltimore, Md.
September 19–20 — Regatta, Potomac River S.A., Washington, D.C.
October 4 — Start of Fall Series for Cruising and Racing Classes, Annapolis Y.C., Annapolis, Md.

Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound

July 4 — Larchmont Yacht Club.
July 5 — Larchmont Yacht Club.
July 12 — Indian Harbor Yacht Club.
July 19 — Stamford Yacht Club.
July 26 — Larchmont Yacht Club.
August 2 — Larchmont Yacht Club.
August 9 — American Yacht Club.
August 16 — Huguenot Yacht Club.
August 23 — Port Washington Yacht Club.
August 30 — Riverside Yacht Club.
September 6 — Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club.
September 7 — Larchmont Yacht Club.
September 13 — Manhasset Bay Yacht Club.
September 20 — Indian Harbor Yacht Club.
September 27 — Horseshoe Harbor Yacht Club.

Star Class

June 27–July 1 — Sixth Annual Noroton Race Week of the C.L.I.S. Fleet for the John Taylor Arms Trophy, Noroton Y.C., Noroton, Conn.
July 4–5 — International Interfleet Series for the Captain James Griffiths Trophy, Vancouver, B.C.
July 18–19 — J. Rulon Miller Memorial Series, Chesapeake Bay, Gibson Island Club Y.S.
August 1–2 — Milwaukee Journal Regatta, Milwaukee, Wis.
August 1–2 — Annual Devon Invitation Series, Devon Y.C., East Hampton, L.I.
August 4–8 — Commodore Corry Series, Great South Bay, off Bay Shore.
August 6–8 — Miles River Y.C. Regatta, Chesapeake Bay. John Charles Thomas Trophy.
August 6–9 — Twelfth District Championship, Sodus Bay Y.C., Sodus Bay, N.Y. Oneida Lake.
August 10–14 — Annual Regatta, I.Y.A., Put-In-Bay, Ohio.
August 13–15 — Annual Regatta, Central N.Y.Y.R.A., Syracuse Y.C.
August 17–22 — Sheridan Shore Y.C. Race Week for the Valspar Trophy.
August 23–29 — World Championship Series, Chicago, Illinois, on waters of Southern Lake Michigan Fleet.
August 30–September 4 — Atlantic Coast Championship, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
August 30 — Shrewsbury Cup Race for Commodore Al Williams Trophy, Richmond County Y.C., Great Kills, Staten Island.
September 5–7 — 14th Annual Jersey Coast Challenge Series, Barnegat Bay, Seaside Park Y.C.
September 5–7 — U. S. Shipping Board Trophy Series, Chicago Y.C.

DUE TO PRESENT CONDITIONS MANY OF THESE DATES ARE ONLY TENTATIVE AND SHOULD BE REGARDED AS SUCH

Midnight off Cebu

THE PLACE: A narrow strait off the southern tip of Cebu Island, Philippines.

THE TIME: 11:30 p.m. Passing through the strait are a 6,000-ton Japanese light cruiser and her escort of four Japanese destroyers.

★ ★ ★

Suddenly out of the dark roars the American Elco Motor Torpedo Boat PT-41, Lieutenant Bulkeley commanding. Straight past the nearest destroyer... right on the target... fire one... fire two... American torpedoes bore through the Pacific into the cruiser's side. Searchlights light up the strait like day... the enemy's 5-inch and 6-inch guns open up ... shells rip the water around the tiny American craft, a hailstorm of machine gun fire spatters the surface. As PT-41 sheers off at top speed... Elco PT-34 comes up to join the attack. She too gets past the destroyers... strikes the Jap cruiser with two more torpedoes. As PT-34 roars off, a great cloud of smoke envelops the sinking goliath. *She sank in 20 minutes.*

Afterwards the two boats separate. PT-41 lost her pursuers in a burst of speed off North Mindanao. PT-34 was not so fortunate. A destroyer pursued her all the way to Cebu Harbor, where four Japanese seaplanes dive-bombed her at dawn. One fell victim to her machine guns.

★ ★ ★

Another American victory has been won through great skill and greater courage. One more convincing proof has been provided of the tremendous striking power and great manoeuverability of our newest naval weapon — America's PT Squadrons.

Elco

ELCO NAVAL DIVISION
OF THE ELECTRIC BOAT COMPANY
BAYONNE, N. J.

MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS • SUBMARINE CHASERS • NAVAL AUXILIARIES

Being a Department Designed for Preserving Unusual Tales Spun by Yarners at the End of the Day's Run When Everything Has Been Snugged Down

AROUND THE CABIN LAMP

Jed Vincent's Wife

▶ This is a tale the older boatmen of Martha's Vineyard tell; a yarn which one generation has told to another since 1812, when a grim British frigate was stationed in Falmouth Harbor to blockade that coast.

Jed Vincent, they will begin, was a man who loved his boat. There are men who follow the sea all the days of their lives, and go through fair weather and foul with their boats, but their craft are never more to them than faithful drudges. But now and again you will find a man who loves his boat, a man to whom a collection of planks, nails, canvas, rope and ballast has become a living entity.

▶ Jed's thirty-foot sloop *Hilda* was the last boat that ever slid from the ways of the legendary old builder, Jethro Daggett. It might have been that the failing master-builder had some dim prescience of this finality for into his last creation went an elegance of line and a level of craftsmanship that crowned old Jethro's notable labors. He died in less than a week after the *Hilda* slid into the water of Edgartown Harbor, her stem wet with Jamaica rum.

Even before she was well shaken down, the *Hilda* displayed such speed it was obvious no boat in the harbor had a serious chance with her. Jed had abandoned the traditional lug sail then common in small craft, and had a generous boom and gaff rig, with two jibs. Also, he had a topsail on a pole topmast for use in light airs. The *Hilda's* ballast was clean beach stones, for metal was beyond Jed's purse. She was a low-sided craft with a graceful sheer, sturdy quarters, a clipper bow; and she made Jed's heart rejoice the way she answered her helm or breasted a sea.

▶ Jed went hand-lining for cod off Noman's Land that fall and winter with one hand, and the gales they met there proved to Jed that he had no fancy light weather craft but one that could take the impact of a ton of water on her fore deck and stagger up with scuppers spouting — ready, even eager, for more. In a few years she was known from Provincetown to Sag Harbor as "the fastest thing of her size afloat."

In these years Jed's affection for his boat developed to a point where he became the butt of good humored fun along the waterfront. They called the *Hilda* "Jed Vincent's wife" and the jest held truth, for Jed had no family and his trim black sloop was the object of all his care.

"Nuthin' under forty foot's ever beat her," was quiet Jed's one boast. "An' nuthin' ever will."

▶ It chanced, after a time, that the marines attached to the frigate grew hungry for Vineyard mutton so, one afternoon as the ship patrolled the Sound like a stately grenadier with great white shako, a longboat with a squad of hungry Devonshire men put out from her, landed near the Eel Pond and swooped down on Edgartown.

But their course had been marked since they left the ship and not a sheep was to be found at the farms they visited. True, they had offered compensation for the stock they had taken on other raids but the Vineyarders had a wholesome distrust for all paper money, English as well as their own. So the marines got no mutton.

When they went to retreat, however, they found that the aroused farmer-fishermen, a hundred strong, were hot on their trail. They could not get back to the longboat so they fled down Commercial Street to the wharf and piled into the first craft they could find, which was the *Hilda*, hanging there with her sails drying in the sun, for it had rained that morning.

▶ Jed was in a fish house when he heard the to-do and, in high horror, he emerged to see his beloved sailing away. Twenty men were quickly chosen and the *Lion*, the next fastest boat in town, was taken. The tiller was put into Jed's hand, for by common consent no man could get more out of a boat than he, and the chase was on.

So swiftly had the pursuit been organized that the *Hilda* had a scant five hundred yards' start when the wind heeled the *Lion* over. Little hope was entertained as the chase began for the *Hilda* had but to gain the cover of the frigate's guns, now only about two miles northwest of Cape Poge, to be safe, and the *Hilda* was faster than the *Lion*.

But a novice was handling the *Hilda* and a master guided the *Lion*. Incredulously, the Edgartowners watched the gap begin to shrink and raucous shouts of joy burst from their throats.

"Hold her to it, Jed! You'll ketch her!"

▶ But something was happening inside Jed. Looking ahead, he could see his fine fast sloop being grossly mishandled, her good points of sailing neglected, her sails sloppily set. The sight was a knife in him. He suffered in silent agony as the gap narrowed to 300 yards and then he could endure no more.

"Ye sufferin' fools!" he bellowed in a great voice. "Stop pinchin' her! Give her a sailful o' breeze! An' set up on that throat halliard!"

In consternation, his mates looked at him as he fell silent, abashed by what he had done. They saw, within a minute or two, that the Britishers had taken his advice. The *Hilda's* helmsman ceased to point her high into the northwest breeze and the bagginess in the luff disappeared. In ten minutes, it was amply clear that the *Hilda* would never be caught.

Deep were the curses aboard the *Lion* as the chase was given over. Then First Selectman Luce spoke to Jed.

"Jed, we've got no right to holler too loud. You're the only man in town that lost anything this trip. But why didn't you keep quiet? You'd have had the *Hilda* back again by now."

▶ Jed Vincent looked out over Vineyard Sound where, in a sea bright with the glory of the descending sun, his darling was drawing near the frigate's side. Oddly, there was no regret in his voice when he answered.

"Aye, but she'd been a beaten boat," he said, half-smiling, "an' she couldn't ha' stood that."

HARRY R. BUTMAN

Cautious Conrad makes doubly sure

"Meet the Men who make Gulf Good"

Bogan Doesn't Talk About His Medals

JAMES J. BOGAN, of J. & J. Bogan, Point Pleasant, N. J., has a lot of medals he doesn't talk about. As he says, he only did what any other boatman would do when there's trouble at sea.

He did it on that grim, grey morning of Sept. 8, 1934, when the hulk of the "Morro Castle" lay smoking offshore.

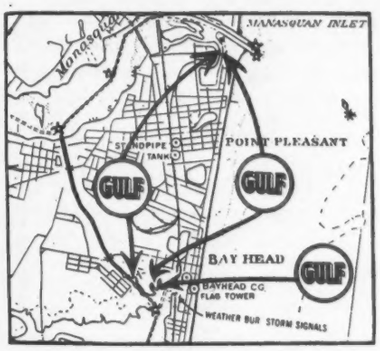
Out through the dangerously breaking combers in the Manasquan Inlet, he, his father, and his brother, took the party fishing boat, "Paramount." Before the day was over they had rescued 67 people from that ill-fated vessel.

For his courage and superlative seamanship, Jim Bogan received the Congressional Medal, the Governor's Medal of Honor, and many other awards. Sure, we're proud of him—he's one of the marine service men who make Gulf good!

JAMES J. BOGAN—ONE OF THE MEN WHO MAKE GULF GOOD

Here's what J. & J. Bogan's Gulf Service Port offers Yachtsmen

- First location at which gasoline may be purchased when entering inland waterway from sea.
- Basin, 200 yds. off waterway carries 7′ of water at mean low tide.
- Can accommodate yachts up to 60′ in length and 7′ draft.
- Rest rooms, fresh water, ice, electricity available at dock.
- Local yard can haul up to 125′ and has complete machine shop.
- Agencies for Chrysler, Gray, Kermath, Lycoming, and Superior Motors, Federal, Mogul-Hyde, and Colombian Propellors; Shipmate and Wilco Gas.
- Marine hardware and supplies available locally.



Besides J. & J. Bogan's at the entrance to the Manasquan Inlet, there are several other Gulf Service Ports in this vicinity.

There's always a Gulf Service Port 'Round the Bend

Of course you wouldn't use clothes line for running rigging! Then why use a landlubber gasoline or oil in your boat? Gulf has perfected fuels and lubricants specially designed for yacht use—Gulf Marine White Gasoline and Gulfpride Oil. Here's a gasoline that won't foul tanks and lines with gum, and an oil that has been refined by the special Alchlor Process to remove more of the carbon—and sludge-makers. You can get them at convenient Gulf Marine Ports—from the men who know boats best.

We Invite You to Call at

Gulf Marine Service Ports

Headquarters for Supplies and Service Wherever You Cruise

GULF

Tune in Sunday night 7:30 EWT, "We The People" at War. Columbia Broadcasting System

IN THE WIND

▶ FLASH! . . . Who said there wasn't going to be any open ocean sailing for yachtsmen this season? . . . True, it's of a slightly grim nature but it's likely to pack the most exciting wallop in the annals of American yachting. . . . Thanks to the Navy's graceful acquiescence to the clamorous demand that small boats be permitted to play their part in defending our shores, already there are a substantial number of sailing and power craft, manned by enthusiastic crews, patrolling at various distances offshore. . . . Qualified yachtsmen volunteering for this hazardous service receive ratings, pay, and wear uniforms as members of the Coast Guard Auxiliary and Temporary Reserve. . . . As rapidly as suitable boats are equipped the fleet now at sea will be augmented. . . . The crews will serve a designated period and then be replaced by others, the men relieved remaining on inactive duty until again available. . . . Here's a ready made "vacation" for you, my hearties. . . . And a solace to those of us whose disabilities have prevented our return to active duty in the Navy or Coast Guard. . . . Many familiar yachts are involved in the daring program. . . . And familiar names. . . . Naturally, a lot of what's going on in this connection can't be revealed. . . . But when the story *can* be written it ought to make a whale of a yarn. . . .

▶ Bad news for the sport but good news for his frantic competitors is the fact that superskipper Francis S. Page, who has been king pin in the Atlantic Class for five years in a row, is retiring from racing for the duration. . . . His slippery *Ann* probably won't even be launched this season. . . . Last reported, Cap'n Page was placidly weeding his garden at his Greenwich home, seemingly quite resigned to the situation. . . .

▶ Said John Chamberlain, eminent book reviewer for The New York Times, in his criticism of a tome by Washington's celebrated Mr. Kiplinger. . . . "The building with pillars piled atop of other pillars, ponderous and *inane* as an old-time frigate, is the State Department. . . ."

Just what was inane about *Old Ironsides* or the *Constellation?* According to the late Admiral Luce, whom I had the pleasure of knowing in my youth, the latter frigate was a damned smart warship for her day. . . . Incidentally, on her record as a fighter, she deserved to be ranked ahead of *Constitution*. . . .

▶ Mrs. Evelyn Sims, of Jefferson, Texas, has had a total of five sons in the Navy at various times. . . . Not content with that, she wants to be "catapulated off the deck of a warship in an airplane. . . ." The gallant lady recently was appointed to christen the *U.S.S. Sioux*, a fleet tug, and admitted the experience was a big thrill — but not thrilling enough. . . .

▶ My revered (and feared) Skipper, who navigates this tome, received the following letter from a friend the other day:

"I had rather hoped that I might get my commission in the Navy from the last war reinstated and it was no help to hear, over at Sturgeon Bay the other day, a full two-striper say, in response to the yard foreman's suggestion that he put out a spring line, 'What the hell is a spring line?' "

The ignorant slob! . . . Naturally, it's that line you use from the day spring marches in to the time summer begins. . . . Or a line used by a guy in uniform on a gal in the vernal moonlight . . . when he hopes to tie up . . . or I don't know my lines. . . .

▶ That Admiral's name should be I*nimitz*-able. . . . Emperor Hirohito has ordered a diving suit preparatory to reviewing the Fleet. . . .

The Japs solved their problem in the Pacific by getting to the bottom of it. . . .

▶ *Mayflower* — the little vessel in which so many social registerites claim their forebears arrived here — is over from England again, in model form, and has joined The President's famed fleet. . . .

▶ Sail boat men haven't the heart to kid the motor boat crowd these days. . . . The latter are sufficiently harassed by gas rationing. . . .

When I read the headline LLOYD'S IS OUT — I got a severe shock, for I thought it meant "for the duration. . . ." I read on and was relieved to discover that what's *out* is the 1942 edition of that classic. . . . Since its beginnings in 1903, yachts listed in Lloyd's Register have increased to 7,112. . . .

Seventy years ago there were twenty-four yacht clubs. . . . Today there are 794. . . .

▶ "The following clipping is from the column, *Pittsburghese*, in the Post Gazette," writes H. H. Wood of the Smoky City. . . . "Thought you might be interested in knowing how Allegheny River sailors are written up in our local papers. . . ."

The clipping follows:

"Optimistic Sign

"Yachtsmen who make the Oakmont Boat Club their home port feel confident it's going to be a lively season. For one thing, they've just redecorated their bar.

"Sail boats

"Gas or no gas, more sail boats will be seen on the Allegheny this summer than ever before in the Motor Age, according to enthusiasts. . . . A new 19-footer with a 25-foot sail is owned by Morris Verner, Jr., the real estate man, and Harry Riddile, Oakmont councilman. . . . Another is a new 17-foot boat commanded by Harry H. Rowand, Jr., the Judge's son. Others will be launched with the first favorable winds."

And Mr. Wood comments: "We have had several favorable winds since this appeared so I suppose most of the 'yachts' are safely launched. . . ."

▶ The fishing dragger *C. E. Beckman* ran into plenty trouble not long since when she was on the banks. . . . Her crew were hauling a net when, along with the flippering yellowtails that slithered over the rail there came aboard a sinister looking, gray cylinder. . . . The fishermen separated it gingerly from their legitimate haul and identified it as a depth charge of the type employed by planes in combating undersea craft. . . . It had not exploded since the depth of water was less than that for which the fuse was set. Figuring that a bomb was decidedly out of place aboard a peaceful dragger, besides being a menace, the crew hove it overboard when the vessel reached deeper water. . . .

A few seconds later, the *Beckman's* stern was lifted clear of the sea by a terrific explosion. . . . Her planking was splintered, her seams opened, exhaust pipe broken, wheelhouse windows smashed and the legs sheared off the galley stove. . . . In short, all hell broke loose. . . .

The incident reminds me of the luckless day we let go a barrage of "ashcans" from a subchaser on the Otranto Patrol in the last war, and couldn't get away from them fast enough. . . . The galley got the worst of it, I recall. . . . The stove capsized and the casualties in crockery were something fearful. . . .

▶ While the English are putting their small craft from yachting and fishing fleets to excellent use and have acquired a number from us, I understand, there still doesn't seem to be any warmth of feeling on the part of our Navy toward adopting a similar procedure, as advocated by Al Stanford, among others. . . .

▶ "Speed" Lambert, of the Old Dominion Boat Club, Alexandria, Va., has sent me an intriguing ad clipped from a Washington paper. . . . It depicts three dainty damsels about to embark from a dock in a runabout. . . . The headline reads: SLACKS ON A SUMMER TACK . . . WITH GADGETS THAT 'JIBE'. And the block of copy below starts off:

Ahoy, "Matey" . . . it's time to shift your sails. . . .

Expression of the gal seated on a bollard indicates she may be sitting on a tack, but I wouldn't know. . . .

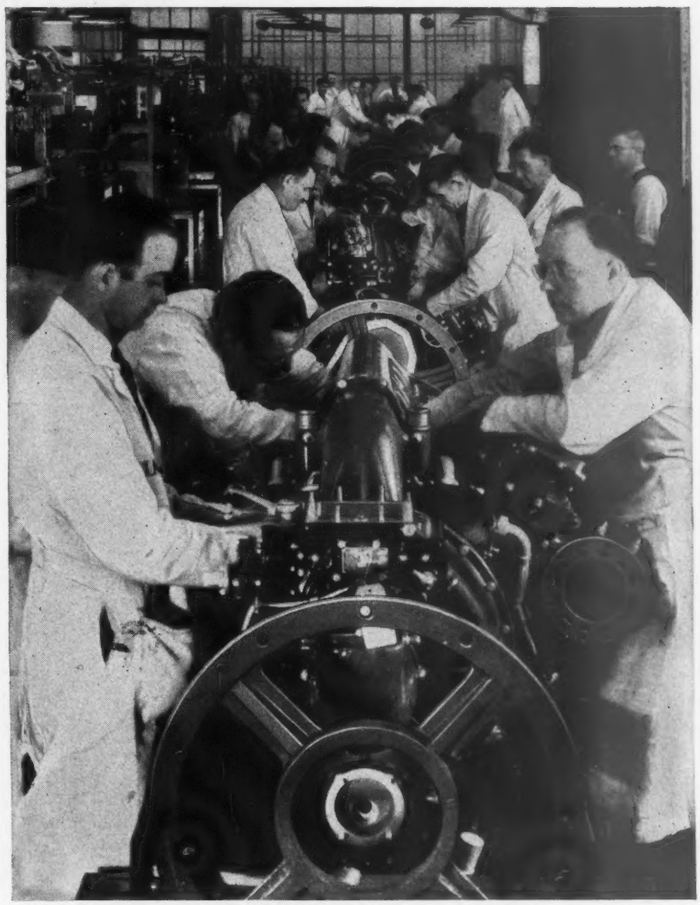
Maybe the thing's symbolic of the "3 gals. a week" allowed on those gas rationing cards that the honest folk got. . . .

▶ It seems that whenever there's a lull in the war news, those presumably battered battlewagons — the *Gneisenau*, *Scharnhorst* and *Prinz Eugen* — are always good for a story. . . . Apparently they are ideal target ships. . . . They must bear a charmed life, considering the beating they're supposed to have taken from the British bombers. By the same token, life aboard them must be anything but charming. . . .

▶ Speaking of people who go overboard for some favorite hobby, who can match Arthur Knapp, erstwhile afterguardsman of *Ranger*, last defender of the America's Cup, who, during the first session of the dinghy championship series, went overboard twice on the same day?

▶ If all the gold braid in Washington were placed end to end it would almost equal the amount of red tape. . . . TELLTALE

POTENT POWER



Precision Production—Packard had the design—Packard had the plan—Packard had the skilled craftsmen ready to roll! That's why Packard swung into volume production of marine engines so promptly when the Navy needed power for its PT-boats and other motor-powered craft.

THAT PHOTO at the left is just *part* of the assembly line at the Packard marine engine plant.

Since two years before Pearl Harbor, these super powerplants have been streaming out of Packard.

Motor boat fans don't need to be told that these engines power the famous "PT" boats. News dispatches from Subic Bay and other Far Eastern waters have already broadcast their sensational exploits.

But chances are you *don't* know that these precision brutes may go to any one of sixteen different boat builders when they leave the Packard plant—or they may wind up in spots where you won't hear a word of English.

This Packard marine engine has won its spurs. Orders have been doubled and redoubled (sorry! no figures allowed).

It's an exciting story. Some day, after Victory, we'll tell it. Meanwhile, we're building all the precision engines we can—marine engines for PT-boats, Rolls-Royce engines for aircraft—and learning a lot that will help us build better Packards in the future for *you*.

PACKARD

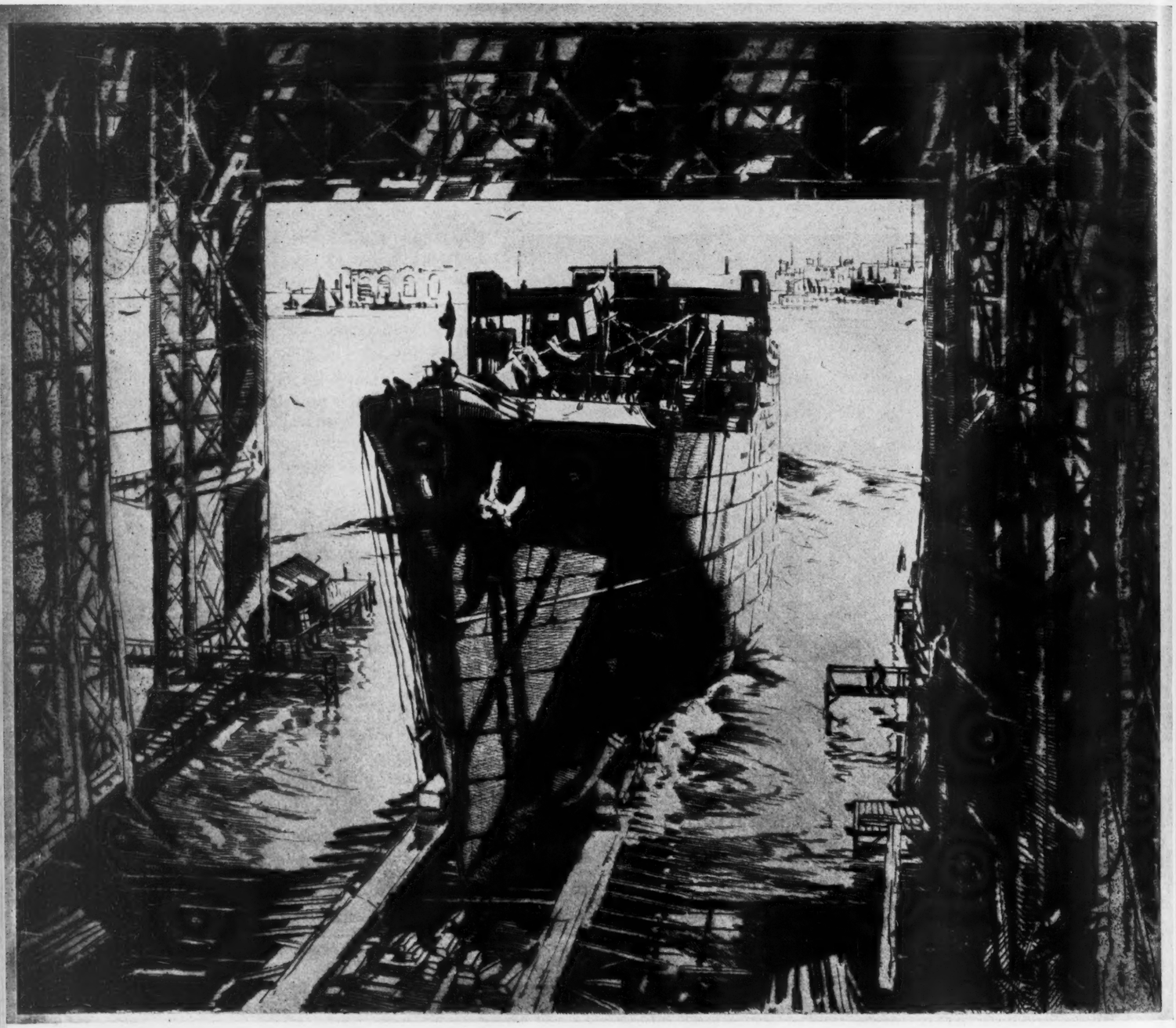
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Navy "E" Award for production Excellence and Achievement

Trainees from Abroad—These Netherlands lads make their time count at the Packard marine engine school. Their knowledge of the care and operation of these precision marine engines will pay out in combat zones.

Battle tested — Uncle Sam's PT-boats don't pick on craft of their own size. They relish armed merchantmen and men-of-war. Between times, they tackle jobs like whisking General MacArthur out of the Philippines.

500 Graduates — Some graduates of Packard's marine engine college are already famous for combat exploits, and you'll hear about others. Skilled men are needed to care for precision powerplants — they learn how at Packard!



ANOTHER UNIT FOR THE "BRIDGE OF SHIPS"

In addition to the all out production of warships, merchant vessels for the United Nations are being built on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf Coasts, and almost every day sees new ones for the United Nations go overboard.

From an etching by Philip Kappel

YACHTING

Volume LXXII JULY + 1942 Number I

Furling "Wander Bird's" big squaresail in pleasant weather. The raffee, above, thrashed itself to tatters and the squaresail had to be cut away at the height of the unorthodox hurricane

PACIFIC HURRICANE

The Pilot Chart Says: "Percentage of Gales Zero," But—

By WARWICK M. TOMPKINS

ON July 26th, 1941, a formidable portion of the Pacific Fleet, the 85-foot schooner *Wander Bird*, and a compact and violent tropical hurricane converged on Latitude 21°:00′ North, Longitude 130°:00′ West. This area of the globe is uniformly blessed by the beneficence of the Northeast Trade Winds; a less likely scene for Nature in a tantrum would be difficult to imagine.

The Navy men knew this well, and so did I. War time necessity had already stilled radio weather forecasts but actually this, even, constitutes no adequate excuse for our failure to recognize the gathering storm for just what it was. We all did fail — all, that is, except Gwen, and she called the turn perfectly a full eighteen hours before I'd had sufficient sense hammered into me by events so that at last I wrote "Hurricane, Wind Force 12," in the damp pages of the log book. This feat of meteorological prediction is one which I shall not be allowed to forget in a hurry, even if I could do so.

This was the beau ideal of all textbook hurricanes. It flaunted its prescribed regalia in our faces and, when we laughed and said: "Hell, there can't be a hurricane, not hereabouts," it drowned three sailors snatched from destroyers, swallowed four seaplanes which had been thought secure on lofty perches aboard big ships, reduced several deckloads of great value to junk and generally played havoc with an entire squadron of powerful ships, some of which were even caught attempting to fuel from tankers as the wind and sea worked towards their final frenzy.

"This was the worst weather I've seen in thirty-seven years of service," a noncommittal cruiser captain told me two months later in Honolulu. "Those seas were sixty feet high. I know, because we measured them."

In the full fury of the blow, his cruiser had been ordered away on a life-saving mission. A dredge had broken from its tug and locating it was a task only powerful vessels could undertake. At eighteen knots, that man-o'-war had smashed through the storm; how she survived at all is a mystery to me. She scooped up seas so deep that her bow deckplates had been bashed in a half-inch and more. Seas I had guessed were fifty feet high must have seemed a full sixty and more from that streaming bridge with its smashed windows, torn weather cloths and seasick personnel. Incidentally, and

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happily, the dredge *was* found and its people saved, but that is another story.

This is a brief account of how I disregarded warnings which should have been imperative and how I carried on far too long, driving the ship at speed right into the heart of the hurricane. It is a story of how *Wander Bird* stood up to the worst beating she has had in nearly fourteen years of sailing and of how, belatedly, at a cost in gear, comfort and chagrin, I managed to extricate her from danger.

We were a week out of San Francisco, Tahiti-bound, when the thing began innocently enough at midnight Thursday. That week had revealed clearly the willingness but frightful weakness of our motley crew. Gwen, wife and First Officer, was far and away the most experienced, reliable and level-headed hand available. The Bosun was a mass of muscle and he invariably meant well, qualities I'd have traded for a dash of imagination and leadership. There was a brace of eighteen-year-old romantics and another pair of middle-aged male adventurers — and not one of them all possessed a jot of sailorly qualities. A volunteer, amateur cook — a girl, at that — was the joyful surprise of the summer but at this juncture she did not even know how to steer, let alone find her way around the deck, so her hundred-odd pounds could not be relied upon for much beyond her important galley duties. A veritable pierhead leap had brought us our final adult shipmate, a lady who had never put foot in even a skiff until she was rowed out to the *Bird* in the tideway off Sausalito the forenoon we sailed. By profession, she was a trick rider in a Texas rodeo. Her rôle in the hurricane was that of a horribly frightened but extremely courageous girl, determined to face without a visible quiver what she considered imminent and inevitable death. Last, and far from least, were Ann, eleven, and "Commodore," nine, casual connoisseurs of bad weather, shellbacks and Cape Horners in their own right and better sailors per pound than anyone aboard.

It most definitely was not the sort of crew with which to barge into a hurricane.

Our squaresail and raffee were set that Thursday, which means that the jib, forestaysail and foresail were stowed. We were running, as we had for several days, easily and pleasantly before the Trade. There had been much moisture in the air and far too much overcast for people wanting sunshine. The course was S ½ W, by compass, for the Society Islands.

At eleven that night, the wind abruptly shifted four points, full to East. The mid watch took over in a calm but, shortly thereafter, the ship was sailing again with the wind reëstablished at ENE. At three a.m., there was a slatting of canvas resulting from another and greater wind shift, this time all the way around to the SE. For half an hour, we swung westward off our course, keeping the square sails full this way since the yards could not be braced up sharp. The wind then decided to behave and returned to its proper groove in the northeast.

Dawn revealed a long and growing swell rolling out of the southeast. If there were any premonitory shades to the sunrise, they were not logged by the morning watch. We sailed ahead into the brightest day of the voyage, with spirits soaring and the ship picking up speed from four or five knots at breakfast time to seven and eight and almost nine by supper. The swells grew during the day and we presumed they were thirty feet high by mid-afternoon. Climbing them so effortlessly and slipping down their backs was inspiring. After supper, the youngsters spent a hilarious hour riding the backropes, now and again getting a warm ducking as the ship nosed into a sea, the dolphin striker living up to its name as it grazed the sleek backs of porpoises darting athwart the forefoot.

To the west, the sky was a blaze of gaudy color.

"That comes close to this description of a hurricane sky," said Gwen, her finger at a paragraph of an ancient Findlay's Directory of the Pacific. "There are the garish hues, the brassy-yellow background, the rolled, wet-looking clouds — everything the book mentions. You'll take in the raffee before dark, won't you?"

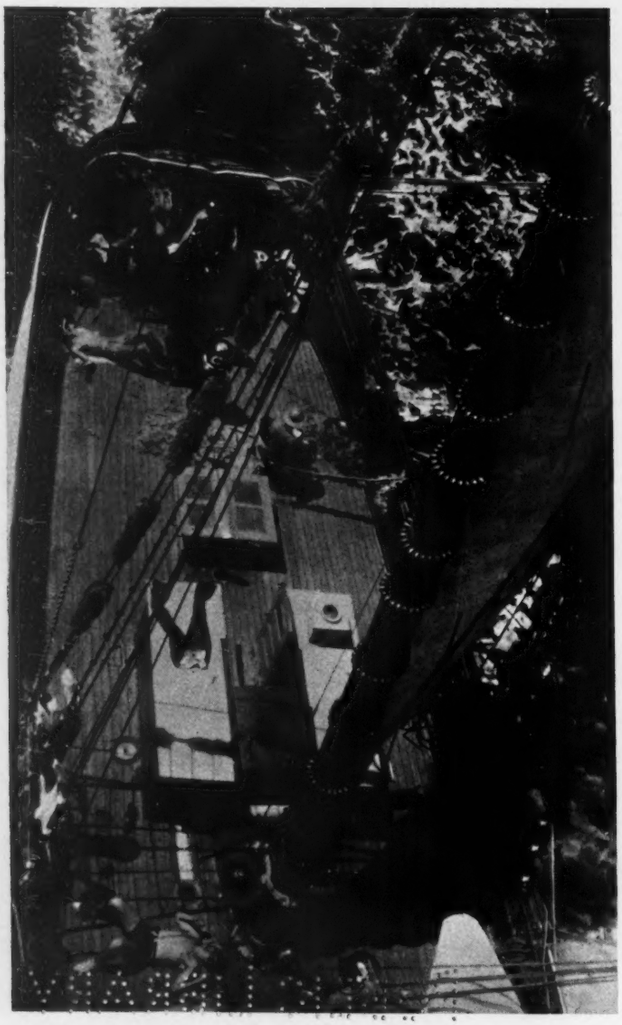
"You'd be right in the West Indies or the Philippines," I reassured her, "but we're out of the hurricane belt here in the Eastern Pacific, in the Trade Wind belt. Hurricanes don't happen around here."

She continued her reading, looking up in a moment with: "And it tells about the big swells that generally precede hurricanes. We've got a swell, and a big one, too."

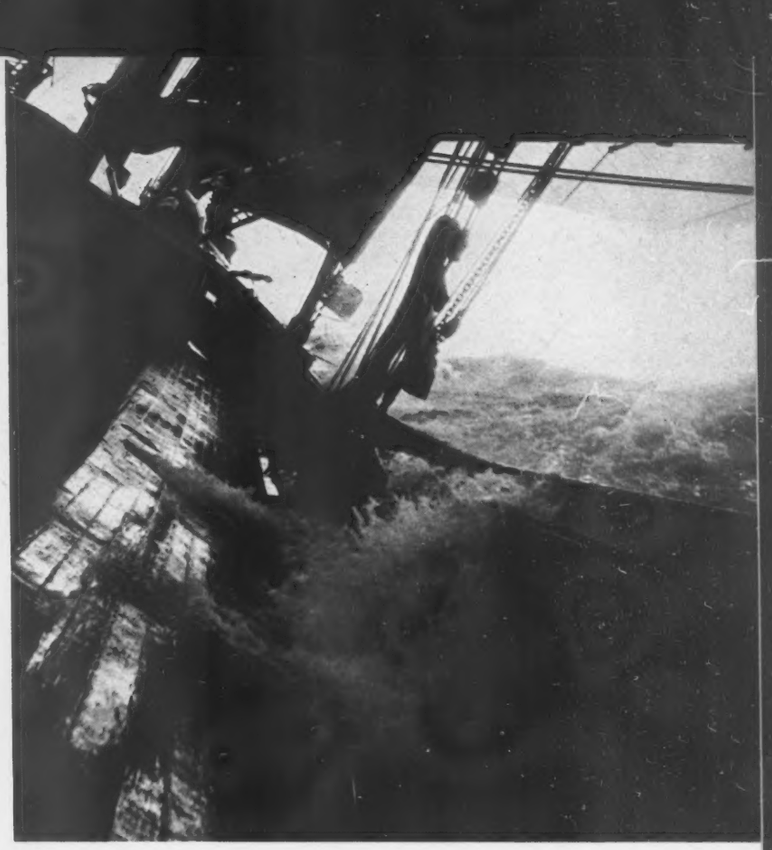
"Oh, there's been a hard blow down in the Gulf of Panama, I reckon," I replied a little impatiently. "If you don't believe me, look at the Pilot Chart; you won't find any mention of hurricanes within thousands of miles of here. See, look at that square marked 'Gale Percentages.' Zero! There's nothing to worry about. This swell and sunset are merely coincidental. We'll carry on as we are. It's fun to feel the ship really moving at last."

So the Mate piped down, for the time being, and little things started happening.

The schooner was really snoring along by dark, now and



"Wander Bird" running down the Trades, Tahiti-bound from San Francisco, ordinarily a lazy, peaceful passage



The schooner in the midst of the equatorial doldrums on another passage. Below, "Commodore," Ann and Gwen Tompkins, better sailors per pound than anyone else on the ship. Gwen handled the wheel throughout the climactic battle with the squaresail. Above, right, "Wander Bird" driving along in a fine whole sail breeze

again tripping her main boom as she rolled unusually deeply. At midnight, a miserable drizzle set in and, shortly thereafter, the boom plunged so deeply into the back of a sea that the boom tackle carried away, popping like a gunshot. The watches below, who had been resting and dozing uneasily, henceforth lay awake in the dark, interpreting as best they could the gathering sounds of stress and strain.

The wind hauled slowly eastward and, periodically, the drizzle changed to brief squalls of real rain which came on the wings of stronger puffs of wind.

"Hurricane weather?" Gwen queried persistently as we watched dawn come up grey and wet.

"No, nasty squalls, that's all. It'll clear up after this one, I predict," was my mistaken judgment.

We were doing nine knots but it seemed like more, what with the rolling and the disturbance we created through a sea growing steadily bigger and more disorderly. With growing frequency we'd roll a lot of water over the lee rail and occasionally some heavy stuff would smash the weather side and fall heavily aboard. Still, it seemed a pity to shorten sail just yet. It was ever more likely that the squall coming down on us would be the last before a general clearing. It would be a shame, too, to hobble the ship just now. She was blazing along on her course, and that will-o'-the-wisp hope of a record passage, the torment of sailormen, was plaguing me again. Why, we might make Papeete in twenty days! Or nineteen! Hadn't the old *Galilee*, now rotting on a Bay mudbank, once done it in seventeen days?

Then sail was shortened, abruptly. The lee raffee sheet parted and a chain pennant, a fathom long and still fast to the thrashing clew, slashed back and forth through the light canvas like a razor. In a few seconds the sail was nothing but a tatter of fraying ribbons. It wasn't much of a loss. I'd bought that sail in Stavanger, Norway, way back in '35 and had used it a great deal. The future held little indication of a need for a raffee and it was easier now to have it blow away than to attempt to handle it with a poor crew. The ship was easier without the high kite and she ate up the heaving miles at unreduced speed.

Wind and sea increased. The squalls came closer together, ever more boisterous. They were prodigious in rain content, heavy in wind.

"I reckon you were right, Lady," I was finally compelled to admit. "If this isn't actually a hurricane, it will at least do

(Continued on page 60)

KEEP 'EM RUNNING!

With the Nation's Gasoline Ration

By TOM McCAHILL

THREE gallons a week — twenty-one every seven weeks — is hardly a comforting allowance for starting a West Indian cruise or a venture of similar proportions. The purpose of this article is to consider possible means of stretching your present quota (or whatever quota may be allowed after July 1st, when the present unit is up for revision as regards boats) to the utmost in miles over the bottom.

Undoubtedly, many of you have given this subject hours of thought and have arrived at the same conclusion — "tain't enough." I'll admit that the situation is mostly on the grim side but, as we have a "cat to skin," let's get to work.

Spark Timing and Speed of Operation of Vital Importance

In the April issue of YACHTING we discussed the methods and advantages of engine tune-up. I wish to return to that article only long enough to point out that tune-up is the prime factor in obtaining the most miles per gallon, and that late spark timing is top villain in fuel waste. Many experts are of the opinion (though there are no official statistics to back them up) that for each degree spark timing is late, gas consumption increases approximately 10 per cent. In dynamometer tests conducted by the writer this was found to be an extremely accurate guide. Be sure of your spark timing!

Next comes the question of how fast you should run your engine. Using your automobile as an example, you know that between 20 and 70 miles per hour gas consumption almost doubles. This applies to your boat — only more so. Your boat is continually going uphill and the load builds up tenfold over the automobile when speed is increased. Keep your engine in the low intermediate range and forget you have any high speed jets in the carburetor; avoid racing your engine while warming up, and go in for milk wagon starts when leaving your mooring or dock; open the throttle slightly and let the speed build up gradually. On twin screw jobs, try alternating the engines, running slowly on one at a time. Remember that it takes gasoline just to keep an engine turning over; if one engine will do the job you are that much ahead.

If you are one of the fortunate owners who keeps his pride and joy at a dock or in a slip where city lights are available, you might consider the possibility of using city current for recharging your batteries, compressors, etc. The horse power some of these accessories rob you of when running directly off the engine is almost unbelievable; 15 or 20 horse power for a generator is not unusual, and this means additional gasoline.

Putting smaller jets in the carburetor will save absolutely nothing but it's a good idea to check the float level. This is a gas robber when it permits the gas in the bowl to rise too high.

Be Wary of Gas Saving Devices

I expect a boom in all sorts of gas saving devices and I wish to state here that I have never found one that was worth a hoot in the dozens I have tested. Most of them work on the principle of a vacuum, and fantastic claims of their being worked on a supercharge pattern are made. Decreases of 10 to 50 per cent in gas consumption are claimed. Recently, a friend of mine who bought such a device found that it raised his gas consumption about 15 per cent. I have the literature he received before me; the claims made would straighten Einstein's hair. All I can see is a clean cut case for the Postal Authorities.

Combination Fuels

Now, we come to the "McCahill Sticks His Neck Out Department." At this writing, every seven weeks you are entitled to twenty-one gallons of gasoline — of any type or make your heart desires. From this point on let's just call your twenty-one gallons "fuel"! Now, if we can stretch this quantity — regardless of quality — we've got something. So let's consider what we could add or do that would keep the engine going, and increase your running time with the present allotment. Is it possible to convert your engine into an oil burner, into a kerosene engine, or into a semi-oil burner?

With this problem in mind, the writer drove his Ford V-8 from Palm Beach, Florida, to Richmond, Virginia, using a mixture of 50 per cent kerosene to 50 per cent high test gasoline. As you know, a V-8 Ford is a high speed, high compression engine.

This experiment disclosed the following: She started a little hard and refused to perform until thoroughly warmed up; acceleration was poor — but who ever heard of a Diesel that was a whiz in this respect? Once going, she would cruise all day at 50 m.p.h. and there was nothing in the performance to indicate that the engine wasn't running on a 100 per cent mixture of gasoline, except in traffic, where the lack of pick-up was missed.

Special adjustment utilized: I ran all the way with the choke about 20 per cent closed. My fuel consumption increased about 9½ per cent.

Damaging results: One fouled spark plug in Savannah, Georgia, where I was forced to idle too long in traffic.

What has this to do with your marine engine? A great many major improvements in gasoline marine engines have been borrowed from the automotive industry and these "sisters under the skin" face the same problems, though marine engines hold the favored place, as they are not called upon to start and stop, start and stop; race and slow down. This type of running calls for a superior fuel.

Adapting the Gas Engine to Other Fuels

Eight or ten years ago I converted an entire fleet of big four-cylinder A. C. Mack trucks into oil burning engines. The only changes made were in the carburetor. We were forced to use a priming carburetor, using straight gas until the engine was warm enough to switch over to fuel oil. Also, the air intake was heated, as was the oil.

The net findings of the research I made were that gasoline engines have been, and can be, successfully converted into kerosene or light fuel engines. The only problem is that of fuel induction. In employing the conventional carburetor, several factors must be considered. If you will be satisfied with simply stretching the present allotment of twenty-one

(Continued on page 59)

One of the squadron of motor torpedo boats commanded by Lieutenant John D. Bulkeley, U.S.N., which did such fine work in the Philippines

PT BOATS IN ACTION

MTBRON-THREE Plays Havoc With the Enemy

THE first bomb of our war with Japan had scarcely been dropped, and the first gun fired, when the little 77-foot motor torpedo boats, commonly called PT's, found themselves in the thick of the fighting in the Philippines and it was there that a new type of U. S. Navy fighting craft struck its first blow. How well the PT's proved themselves, the next four months, from December 8th to April 9th, were to show. It was during this period that a squadron of these fast mosquito boats with a vicious sting, under command of Lieutenant John D. Bulkeley, U.S.N., and based on Manila Bay, let loose a series of attacks on Japanese vessels that accounted for two 5000-ton ships sunk, one cruiser damaged so badly that she had to be beached, two other cruisers torpedoed and damaged, one tanker set afire and destroyed and two landing barges loaded with troops sunk. Besides this formidable record, there were other exploits to be added to the score.

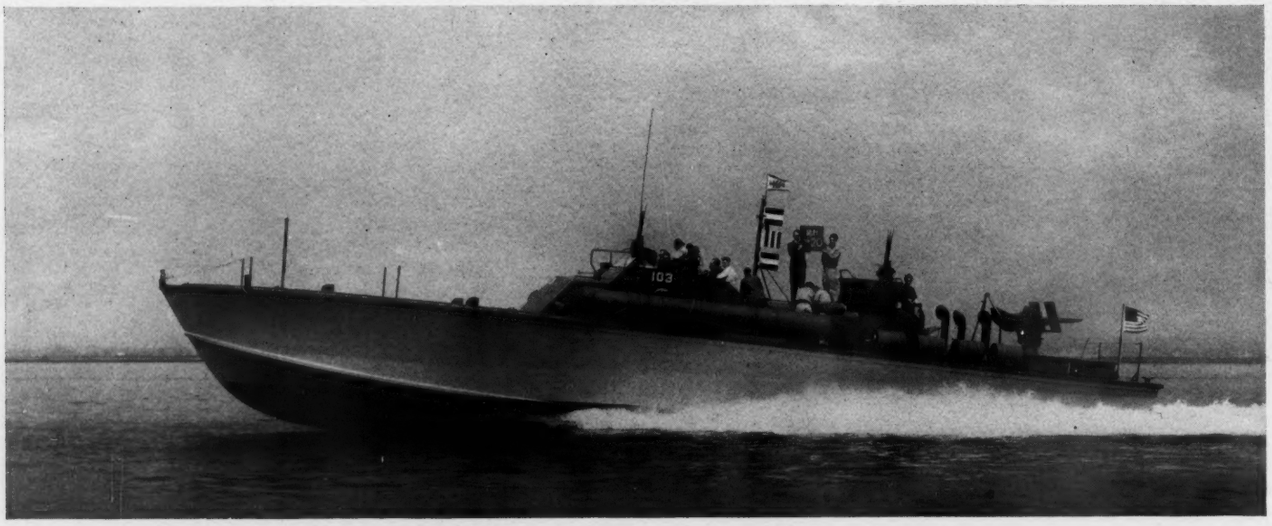
Some outline of this story came through in spasmodic messages from the American base in the Philippines. There were no details, and it was not until after the squadron's commander returned to the United States after the Philippines ceased to be held that the full measure of achievement was made public as a result of Lieutenant Bulkeley's report to the Navy Department. Then, for the first time, we learned what the little boats really did. It is a dramatic story.

At the opening of hostilities, Squadron Three, known officially as MTBRON-Three, was based at Cavite Naval Base, on Manila Bay. It was composed of an undisclosed number (probably two) of the 77-foot motor torpedo boats, built by Elco and already fully described in YACHTING, equipped with torpedo tubes and anti-aircraft machine guns. They had only two days to wait until they saw action and made the Japanese aware of the sting they carried.

On December 10th, the Japanese bombed the Cavite Navy Yard. The first flight of planes passed overhead, flying high. They were followed by a flight of bombers which dived on their targets. Opening up with their light machine guns from the turrets abaft the bridge of the PT's, three of the bombers were hit and brought down. It was the first demonstration of the PT's effectiveness against air attack. But the Japanese, superior in air, sea and land strength, kept up their hammering. Cavite was finally abandoned and the U. S. fleet withdrawn to Java. All except Squadron Three, which remained and operated under General MacArthur's

At the Elco plant last month. Mrs. Bulkeley, Lieutenant John D. Bulkeley (at right), Ensign Akers, and Lieutenant Robert B. Kelly

Photos by Rosenfeld. Courtesy Elco Naval Division, Electric Boat Co.



One of the newer type of PT boats, now under construction for the Navy by the Elco Works

command. Hidden away in improvised bases on Manila Bay after Cavite fell, operations consisted chiefly of night forays while the Japanese air force tried to search out the boats and destroy them. Bases were changed frequently to elude attackers.

The first real test came on January 19th, when an enemy vessel was reported in Binanga Bay. Under cover of darkness, Lieutenant Bulkeley took two of the little boats to attack her. On the way, one of the PT's became disabled. Bulkeley kept on with the other, got through the fire from shore batteries which discovered her, located an enemy cruiser and discharged two torpedoes when within easy range. One of these found its mark and set the cruiser on fire. The torpedo boat got away in the darkness. It was later learned that the cruiser was so badly damaged that she had to be beached. It was "first blood."

Three nights later the Squadron struck again. Enemy troops were being landed on Bataan peninsula and Bulkeley, with a PT in command of Lieutenant Robert B. Kelly, intercepted two troop-laden barges. Both were riddled and sunk by machine gun fire. Score two.

Subic Bay, on the westerly side of Bataan, a base of landing operations for the Japanese, was the scene of the next attack. On the night of January 24th, a torpedo boat of the Squadron, in command of Ensign George E. Cox, Jr., attacked a 5000-ton enemy vessel, believed to have been an aircraft tender, off Sampaloc Point. On hearing the PT's motors as the boat approached, both ship and shore batteries opened fire. Despite this, the PT closed in and let go one torpedo which struck the ship amidships. Then, closing the range to 500 yards, she let go another torpedo, turned and got away in the night. The ship sank. At top speed, these little craft are capable of from 45 to 50 knots with their three Packard motors.

A week later, a light cruiser, covering landing operations, was attacked and damaged. How badly could not be ascertained in the darkness. Following a period of comparative quiet, on February 18th two of MTBRON-Three's units were at it again. One torpedoed and set afire a tanker unloading alongside the dock at Olongapo, while the other machine-gunned a Japanese encampment on the beach near Ternate.

However, things were going badly on Bataan. Short of food and ammunition, with no relief possible, the end was in sight. On March 11th, the task fell on MTBRON-Three to get General MacArthur started on his journey to Australia. The General, his family, and twenty members of his staff, were taken aboard Bulkeley's little squadron at Corregidor. Creeping past the Japanese shore batteries in the vicinity of Manila and other occupied sectors of the islands at night, the little vessels finally arrived at a designated island rendezvous where the General and his party were transferred to an American bomber, which took them to Australia.

A week later the same boats were called upon to evacuate President Manuel Quezon and his family in the same manner. This assignment was also carried out successfully, despite bad weather and heavy seas and although seven Japanese destroyers were encountered en route. Skilful maneuvering avoided detection.

With the withdrawal of the American command from Bataan to Corregidor, the little Squadron of PT's was hard pressed for safe bases, for supplies and for hideouts. But they kept in operation until early April, when they had their last encounter with the enemy in the Mindanao Sea, south of the islands of Panay and Cebu, which the enemy were then engaged in occupying. Lieutenant Bulkeley and Ensign Cox were in one of the little boats and Lieutenant Kelly was in command of the other. On the night of April 8th, contact was made with a Japanese force consisting of a cruiser and four destroyers, and the torpedo boats struck again. It was to prove their last effort.

Racing past the destroyers at top speed, the little PT's closed in on the cruiser. The latter's searchlights picked up Kelly's boat and opened fire on her. While thus engaged, the other boat worked within range and expended her torpedoes on the enemy, scoring hits.

Hoping to draw some of the cruiser's fire from Lieutenant Kelly's craft and thereby permit the latter to attack from close range, Lieutenant Bulkeley ordered Ensign Cox to open fire on the cruiser with machine guns on the cruiser's disengaged side. The plan succeeded. The cruiser's fire divided, Lieutenant Kelly closed in to within 400 yards of the big ship and let go two torpedoes; both struck amidships.

Seeing that one of the destroyers was closing in to engage Kelly's PT, Lieutenant Bulkeley and Ensign Cox maneuvered their boat so as to divert the destroyer's attention. Circling, they fired short, spasmodic bursts of their machine guns at the destroyer from various positions. During the attack both PT's were subjected to heavy fire but finally were able to withdraw out of range and escape.

The following morning, four Japanese planes sighted

(Continued on page 64)

Double-ended feluccas, Mediterranean in origin, crowded Fisherman's Wharf, in San Francisco, at the beginning of the century

LATEENERS AT THE GOLDEN GATE

Mediterranean Color Enlivens the Fishing Fleet at San Francisco

By OSGOOD R. SMITH

THE small fishing boats which tied up at San Francisco's Fishermans Wharf some thirty years ago were lateen rigged and as typical of the Mediterranean as the Spaniards, Italians and Greeks who sailed them. They were double-ended feluccas, usually 25 to 30 feet on deck and the same length or a little longer on the water line. They were broad-beamed keel boats, with little sheer. The flush deck had a high crown, and a large hatch with three or four covers took up most of the deck space. There was also a small hatch for the man at the tiller. The straight stem extended above the eight-inch gunwales and terminated in a knob.

The short mast was stepped amidships and raked sharply forward. It had a swelling at its top for the halliard sheave. The lateen yard was as long or longer than the boat, and was made up of two pieces, overlapped for about two-thirds of their length and lashed together, making it strong and flexible. A jib was carried on a long straight bowsprit rigged out through the gunwale on the starboard side of the stem. The tack of the jib was hauled in and out on a traveling ring on the bowsprit.

In calm weather, the boats were rowed, the sail being furled up out of the way on the upraised spar.

The measurements of one of the feluccas, which was a few feet longer than most of them, were as follows:

	Feet	*Inches*
Length over all, outside of stem to outside of stern post	32	0
Beam	10	5
Depth, top of keel to deck, amidships	5	0
Depth of keel from rabbet		10
Width of stem and sternpost		6
Foreside of stem to foreside of mast at deck	14	0
Height of mast above rail	24	0
Length of yard	42	6
Length of bowsprit outside of stem	14	2
Width of rudder, extreme	2	

The dimensions of the sails were as follows:
Mainsail: Luff, 41′ 0″; foot, 31′ 6″; leach, 36′ 9″.
Jib: Luff, 25′ 6″; foot, 18′ 0″; leach, 16′ 0″.

To a modern sailor, the long yard seems somewhat terrifying. It was lowered on deck for reefing and, though its forward end was controlled by a tackle, it must have been a handful. The sail was reefed up against the spar, somewhat like a square sail. One disadvantage of the rig was that the mast broke the curve of the sail when it was to windward of the mast. When sailing before the wind, the tack was slacked off to let the yard swing out. In experienced hands, the rig must have been serviceable for it has remained in use for thousands of years on the Mediterranean. Whether this should be taken as a tribute to the rig or as an example of a sailor's conservatism might be hard to say.

Top, left. A part of the fleet now seen at Fisherman's Wharf. When the feluccas began to disappear, about 1911, the boats that replaced them were no less Mediterranean in character. The plumb stem has become a clipper bow and the profile sweeps down from the high stemhead to the forefoot in a graceful curve

Top, right. Crabbing is the main occupation of the boats now seen at Fisherman's Wharf. Boats of the type of the "Golden Gate," shown here, are ideal for maneuvering for crab traps in the choppy waters of the San Francisco Bay region

Left, a San Francisco fishing felucca of the type in use some thirty years ago

These feluccas fished with long lines and also with large "parenzella" drag nets. These nets were about 150 feet long and were fished by two boats which set the net between them and dragged it down wind until the stress on the lines showed that it was full.

The feluccas began to disappear between 1911 and 1913 but the fleet that replaced them is still picturesque and no less Mediterranean in character. In fact, it is one of San Francisco's famous tourist attractions. These modern power boats are not, however, the direct descendants of the feluccas or just made-over sail boats. When motors replaced sails, the hulls changed also but, strangely enough, they changed to a more graceful hull, derived from another Mediterranean type. They are gay and shapely little craft with high clipper bows and a graceful sheer down to a low and slightly pointed stern. The standard measurements are 29 feet over all, 9 feet beam and 3 feet draft. Some of the feluccas are a little larger than that.

There is usually a small open pilot house amidships, with a roof like that of an old-fashioned locomotive cab extending aft. A long tiller reaches up to the pilot house, so the helmsman has shelter and can be near the engine. The clipper bow is finished off with a short but utilitarian bowsprit. This is often padded and its principal function seems to be as a bumper when maneuvering in the crowded basin at Fishermans Wharf. The hulls are always white and clean. Ordinarily, the decks and trim are light blue but red, yellow and other colors lend variety. The two strakes, painted the same color as the deck, and the vertical bars connecting them are typical, and they emphasize the graceful sheer.

The power plant is usually an eight horse power heavy duty Hicks, Frisco Standard or Atlas Imperial engine.

Around 1909 and 1910, a few motor fishing boats were built with straight bows and square sterns but this type was short-lived. About 1912, two Genoese boatbuilders, named Cavglia and F. Castagnola, built a copy of the clipper bowed fishing boats of their native city. The design immediately became popular. It replaced the earlier straight stemmed boats and finally spread along the coast until now it may be found at almost any California fishing wharf. F. Castagnola is still building his sturdy boats in San Francisco. A few boats of this design have been dolled up with brightwork to serve as yachts and at least one has made the overland journey to Great Salt Lake.

The fishermen of the Northwest, who favor deeper boats, are inclined to scorn these shallow, beamy, craft; nevertheless, they are good sea boats and they are ideal for maneuvering for crab traps in the choppy waters of the Potato Patch off the Golden Gate.

When salmon are in season, these boats troll for them with lines attached to two long poles, or outriggers, which hold the lines out at each side, much like the rigs used for big game fishing. When in port, the poles are hoisted vertically against a short collapsible mast. They also fish with long lines. Crabbing is, however, the principal activity of the San Francisco fleet.

IF YOU KNOW ENOUGH—SHE'S BIG ENOUGH

The Skill of Skipper and Crew Means More Than the Size of the Boat

By VERA R. AMREIN

THE FEW women I know who have been really bitten by the sailing bug all make the same complaint: their cruising is all too brief, being confined for the most part to week-end jaunts around the beautiful but, after years of it, all too familiar Long Island Sound. The two weeks vacation cruises in "our set" are traditionally stag.

Several years ago, a friend of mine decided to do something about this and suggested that she and I buy a boat together, and sail her to her parents' home on Passamaquoddy Bay — a cruise of 600 miles. I must confess that I was sceptical about two women being capable of handling a sail boat alone outside the Sound. I was accustomed to sailing with men who did all the heavy work. But her idea was to buy a small boat, not over 18 feet in length but beamy and with enough freeboard to keep her comparatively dry. She was to have, preferably, a centerboard so that, on the way, we could explore shallow out-of-the-way channels that deep draft boats could not penetrate. She argued that quality in a boat, not size, determines her seaworthiness. Her reasoning seemed sound; I have always had absolute faith in Alice Washburn's judgment where sailing is concerned — and I hastened to sign on as crew.

Scud, the sloop we eventually bought, met all the skipper's requirements with one exception — there was an open cockpit and no cabin. We built that ourselves in a boat yard on City Island. Women shipbuilders! City Island watched agape as we ruthlessly hacked and ripped the brand-new boat. But the cabin we built was a permanent, weatherproof job: oak carlines, mahogany cabin top covered with canvas, sliding oak hatch cover, portholes — very, very professional.

Naturally, to live comfortably in such small space, everything had to be super-shipshape. The seats in the cockpit formed lockers. The port locker was used for canned goods and perishables (since a large part of the cockpit lockers was below the water line, it also served as a refrigerator); the starboard locker housed the outboard motor that we took along to use in an emergency. The step, or companionway, into the cabin, was in reality another locker with a hinged cover. We kept our large galley utensils in that. In the cabin itself was ample cupboard space for dishes and other supplies, also shelves for books and the portable radio. Up forward, hung from the deck, was a rack for the sixty-odd charts that we carried. In the fore peak was more storage space than was needed for emergency rations, sea anchor, tools, clothes and life jackets. This space was easy of access since between the pipe berths and the centerboard trunk was narrow but adequate footroom.

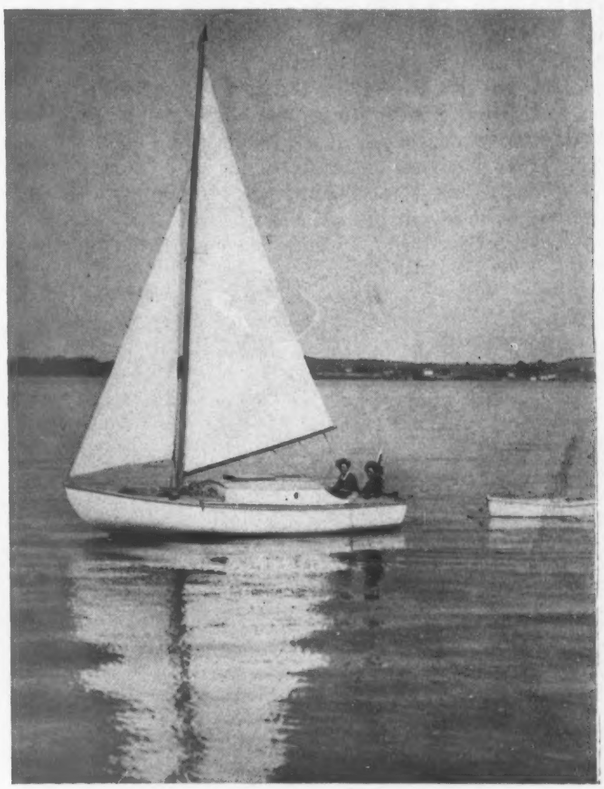
It was true that, to get into the cabin from the cockpit, you had to slide in feet first but, once you had arrived, there was ample sitting headroom if, like us, you measure under six feet. We got our "headroom" by lowering the cabin floor and we still had room for ballast in the bilge if we needed it. However, on our trial trip from Little Neck Bay to Larchmont, we were only partially stowed and we knew that, fully loaded, we would need no more ballast.

On the official sailing day, we were indeed a well found little cruising outfit. At first we had decided not to tow a tender because, with centerboard raised, *Scud* draws but eleven inches — possibly slightly more with dunnage for a two months' cruise aboard. But, on second thought, we bought a child's flat bottomed play boat to use as tender. Although with two aboard she had so little freeboard that the least wavelet threatened to swamp her, and when towing her in a following sea she drove us nearly crazy and wore out two tough nose guards before we reached our destination, we never regretted that purchase.

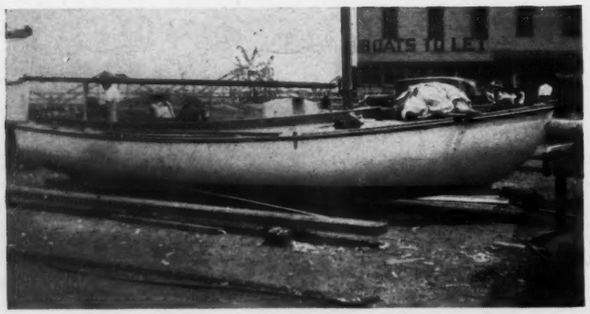
Our compass, set behind glass in a small cupboard built against the port bulkhead, was provided with an offset flashlight clipped above. By day or night, it could be comfortably followed by the person at the tiller. Inside the starboard bulkhead was a small but adequate barometer; a fire extinguisher was clipped conveniently below it. On the port side of the forward deck, lashed in chocks, were two anchors — a 15- and a 25-pounder. We carried 150 feet of anchor rode — enough as one wiseacre put it to moor the *Queen Mary* — but the skipper knew her tides in the Bay of Fundy.

It is not my purpose to relate in detail our cruise along the New England coast. There are many accounts available of cruises in that same stretch of water and many articles and books have been written of this area, so crammed with historic and scenic interest. My job is mainly to give you the confidence to cruise along our northeastern coast in a small boat, by pointing out from our experience how comfortably and safely it can be done.

Your itinerary is influenced, necessarily, by the friends



Though only an 18-footer, "Scud" looks like a real cruiser. Here she is leaving Eastport, with Campobello Island in the distance



The idea of women boatbuilders may have shocked City Island but they constructed a proper cabin on their day sailer

you may wish to visit, by the vagaries of wind and weather, and by what you see and what you read as you loaf along. In a small centerboard boat, you are not confined to large expanses of water and to deep protected harbors as you are when cruising in a larger keel boat. In a pinch, it is often possible to moor your bow to a tree, keeping an anchor astern, or even, on a sandy shore, to beach your boat. But bear this fact in mind: invariably, when your boat is beached, the fairest breeze of the summer springs up and you miss it waiting for the tide to float her off.

After a week's cruising, no real problems had presented themselves. We had a few days of mean, cold rain but we both had complete oilskin outfits. Laundry was no problem at all since, every fair day, we washed over the side everything we had worn the day before, and dried the things on deck when out of sight of land and other boats. Ordinarily, when cruising, I prefer cotton blankets to sheets but, on the long cruise, we stowed a large supply of sheets and parcel posted the used ones home.

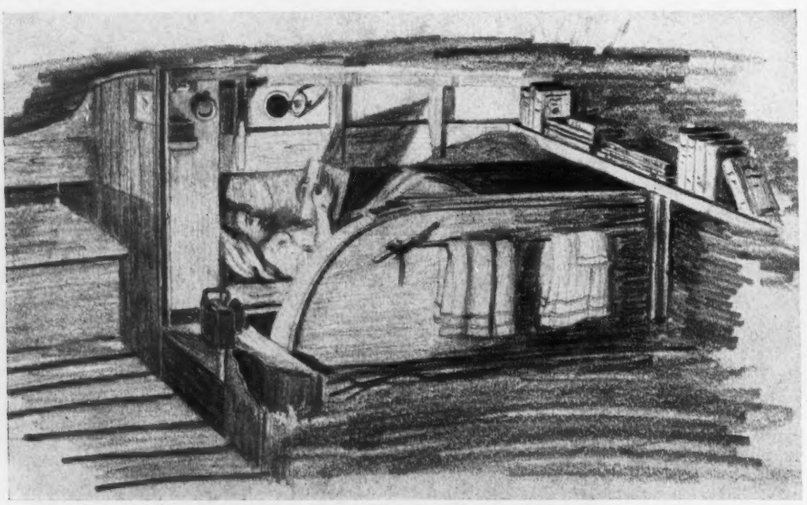
Until we reached New London, we had had plenty of swimming, and hot baths at the homes of various friends we visited. But, at New London, the river naturally was impossible for swimming, and the new yacht club near which we were anchored did not boast of showers. But we solved that problem, too. We carried a waterproof canopy which we could rig over the boom to give us ample headroom and complete privacy. Our one-burner Primus heated a bucket of water in no time at all. We simply turned the cockpit into a bath room, taking turns sluicing, soaping and rinsing. Our cockpit was not self-bailing but it was a simple matter to pump the soapy water out of the bilge, and it helped keep that compartment clean of the gasoline and oil that leaked down from the motor locker. With our canopy up, we looked more like a Conestoga wagon than a sloop, but it proved a godsend to us several weeks later when we rode out a three-day wet northeaster in Scituate Harbor, Massachusetts.

Perhaps dressing for shore in such cramped quarters might be considered a major problem by some women. Of course, setting up the canopy was one way of solving that difficulty but that was a nuisance. We solved the problem by learning to dress lying down! It was no more uncomfortable than dressing in an upper berth on a train, and considerably more private. However, there is another method less complicated than either of these. Almost without fail, whenever we made port where there was a yacht club, sooner or later the club tender would come out to look us over and, before long, a hospitable invitation was proffered to use the clubhouse as a dressing room. I cannot say enough for the, in our case, always unsolicited generosity of the yacht clubs, large and small, along our coast.

By tacit agreement, all the work of the boat was to be shared even-Steven but, after the first few days, the galley duties became exclusively mine. I like devising meals ashore and, with a one-burner Primus and a small Dutch oven, menu planning became a real adventure. At home, nothing could induce me to eat hot cereal but, afloat, I have never tasted anything so delectable, at six o'clock of a cold, bleak morning, as a bowl of corn meal mush garnished with brown sugar and butter!

At Mystic, a friend told us that, if we trailed a shiny jig on a light fish line while sailing off the sandy beaches in a gentle breeze, we should in all probability, hook an occasional tinker mackerel. We caught our first one in Block Island Sound, just before we sighted Port Judith. I must confess that, although I like the thrill of fishing, I have never been enthusiastic about actually bringing my catch aboard. However, the skipper was reared on a salt water farm. As I brought in my catch, she had newspaper and waxed paper handy. With three flicks of her knife, and without any of the muss usually connected with the preparation of fish, she expertly decapitated, scaled, eviscerated and filleted the catch, and wrapped it in the waxed paper.

We often cooked our meals while under way. We carried the stove in an asbestos lined can, weighted at the base and with a hinged draft door cut near the bottom. The tall sides protected the flame and the oven fitted into the cover flange at the top. We could bake potatoes and biscuits at the same time, lift off the oven and keep the contents hot while we boiled vegetables



The cozy interior of the cabin, which had good sitting headroom and plenty of stowage space. From a drawing by Alice Washburn

The author with a Penobscot Bay pollack. Right, "Scud" and the dinghy in a cove Down East

and fried our fish. We ate exceedingly well on that cruise. We had mackerel all the way up to the Cape Cod Canal and cod, pollack and halibut off the coast of Maine. That summer, for the first time in my life, I had my fill of lobster. Almost every town dock from Newport to Canada has its lobster pound where you can buy your crustacean alive or even cooked. Once, at Cape Porpoise, a well-meaning lobsterman presented us with a dozen "shorts." Although we knew that we were compounding a felony by accepting them, we salved our consciences by boiling the weak ones and sending the lively ones home to grow up.

Many women — and not a few men — who have heard of our cruise say quickly: "But, of course, you took the inside route." I haven't the least idea what they think they mean unless they are confusing Maine with Florida or, perhaps, since we did some cruising in Canadian waters, they imagine that it is possible to navigate canals under sail and that we sailed north via the Champlain Canal. Of course, we had our outboard, and we did use it going through the Cape Cod Canal, and we might have avoided rounding Cape Ann by going through the Annisquam River and Canal, but the voyage from New York to Eastport, Maine, is decidedly an outside run.

After several weeks of exploring, visiting, sightseeing and running close to shore, we were anxious to see how our small craft could take more open water. We decided that Massachusetts Bay after a northeast howler would provide aworthy test. We had a few bad moments after passing through the narrow opening out of Scituate Harbor. It was our first experience with truly big rollers. The feeling of sliding down to the bottom of a trough and watching your sails luff dangerously as the wind is cut off, is not a nice one. For two hours, we tore along on a treadmill and were still within a half-mile of our starting point. Later, the wind freshened from the west, we laid our course for Cape Ann and, for the rest of that day, we had no horizon but the endless hills of green water. It seemed a pity to miss Marblehead and Gloucester but by then we had visited many salty harbors and some places had to be left for the next cruise.

It was quite dark by the time we sighted Thatchers Island light on Cape Ann, but it was a beautiful night and the wind was fair for Rockport, so we decided to go in there and stay long enough to sample their famous lobster stew. We had our first real fright that night. We made the outer harbor all right, luffing cautiously as we felt out the narrow entrance. But, inside, a big swell was running and we rolled horribly. Also, to make matters worse, we could not locate the blinker marking the entrance to the inner basin. Pitching and tossing badly, we sailed up and down, vainly trying to locate other craft or — our only other hope — a none too well protected bight called Pigeon Cove. The lights on shore had gone out as we were coming in and our flashlight picked up nothing but more darkness and white water, which meant hidden rocks or reefs. Finally, in despair, we dropped our canvas and let go an anchor. We gave her the full 150 feet of scope, but she wouldn't hold. It was 3:00 a.m. when the Coast Guard, attracted by our lights, came out and towed us in. We had picked the one night in the history of Rockport — to hear the Coast Guard tell it — when it was definitely unsafe to attempt a night entrance into the boat basin. The blinker had gone "on the blink".

We took our next long hitch two days later, from Rockport to Kittery. All our bad moments seemed to come together. We started this run with all our canvas set in a fair offshore breeze but, about two miles out, a squall hit us. Over we went on our beam ends. Green water poured into the open port. I cast off the main halliard when half the cabin top was submerged and it was obvious that the main was not going to spill the wind. We took in a reef but, a few moments later, we were knocked flat again. Double reefed, she sailed like a bird.

(Continued on page 65)

Reeling off the miles with a fair wind

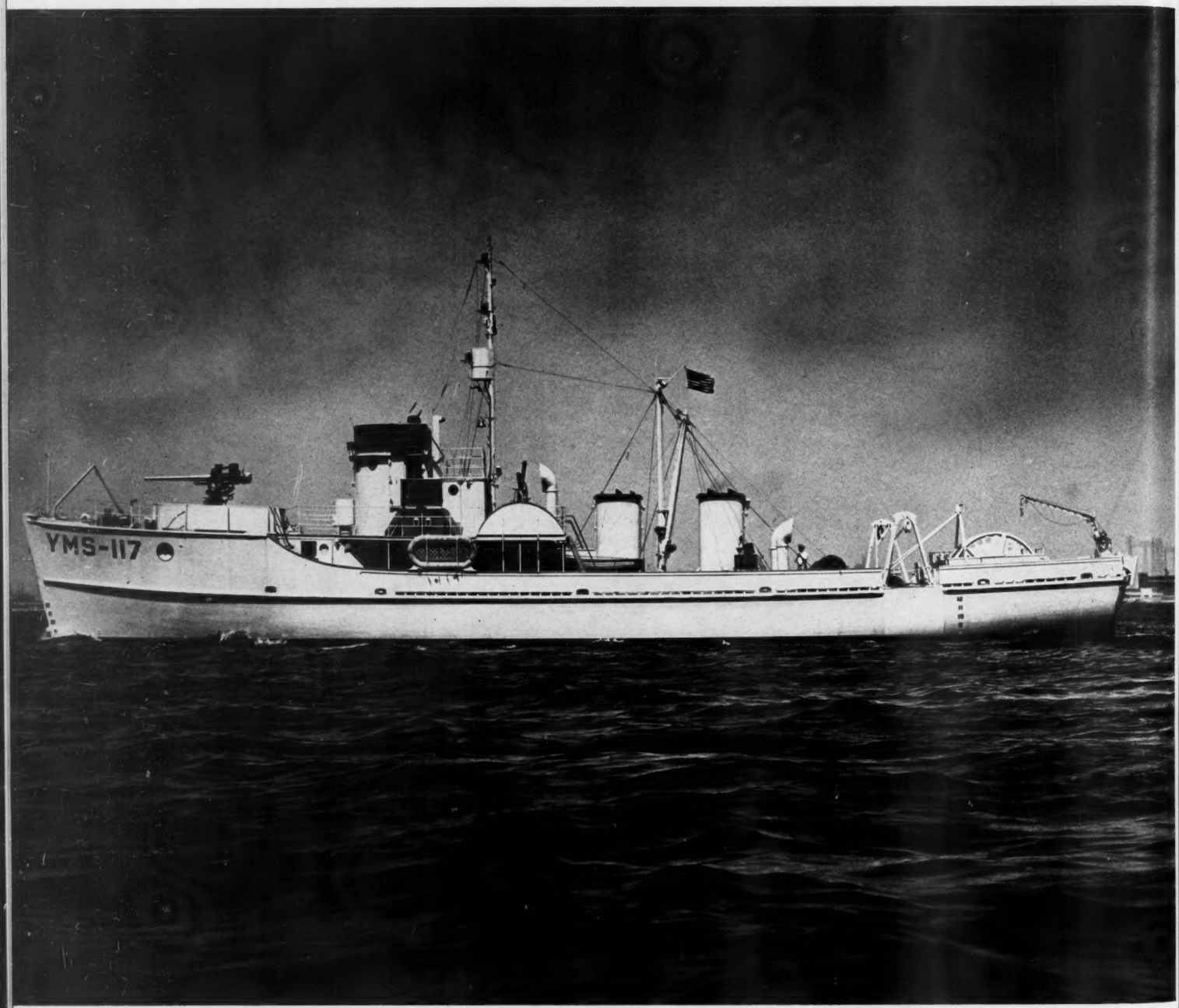
Pugsley — Royal Canadian Naval Photo

ATLANTIC CONVOY

In a heavy quartering sea, her decks running water, the escorting Canadian destroyer guards the convoy's flank

Royal Canadian Naval Photos

Rolling eastward. As the deep-laden convoy plods along at the speed of the slowest ship, the tough little corvette is always ready for instant action. Note depth bomb in thrower, right foreground. Below, winter weather. Life lines aid in getting about the deck. "Ash Cans" in rack at stern, ready to be dropped at an instant's notice. Left, one lets go as the ship jumps ahead to get away from the force of the explosion



FIRST PACIFIC COAST YMS COMPLETED

In all parts of the United States, many yards are busily building mine sweepers for the Navy. The first West Coast 136-footer, "YMS-117," has been completed well ahead of schedule. She is built of wood and is driven by two high speed marine Diesel engines. Other Diesels supply power for auxiliary purposes. Her builders, the Harbor Boat Building Co., have been awarded a Navy "E."

Skill in building boats, engines and equipment has been gained by our yards through many years' service in the yachting field.

THE "DHOW"-TYPE HULL FORM

By FREDERIC A. FENGER

ONLY the hardiest of YACHTING's readers may recall my initial article on "The Dhow Type," in the February issue of 1927, wherein was shown the lines of an entirely new hull form which, inherently, should be self-sailing, at least on the wind. Her conception stemmed from the writer's experiences in the sailing canoe *Yakaboo*, with some added thoughts on new rig possibilities while cruising again in the West Indies in his schooner *Diablesse* and further mulled over during his soberer moments when serving abroad in the First World War.

That ever elusive ideal of efficient self-performance under a new rig of such units whereby reductions could be made through the handling of comparatively small areas — rather than irksome reefing — was the goal which, the writer argued, must be approached from an entirely fresh viewpoint.

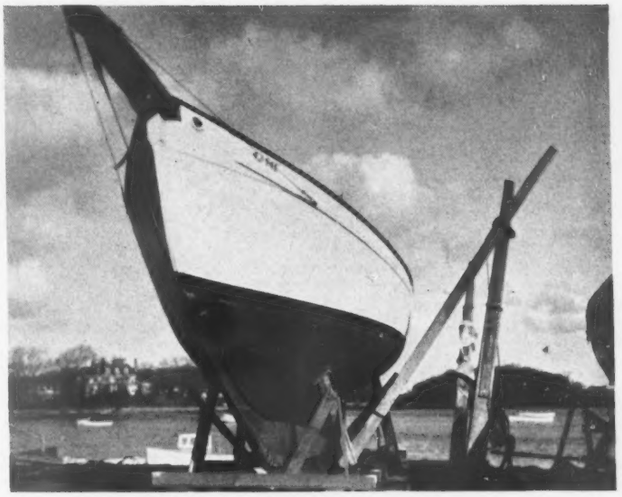
After the necessary ground work on the drafting board, a model was built in 1928, from which considerable data were gathered as to her performance with various keel and rudder contours, together with differing relations of balance under related distributions of her sail units. Allowing for the wide gap in speed-length ratio between a small model and an actual vessel, it is interesting to note that from the drafting board work the model's performance was as predicted, and that the data obtained from her trials gave exact indices as used in the subsequent design of her full-sized progeny. Since laying down the first of these, in 1935, a number have been built, both here and abroad, one actually having been started in Sumatra.

For most of us it is not the easiest thing in this world to break through those preconceived notions — mainly notions and little else — which wall us about with jungle-like impenetrability and form a mental hazard difficult to overcome. To be sure, there are certain undeniable fundamentals which must be considered but we can always turn them to our own use, while without them we are lost. Thus, in any contemplated development such as this, we must erase the "hazard of notions" from our minds and start with a clean slate, having our somewhat meager handful of fundamentals ever ready to serve, at our very elbows.

The procedure is to submerge what has gone before, and yet to make use of the best of it. That is experience. Nor should one attempt to originate in a mere spirit of revolt but rather in frank inquiry and with most careful research. The question mark in one's mind becomes a nagging imp, prodding one toward some sort of success. One had best work alone for, as Kettering has said: "If you want to kill any idea in the world today, get a committee working on it!" Or your friends. Or the "experts!"

From the very beginning, then, my approach has been wholly logical — quite simple, in fact — and entirely without thought of any previous hull form. While better all 'round performance was the ultimate goal — and this should connote greater speed — the first steps were toward more perfect balance, concerning the lateral plane, only.

Laying aside my predilection for the schooner rig, that of the ketch was used as a rig basis for, despite its evident faults, I felt that its contour might be inherently the more efficient and would allow for considerable modification later on. We were then still in the gaff-headed era. As each sail has its distinct characteristic — of which I was to learn a bit more as time went on — it seemed reasonable to consider it separately rather than to deal with the plan as a whole. So, to insure proper initial lateral resistence when on the wind, the sails were balanced with due regard to their contours as well as their centers of effort by corresponding individual lateral plane areas placed immediately below them.



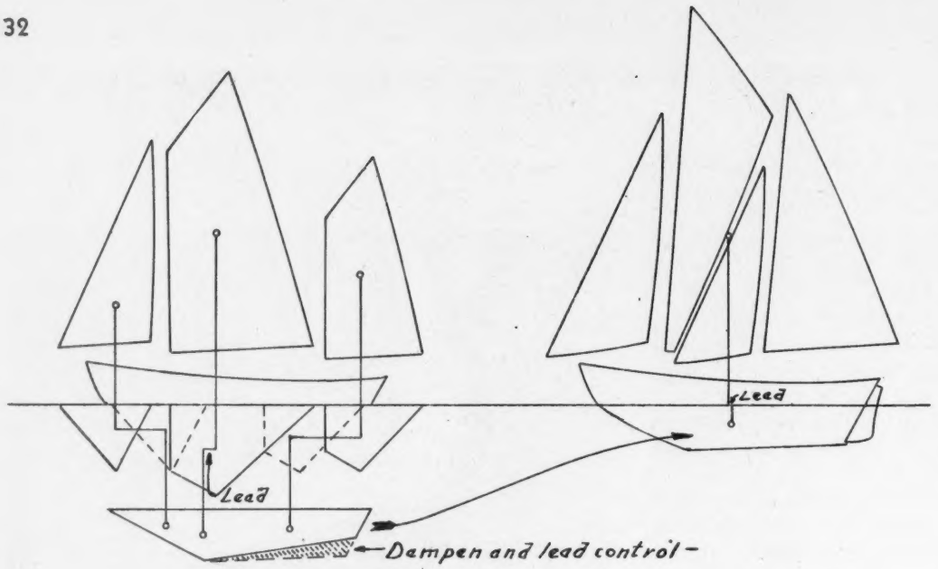
Underbody of "Diablesse," showing low point of rabbet — well forward

Lay it to chance, or a mere hunch, but the selection of the ketch rig was fortunate in that immediately was indicated the much-deepened forefoot followed by a rising keel in reverse drag which, eventually, led more directly than otherwise might have been toward the present solution.

But what began to appear before me on the drafting board, as these lateral areas were joined in their unconventional union, was something to fetch one aback; yet this was only the final stand of that mental hazard for, as common sense took hold again, certain transitions presented themselves. And when, some time later, I came upon an intriguing *dhow* yacht model in Chatterton's *Sailing Ships*, I found that now I had a name for my hull, due to chance resemblance. To be sure, the Arabian *dhow* has a level keel and it is rather the *patamár*, with her deepening spur at the toe, which is the more similar.

So far, only contour was considered. That forefoot, however, would bring the rabbet line down near the toe, permitting the deep cutter-like sections in the forebody which are so desirable for "holding on." Weatherliness. And this advance in the low point of the rabbet — the dividing line between the hull and the keel — further invited progressive relative streamlining throughout the entire lower portion of the hull. It became possible, then, to marry a normal water line, of fine entrance and designed for least surface disturbance, to an underbody of increased efficiency in passing through the more solid water. There would be a strong "rake" to the sections. In the hull form proper, as laid down to its fairbody curve and devoid of reverse turns and appendage, the center of buoyancy had come drastically forward and, while the entrance still was fine, the bow lines remained easy, the buttocks were considerably flattened and the run made cleaner. Thus were some of the fundamentals put to use.

Upon this advanced center of buoyancy depend the more outstanding characteristics of the new hull form. As the reverse curves are grown down to the rabbet, filling the



Development of lateral plane contour, showing individual areas under sails, separate and joined, with reduction of conventional lead. Below, comparison of forward sections, from hulls of identical water line length and beam, with sections at same spacings from entrance. Conventional hull, which is shown on the left side, has slightly less displacement and 4" more draft. Normally, the conventional hull for this water line length and displacement would have from 6" to 9" greater draft

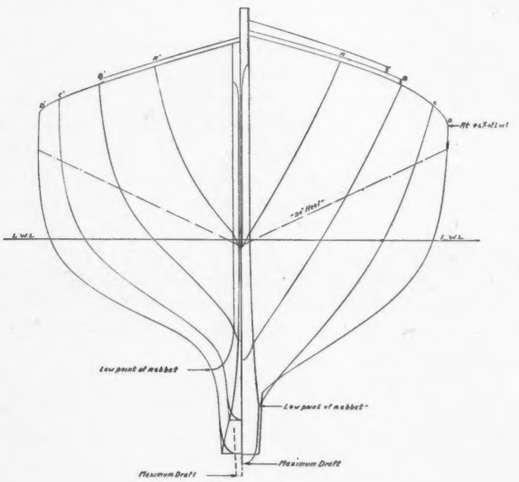
reëntrant angle between the deadrise and the keel, our resultant center now comes somewhat aft, and in the actual design work is made to conform with the predetermined displacement curve for this portion of the hull. There is a further shift — slightly forward or aft, as may be required — when the appendage is included to locate the C.G. of the shoe and for trim calculation.

Thus three centers of buoyancy are involved: (a) that of the hull proper to the fairbody curve, (b) that of the hull to the rabbet line, and (c) that of the entire underbody. They control the submerged portion of the vessel and, as I shall point out later, should govern the remainder of the hull, right up to the rail. Without altering the original concept they may, with judgment, be applied through a relatively wide latitude, as was found with the C.L.R. And, while we had superimposed a gaff-headed ketch rig in our premise, we now find ourselves free to use any rational sail plan. For best results, however, I have already indicated my preference.

Via this rather elementary process, we have arrived at a new hull form which is quite unlike the accepted type. After extensive model trials, followed by the experience of five seasons in one of these craft built for my own use, I can now render an account as to actual performance.

As in the design, the behavior of the vessel is largely dominated by the deep forefoot. With the center of buoyancy (a) projected so far ahead, the vessel maneuvers more nearly on her normal turning center which is about one third of the water line length aft from the entrance. Turning is further aided by the forward position of the "toe" and by the reverse drag. The rudder has a longer effective radius to act upon and less lateral area in its immediate vicinity to force aside as the stern swings. For these reasons, and due to the finer run, it has been found that the size of the rudder may be reduced by about 30 per cent. The remaining area has been brought down where it will be most effective. An obvious comment is that this low rudder plane must augment heeling when a considerable helm angle is employed in a strong breeze. In this hull form, that objection does not hold, for the vessel tends towards self-balance, and but little helm is required. Close-hauled and under any wind strength, the helm remains nearly amidships when the masts are stayed to their designed rake. Off wind, the maximum helm angle is from 5° to 7½° by actual measurement. These helm angles are for the usual balanced conditions of the main-trysail rig, from whole sail, through the three normal reductions, down to the end sails.

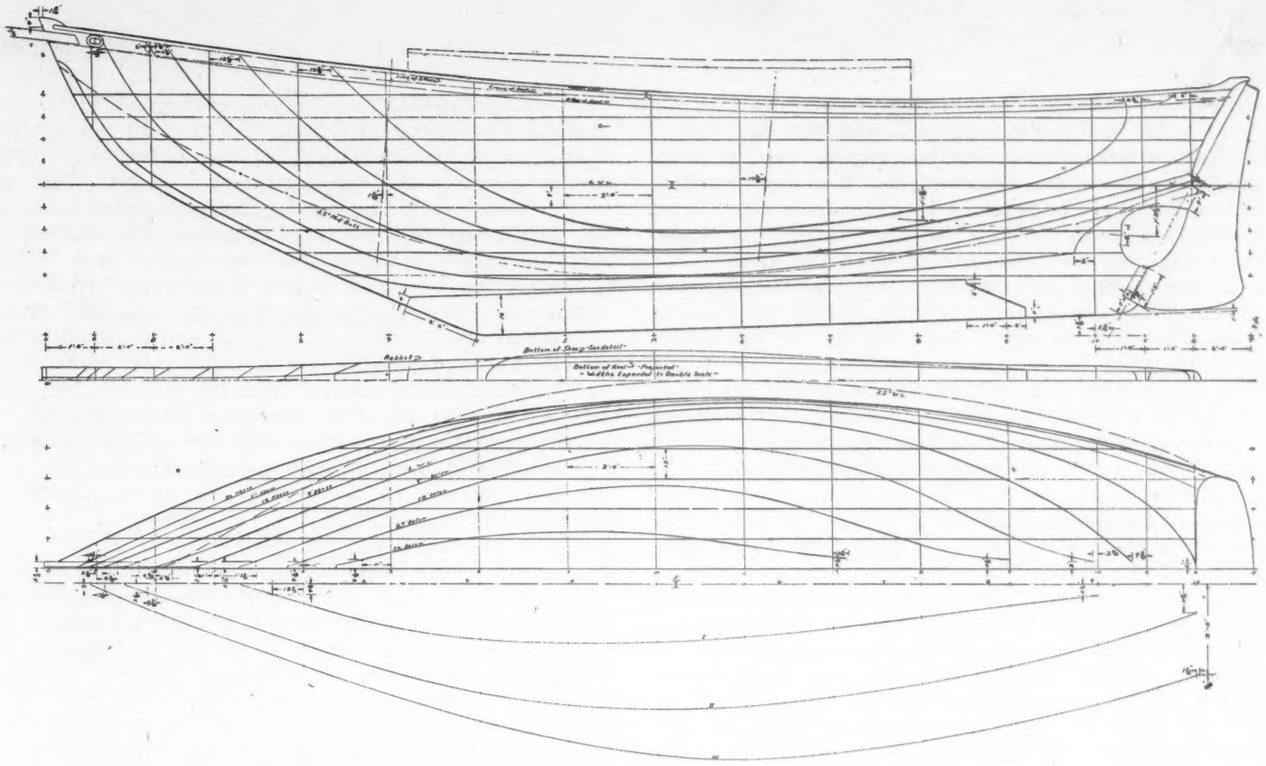
Because of her comparatively fine run, there is but little



wake effect and the rudder acts in fairly solid water. For it must be remembered that the wake-forming stream — the "keel water," as the Danes call it — has a tendency to flow upwards toward the surface as it passes aft under the vessel. Thus the lower edge of the keel is working through its entire length. Yet, despite the length of this keel, the turning radius remains surprisingly short.

Whereas the fining of the run tends to narrow the cabin sole widths in their extreme after portions, though the motor may be placed as deep and as far astern as in the ordinary hull, there is a decided gain forward which more than makes up for this slight loss aft. Thus it is possible to maintain headroom and carry the accommodations somewhat further forward, length being gained in the layout.

Some comment has been made in regard to the eddy-forming possibilities of the "toe," where a slight rounding in the contour is permissible. But, when the vessel is under sail and heeled, it will be seen that the water passes along the lee side of the keel and at an angle with the main axis of the vessel. Thus a clean edge is presented to the stream. When upright, and the stream is passing directly aft under the hull, the tendency immediately is for this stream to rise from the "toe" and to follow the reverse drag. It is partly because I believe that the angle of the reverse drag should be somewhat less than the approximate angle of the so-called "keel water," and partly for damping purposes, that I have left the area of the lateral plane as large as it is throughout its after portion. Were the contour steeved more



Long lines, for deep draft hull, of average beam and considerable displacement, showing easy bow lines and flattened buttocks, relatively fine run and strong rake to midsections

directly up to the counter, it would be impossible to hang the rudder without having it project below the line of the keel. Docking would be difficult, if not impractical. Some day, however, the conventional stern rudder may be eliminated and its place taken by a bow rudder, so designed as not to be vulnerable.

As I have already pointed out, the deep cutter-like forebody has a marked weatherly effect, so much so that less area is required in the appendage itself, thus affording a consequent reduction in draft. An extreme example of the efficiency of this forefoot was demonstrated in a shoal draft hull of this type in which the appendage had been reduced nearly to the shoe and the "holding on" left almost entirely to the fore-gripe. Yet she proved to be close-winded, despite her generous beam and displacement.

Because the keel is widest at the "toe," the center of gravity of the shoe is brought lower so that the draft reduction is compensated for directly, no righting power being lost over that of an orthodox vessel of 10 to 12 per cent more draft.

Should one fetch up on rocky bottom, the blunt forward end of the shoe takes the full brunt of the blow, without damage. In soft bottom, where one's vessel usually rides up or imbeds the keel along a considerable portion of its length, it is best to back off in the opposite direction from which one struck. With her broad shodden "toe," however, the new hull form is stopped after a short groove has been dug, and a relatively small portion of the keel is imbedded. It is possible, then, to spin the vessel on her "toe," usually by the motor, and, when she has completed a 180° turn, she may be freed with full power ahead. On more than one occasion, this has been the experience of the writer when his vessel might have been sewn for over a tide.

A further advantage in this forebody lies in its initial buoyancy which, augmented by the advance of the center of buoyancy (a) of the hull proper, tends to dampen "stamping," or rhythmic pitching, at its source. There is no hint of pounding, for the relatively lean bow slices into the oncoming seas with a minimum of fuss. A lean bow which does not bury is apt to be a dry bow. Flaring sections, though in V form, may not pound at slight angles of heel but, when the vessel is well down, they may present their leeward planes directly against the seas. As all forward sections grow capsizing forces when the vessel begins to heel — due to their shape and position, with the weight involved in their construction — excess reserve buoyancy here tends to defeat its very purpose, not only in its original function but in nullifying some of the natural righting power throughout the vessel's bilge sections. Herein is found a strong case for relatively short ends in a cruising vessel, providing she be so designed that her bow will not "drop into the seas." Nor does a lean bow necessarily mean a narrow deck, as will be seen in the lines drawing, particularly where the overhang is rather short. Actually, the bow, for some distance abaft the entrance, is directly controlled by the underbody. In the larger types, however, there is some advantage in lengthening the bow: to bring the forestay down to the stem head; to gain length in the fore peak; and, with additional rise in sheer, to increase headroom and berth width in the forward portion of the layout. Even so, the bow remains quite lean!

Due to mast and rigging weight, more particularly in the modern ketch rig, where the spars are well forward and acting through lofty arms, "stamping" cannot be entirely eliminated. But, in the hull form under consideration, initial damping has resulted in comparatively dry decks under the most severe conditions, while below decks her somewhat characteristic motion is noticeably easy as she tends to rise and fall with her long axis nearly parallel to the water plane. When going to windward "on her own," one has the feeling that she is sailing in a groove already ploughed out for her, such as one may sense in a much larger vessel.

An early criticism, if not a severe indictment of such a deeply forefooted vessel having her extreme draft so far forward, was that she would harbor a brutish inclination to trip and yaw in a heavy following sea. This was not borne out, however, in the model trials when, under "twin" spinnakers* the tiny hull was driven directly before a wind of

* *See "Captain Waller's Twin Spinnakers," in* YACHTING *for July, 1932.*

comparative gale force and in seas of like proportion. In round terms, it was the designer's conviction that, due to the finer run, the stern or afterbody would "tend to *follow* the bow, rather than to *push* it" and that any corrective helm which might be required would act more quickly and efficiently than hitherto. Under the "twins," the model ran down wind, quite helm-free, on a straight course.

Subsequent runs in the designer's own vessel, directly down wind or with the wind on her quarter, have shown that the original assumption was correct, bearing out the model trials. In strong following winds, with the sails all on one side, or paired or staggered, there is no sense of yawing as one feels it ordinarily; when the vessel wanders from her course, due to slight wind shifts or the irregularity of the seas, a spoke or two will bring her where she belongs.

Elsewhere I have mentioned wind shift, that is, the almost constant variation to either side of the average direction in blustery weather — in gale force, coming like blows, right and left hand as from a boxer — as being largely responsible for yawing. This may appear to be somewhat paradoxical yet it has been my observation that in a well designed vessel with a clean run, the seas cause but little yawing so long as she is on a nearly even keel. When the vessel heels, and as the wind is brought on her quarter, the seas will begin to have their effect in tending to round her to. And this is only natural, when one considers the now distorted form of the immersed portion of the hull with her leaner side to windward and the more rounded flank to leeward. It is this condition, the heeled form of the underbody, which leads one to believe that more attention should be paid to heeled water lines than hitherto has been considered necessary. While there is nothing new here, for others have approached this conception from one angle or another, I believe that all sailing vessels should be designed directly to their heeled angles.

In laying down this new hull form, after the midship section is roughed out, together with the contour and the water line, and after preliminary calculations are made for displacement and stability, a tentative mid-buttock line is worked in — all for the upright position. Then the section is heeled to, say, 15° and 30°, the latter being the maximum effective sailing angle, and the heeled water lines and mid-buttocks, together with the heeled displacement curves, are roughed in. All these curves should retain the characteristics of their upright precedents — eventually we may be able to establish the *heeled* as the parent curves — and if they do so, and the peaks of the displacement curves move directly athwartships or curve slightly aft to compensate for the more broken water sternwards, not only will there be some assurance, if the centers are properly governed, that the vessel will be less acted upon by the seas, but also that she will roll over evenly. Such a hull will tend to balance herself under all conditions — unless a distorted rig be fitted over her — and a considerable guarantee as to performance may be made. This method of hull design has, naturally, suggested further control of the upper body, so that the entire hull, right up to her rail cap, is designed from her submerged form, upwards. In the matter of the ends, which need not necessarily be as abrupt as in the examples so far built, there remains enough latitude, somewhat beyond the entrance and the tuck, so that no set form need be adhered to.

Step by step, then, it will be seen that from an attempt to integrate direct-acting lateral plane units into a contour which, in itself, might tend better to balance the sail plan over it, an entirely new development has been evolved in which both appendage and molded hull form have been unified toward inherent balance and greater speed.

A similar development, from a somewhat divergent angle, has been approaching the same goal in England. This is the much disputed metacentric method in which correct balance is attained through equalizing the apposite sections as they are worked out toward the ends while, in its early form, at least, characteristics of water line, buttocks and so on, have not particularly been stressed. An interesting resultant is what has come to be known as the metacentric "shelf." This is from a line, somewhat curved laterally and vertically, which passes through the centers of the submerged areas of the hull when heeled to about 10°, and is shown in its lateral form as projected upwards to the water plane. In a well balanced design, starting from the entrance, this line parallels the long axis of the vessel to windward, for a short distance, and then crosses to the other side, again flanking the axis until the after sections are reached, where it flares out widely to leeward. In this country, the metacentric shelf generally has been scoffed at, if not condemned by most designers, as being wholly valueless.

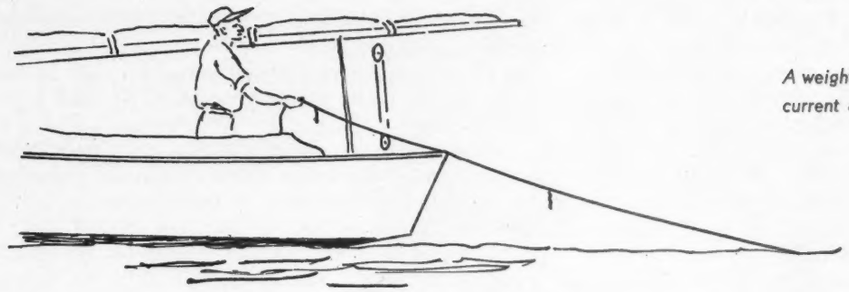
Although I have been working from quite a different premise, I believe the shelf may be worth some consideration, if only to provoke further speculation as to certain hull tendencies. And while I have made no attempt at designing to this method, for I believe it is far more important strictly to keep in mind our mere handful of fundamentals, I *have* drawn up the metacentric curves from my completed designs, and they have come out strikingly close to what is considered to be the ideal.

When it comes to direct balance between the sail plan and the underbody, our knowledge is rather limited as we have no accurate means of determining their respective centers. In general, we place under the combined geometric centers of the sail plan, the geometric center of the lateral plane, either taken as a whole or as a point interpolated between those of the appendage and the hull proper. This is a sort of hit or miss process which has been reduced to fairly practical accuracy through experience in the design and performance of our various hull and rig types. A good designer can hit it rather closely. He knows that the actual center of effort lies somewhat forward of its geometric position and that, apparently, the range of the center of lateral resistance is considerably greater. To compensate for this, he advances his sail plan to establish the required lead which is expressed in percentage of the water line length. The higher his center of effort, as in the modern jib-headed rigs, the greater must be his lead to overcome the rounding-to effect of the sails when the vessel is heeled, since the rounding-to arm (the lateral distance between the C.E. and the axis of the vessel) has been considerably lengthened. Thus lead has grown from about 4½ per cent in the comparatively low gaff-headed schooner, to from 7 per cent upwards in the tall rigs. It may be added that this demand for additional lead in the tall rigs is further accredited to their more powerful long leading edges which are so effective in driving these vessels.

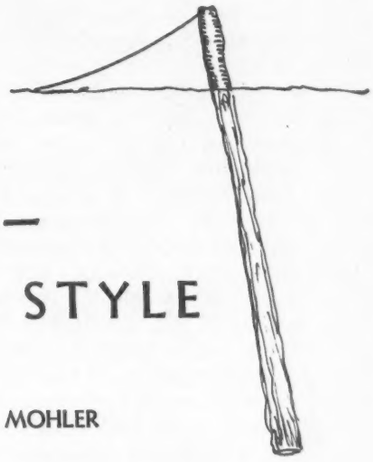
There is, then, this race or conflict between the two centers, both apparently moving forward and one (that of the lateral plane) catching up with the other till, in a well turned hull, they meet or remain approximately one above the other at some point forward of what has been assumed as their original positions. In most vessels, a certain amount of unbalance is predetermined to establish a safe margin of weather helm — so that they may be sure to fly into the wind in an emergency. All this is well known and I merely repeat it here to stress what I have come to call the "conflict of centers."

And so we arrive at what I believe to be the most important *rôle* of the new contour; not so much in providing lateral areas more directly under the individual sails but rather in reducing the potential range of the C.L.P. I have long sus-

(Continued on page 58)



A weighted pole and cod line drift astern with the current after the fashion of the old time chip log



CURRENT MEASURING — AMATEUR STYLE

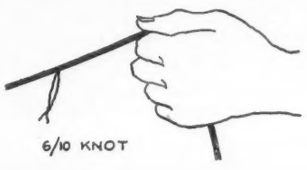
By S. L. MOHLER

NO ONE who has sailed the waters of our eastern coast need be told the numerous things a tidal current can do to a floating object, such as a boat, and the reactions it produces in human beings are almost as varied. When a fair tide carries a hungry man surely and steadily to a good dinner, he should be duly grateful. But human nature is such that we are prone to forget these occasions and look on the vagaries of the tide more nearly in the spirit of the lobsterman who once hailed me with the question: "How foul is the tide today?" Currents combined with fog have probably scared most of us at some time in our lives; but one of the worst things they can do is cause intense embarrassment. This happened to me a few summers ago when I undertook to pilot a young friend's sloop across Blue Hill Bay, from Mount Desert to Swans Island, where I am known as one of the oldest summer residents. We weren't wrecked or carried to sea — but I missed the landfall by a full mile. The shock to my self esteem was so severe that I was smitten with a conviction of ignorance comparable (I suppose) with a Salvation Army convert's conviction of sin. Something had to be done about it.

The first step was the purchase of a government pamphlet of instructions for measuring such currents. This afforded unbounded amusement to my family, with its description of the equipment used in regular government surveys: fleets of 50-foot vessels, supply and dispatch boats, and staffs numbering in the hundreds — not to mention the elaborate scientific devices employed in the gathering of the data. For one with an old-fashioned education to say that the pages of formulae looked like Greek would be the grossest understatement. But, in my reading, I was struck by repeated references to something within my mental grasp and not quite beyond my means, the old windjammer's log line.

From this observation sprang the discovery which I maintain could have real significance in furthering our knowledge of the sea and its ways — that a 200-foot length of cod line (or clothes line), marked at intervals of 10 feet 1½ inches, attached to a 7-foot pole, will float out behind a skiff as briskly as behind a revenue cutter. The pole is weighted at one end so as to float about a foot out of water and, when in use, takes the place of the old seaman's log chip. To these items add a compass and a watch — and you are equipped to make current observations.

The procedure is something like this. You sail out to the spot selected, moor and take compass bearings of your location. The current pole goes overboard, with 30 to 100 feet of stray line, depending on the draft of the boat from which you are working. The zero knot is let go as you start your "time" and the line is fed out as fast as the pole seems to take it. At the end of the run, you note the point reached, estimating to hundredths, and make some sort of observation of its direction. (I simply take a sight with a dory compass, though it is more official to use a ship's compass and pelorus. For timing the run, a stop watch is convenient but not necessary.) Time, velocity and true direction are jotted down; then, theoretically, you are at leisure for a half-hour, the interval preferred in taking observations for Uncle Sam.



The author marks his current measuring line at intervals of 10 feet 1½ inches (one six-hundredth of a nautical mile).

In practice, however, you are likely to find the behavior of the current so interesting that sheer curiosity will prompt you to stream the line more often. The operation itself is almost childishly simple, yet it involves the problems of position and direction just enough to appeal to any one who has had a taste of navigating. And, in spite of its simplicity, the work has the fascination of pure scientific research; you are measuring a great, unknown force of nature and your findings have an immediately practical value. Personally, you are deepening your acquaintance with an old friend, the sea; it becomes a thing alive, and every buoy, every bit of floating rock-weed tells something of its life.

The use to which skilled mathematicians can put a small number of tidal observations to predict events a hundred years from now is a fine illustration of the coöperative process by which civilization advances, yet even here we tyros can have our fun. By the use of ordinary graph paper, representing time horizontally and velocity vertically, flood currents above the line, ebbs below, we can see just where the slacks and peaks occur. We can then check our results with a current table and say, with reasonable assurance: "The tide turned to flood at 10:48 this morning, 40 minutes before it turned at Portsmouth Harbor; when sun, moon and earth are in the same relative position in future years, and other conditions are the same, it will again be about 40 minutes earlier." It must be admitted there is a hitch in that proviso about other conditions. No one knows what they all are, much less how to measure them. By the time you have completed your second set of observations at a given place, you will be convinced that the sea is feminine. The tide will not turn at the same time, it will not reach the same velocity (even if you make allowance for difference of range) or even

flow in exactly the same direction. The best that can be done is to strike averages from a series of observations.

What sort of results may a person expect to obtain by applying a technique like this? He may expect questions, questions enough to challenge a whole fleet of investigators. At least, that has been my experience and my collection has reached such proportions that I am prepared to match it with any obtained within a comparable area, say, within a radius of five miles.

The fantastic shape of our island naturally explains why the tide flows in circles — into both our front and back yards, so to speak — but why is it two hours earlier on the south side of the island than along the northeast shore (in Blue Hill Bay)? Why should it be still earlier at the eastern end of the Casco Passage, only three miles from my Blue Hill Bay station? Why should the tide be 45 minutes later at the western end of the Casco Passage than it is at its eastern end? The flood current is twice as strong as the ebb in parts of Jericho and Blue Hill Bays; is that true throughout their length and breadth? If so, what happens to all the salt water?

Flood currents are likely to wax and wane in a dignified, orderly manner, so that graphs of them look almost like the pictures in the book (cosine curve is the name for it, whatever that means). Ebb tides, on the other hand, are often as fitful as a "steady" wind, rising from zero to most of a knot in the time it takes to light a pipe. Or, just when you think the ebb has built itself up to a nice maximum, your anchor rode goes slack and tells you the water is quiet; then, in a few minutes, the current is back again, giving you a pair of sharp peaks to draw in your scrap book. (This happens regularly (?) off Hat Island, so, if your current table tells you you'll find a maximum ebb of .8 knot at 3:25 some foggy afternoon next summer, it may be only .2.) What is worse, the graphs obtained from the same spot may appear either as volcano peaks or as high plateaus (I have an unfounded suspicion that a moderate wind causes this amplification, a wind blowing against the tide). Finally, here is one for the Quiz Kids: If the tide floods east at a given place (such as the Swans Island side of Blue Hill Bay) on Monday and Tuesday, in what direction will it flood on Thursday? North, of course. (Again I suspect a fresh breeze, which had me shivering and clutching a coaming for an unusually long forenoon, but I can't prove how it worked.)

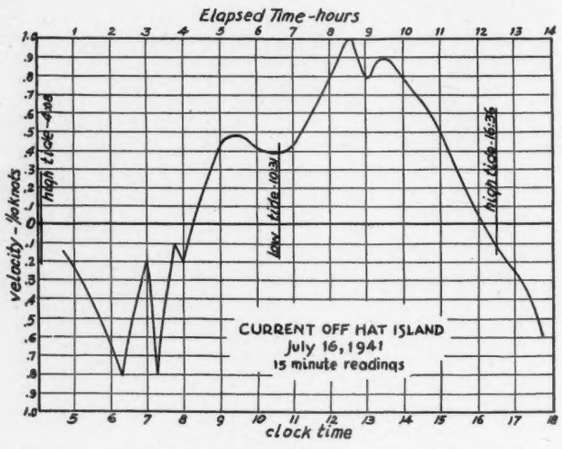
When I came to a full realization of the magnitude of my problems, I adopted the typically American recourse of a trip to Washington, fondly hoping that a crew of capable investigators could be detailed to carry on the work. Mr. Haight, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, was most cordial and friendly but dashed my hopes at once. The depression and the war have brought the work of making current surveys to a complete standstill — work which was deemed of sufficient importance to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on before. Not a boat or a man, he explained, could be sent to meet the "emergency" in Blue Hill Bay. If I wanted to go ahead by myself, he would supply me with a standard log line and other minor items of gear. But he (quite properly) laughed at my short-run "data" and explained that each series must be run for a minimum of thirteen hours at a time, four days at each location.

Last summer, I proved to my own satisfaction that the thing could be done, though fifteen hours in an open boat is a trifle rigorous for the average vacationist. Fortunately, I have developed a genuine taste for sunrises. Paying out a log line can hardly be termed exhausting labor but sitting has its limitations as a means of passing time; it even involves some muscular exertion when your seat is cavorting in a cross rip. Some of the difficulties can be obviated by adopting a camping technique. By establishing headquarters in a cove near a proposed station, you can materially cut down commuting time and, between readings, you can row to shore and fry yourself an egg or simply stretch your legs. But even this life has its drawbacks for a gregarious biped such as *homo sap.*; there should be at least two eggs to fry and four legs to stretch.

And so I am appealing for help, personally and in the name of the organization which supplies us with all the aids to navigation which make it possible for us to enjoy our pastime. We have been living in a spoiled child's world where we have taken too many things for granted: liberty, automobiles, buoys. The charts and tables which provide us with our keenest pleasure are made possible by a tremendous expenditure of painstaking effort — and the taxes of Midwestern farmers. We almost take for granted the work of our Coast Guard during a storm; in reading an account of a wreck at sea, we barely glance at the last sentence because we know in advance what it will be: "All members of the crew were rescued by the Coast Guard cutter." Yet if one of us were called upon to fill out a short crew on one of those vessels, we would probably do our part. It is now the Coast and Geodetic Survey which is short-handed and it is definitely within our power to render valuable, if unheroic, assistance. My experience has demonstrated to me, at least, that while it is impracticable for one man in a small boat to secure current data of much value, two or three people with any sort of seagoing craft could accomplish a good deal. A more effective, and more typically American, attack on the problem would involve coöperation on a slightly larger scale, comparable with the old fashioned barn raising. I suggest it as a yacht club project, to be undertaken with something of the fine spirit which is motivating the defense activities of our boating organizations.

The first step might consist in the pooling of collective knowledge of local tidal currents. This would probably be sufficient to make possible the construction of a serviceable current chart. From experience, those working on such a project could decide better than any scientist where the interesting or dangerous currents are, and then proceed to measure them systematically, for the benefit of all future navigators. A few comfortable cruisers, moored at strategic points up and down a bay, could in a short time assemble data comparable in value with those obtained from government surveys. Frequent shifts could be arranged, "tea" could be served at appropriate intervals, and the whole procedure turned into something of a lark.

Once such a project were started, I am confident that others would react to its fascination as I have, and that current surveyors would be riding their hobby all up and down the coast. I have enlarged on my local problems in the hope that someone near me will need an extra hand next summer.



Flood currents are charted above the zero line; ebb currents below it

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

By "SPUN YARN"

MY first and probably last annual barber pole story concerns a sailor whose old man was so rich that he gave him 250 grand to stay in the Navy for two hitches. He wasn't entirely without funds when wearing the uniform of the humble bluejacket, and one afternoon whilst making a liberty with his buddy it occurred to him to buy a barber pole — one of the whirling kind — for cost plus ten per cent. The barber being agreeable to the idea, the two bold lads unshipped the pole and started merrily down the main street of Portsmouth, Virginia, with their purchase over their shoulders. It is not too little to say that they fell foul of the law. At the police station some such conversation as the following took place: "Wheredjer get that barber pole?" "We bought it." "Who from?" "You know, Nick the barber down the street." "Oh yeah? Get Nick on the phone." So Nick was got on the phone and, sure enough, he stated that he had sold the pole to the sailors, and for cryin' out loud was that a crime? So the sailors took the ferry and the pole to Norfolk, and fell foul of the law. . . . "So you bought it from a guy in Portsmouth, hey? Well, we'll see about that." Nick came to the phone again. Yeah, he sold a barber pole to a coupla guys, and what's wrong with that in a free country?

Next stop, Old Point Comfort. . . . "So gobs has taken to swiping barber poles, has they? Into the hoosegow." But stay, officer, here is a reputable Italian barber saying on the telephone that the sailors paid him fifty smackers for the pole. Out of the hoosegow, into a bus for Newport News. . . . "Hey, sailors, where did you steal that?" "What, us steal a barber pole? Honest to God, officer, we bought it from a Wop in Portsmouth. Give him a ring on the phone and get the lowdown." . . . But, alas, word travels around in police circles and my fine fellows spent the night in the jug. Not, to be sure, for stealing, but for the humiliating charge of disturbing the peace.

Since I aim to please (controversial yachting subjects being scarce this month) here is another sailor paragraph. It is the verbatim copy of a letter from a not-too-anguished father to the commanding officer of a naval section base: "Sir Just received notice that my son John ——— Jr is a Straggler from May 20th kindly take notice that last time I delivered him I told office Mr. Smith that Every time he get pay, Boys and girl get eft him, and no body see him till is Brook kindly take look at is record see that tre (3) time he get pay 3 time he dint report for duty. I dint see him since May 18. . . . I remain John ———."

In the above we have a simple Italo-American writing English that knocks the props from under our greatest authors. "Tre (3) time he get pay 3 time he dint report for duty" because "Boys and girl get eft him." What pathos, what tragedy, what a wallop to novelists who take 800,000 words to say less.

Maybe I have it in for writers this month. Anyway I'm thinking of the goulash that Walter Lippmann and others, even including the Navy-wise editorial writers of the *New York Herald Tribune*, have been ladling out about our inadequacy in the war against the submarine. If I remember correctly, all you have to do to beat the sub is buy a flock of small boats and patrol the coastwise trade routes. No thought of arms or ship-to-shore phones or naval indoctrination. No waiting for the hundreds of patrol boats that the Navy started months ago to build. Just send the little yachts to sea and win the war.

It's a sweet editorial dream. We already have in the Navy myriads of converted yachts known as YP boats. (Short for Your Problem. . . . Friend of mine in the repair gang says their designation should be changed to FYTY, meaning From Yard to Yard). Their engines conk out, their toilets go into reverse, and to the best of my knowledge and belief they haven't bumped off a single sub. They simply haven't time to do it. They tax the facilities of every yard within their operating districts, and provide comfortable livings for civilian defense workers with unlimited ration cards. . . .

Don't misunderstand me. Yachts are built for the single purpose of furnishing enjoyment, and that's precisely what they do in times of peace. But they were not intended to be run day and night, nor to take the rough and tumble usage of service craft. As yachts turned into patrol boats, they're doing as well as could be expected. They are already being used in hundreds as stopgaps until the arrival of the subchasers and the corvettes. To suggest that the bureaucrats in the Navy are willfully roping off an avenue to victory by not dotting the sea with pleasure boats is to brand oneself as plumb silly.

As may have been surmised ere this, I'm getting fed up with the lunchroom strategists who shudder every time a Jap

(Continued on page 66)

A HANDY COLUMN NOTEBOOK FOR

HERE are some new forms worked out by Thomas F. Cooke, now Major in the Army Air Force, for use in working celestial navigation problems. All work for each sight or problem is arranged in a single column, with detailed "notes" to guide the navigator in each step of the computation. The primary purpose of this arrangement is to make it possible for a beginner to work out a sight with a minimum of knowledge. The step by step "directions" included in the notes also serve to jog the memory of experienced navigators. Major Cooke states that, with the aid of these forms, almost all the students in the Weems School classes which he has been conducting in New York City, have worked out sights successfully after two lessons.

Commenting on these forms, Commander Ageton wrote Mr. Cooke: "The column form is an old and useful wrinkle in navigation but the curved arrow idea is a new slant which I like very much. I have made up a notebook using that idea and I am sure I will find it useful."

The following way of using the forms has been suggested. Paste a copy of the data given in the columns headed "notes" and "date" on the left hand half of a loose-leaf notebook page with 41 lines. Cut away the right hand half of the page. Then divide the right hand half of other pages into three columns, each one of which can be used for

POSITION LINE BY H.O. 214				
NOTES	Date	April 9, '42		
	Body	Sun		
	Bearing	S and E		
	D.R. Lat.	38° 14′ N		
	D.R. Long.	72° 16′ W		
If p.m., add 12 hours	Watch	9:15:03		
Watch slow, add; fast, subtract	Error	+ 02		
Correct	Zone Time	9:15:05		
Long. W, add; E, subtract	Zone No.	5		
NOTE DATE	G.C.T.	14:15:05		
From page for day	G.H.A.	32° 05′		
For hours and minutes	Corr.	1° 16′		
For seconds or S.H.A. (Air Almanac)	Corr.			
Exact	G.H.A.	33° 21′		
W, Diff.; E, Sum. (Choose to make L.H.A. whole degrees)	Ass. Long.	72° 21′		
If > 180° use (360° − L.H.A.) for "t"	L.H.A.	39° E		
Mark E or W	t	39° E		
Choose nearest whole degree	Ass. Lat.	38° N		
Choose nearest half degree	Approx. Dec.	7° 30′ N		
	Actual Dec.	7° 28′ N		
Corr. (below) = Diff × △ d (found at back of H.O. 214)	Diff.	2		
	△ d	.73		
Observe whether Alt. increases or decreases as Approx.	Approx. Alt.	43° 26.1′		
Dec. approaches Actual Dec. and mark Corr. + or −	Corr.	− 1.5′		
H_c =	Actual Alt.	43° 24.6′		
Mark N or S as Lat.; E or W as "t"	Z	N 120.8° E		
Z, N and E, Z_n = Z. Z, N and W, Z_n = 360° − Z	Z_n	121°		
Z, S and E, Z_n = 180° − Z. Z, S and W, Z_n = 180° + Z	H_s	43° 10′		
	Corr.	− 02′		
	Corr.	+ 15.1′		
	Corr.	(36 ft.) − 5.9′		
Observed Altitude	H_o	43° 17.2′		
Calculated Altitude, from above	H_c	43° 26.1′		
H_o greater = "toward." H_c greater = "away"	Intercept	Away 8.9 mi.		

USE IN CELESTIAL NAVIGATION

working a separate observation. A single copy of the form can thus be used for working an infinite number of observations.

In addition to the forms for H.O.211 and H.O.214 shown here, Major Cooke has prepared similar column forms for H.O.208 (Dreisonstok), Noon Sight, from the "Primer of Navigation" by George W. Mixter; Latitude by Polaris, including determination of L.S.T. for using Rude Star Finder; Star Identification by H.O.214; and Great Circle Course, Distance, Vertex and data for any point "X" by H.O.211. All forms have been prepared for use either with the Nautical or Air Almanac. The spaces for sextant corrections have been left unlabeled as they are different for marine and bubble sextants.

Major Cooke would be grateful for suggestions for improvement.

POSITION LINE BY H.O. 211

NOTES					
If p.m., add 12 hours Watch slow, add; fast, subtract		Date Body Bearing Watch Error	April 9, '42 Sun S and E 9:15:03 + 02		
Long. W, add; E, subtract	Correct	Zone Time Zone No.	9:15:05 5		
NOTE DATE From page for day For hours and minutes For seconds, or S.H.A. (Air Almanac)		G.C.T. G.H.A. Corr. Corr.	14:15:05 32° 05′ 1° 16′		
If E, take sum; if W, take difference	Exact	G.H.A. D.R. Long.	33° 21′ 72° 16′ W		
If > 180° use (360° − L.H.A.) for "t" Mark E or W		L.H.A. t Dec. A B	38° 55′ E 38° 55′ E 7° 28′ N 20191 370		
	A + B = A − B =	A′ A B′	20561 88623 10661		
From top of page unless t > 90°. Mark N or S as Lat. If K and Lat. same name, take difference		A K D.R. Lat.	77962 9° 33.5′ N 38° 14′ N		
From above		K − Lat. B B′	28° 40.5′ 5682 10661		
Calculated Altitude for D.R. Position	B + B′ =	A H_c	16343 43° 20.5′		
From above		A′ B	20561 13830		
Z from Bottom or Top (as explained in Tables) Mark N or S as Lat.; E or W as "t" Z, N and E, Z_n = Z. Z, N and W, Z_n = 360° − Z Z, S and E, Z_n = 180° − Z. Z, S and W, Z_n = 180° + Z	A − B =	A Z Z_n H_s Corr. Corr. Corr.	6731 N 121.5° E 121° 43° 10′ − 02′ + 15.1′ (36 ft.) − 5.9′		
Observed Altitude Calculated Altitude, from above		H_o H_c	43° 17.2′ 43° 20.5′		
H_o greater = "toward." H_c greater = "away"		Intercept	Away 3.3 mi.		

Official U. S. Navy Photographs

The yacht flotilla returning from an afternoon of instruction afloat. "Four Winds" is in the foreground

GETTING 1400 MIDSHIPMEN AFLOAT

Chicago Yachtsmen Coöperate in Naval Training Program

JUNE 2nd, 1942, is a date which will be recorded as one of the biggest days in the history of yachting on Lake Michigan. For that afternoon saw the actual beginning of the program in which Chicago yachtsmen are giving their time and the use of their boats to assist in the training and instruction of the midshipmen at the Navy's officer training school at Northwestern University's Abbott Hall. Over 30 yachts, from 30 to 110 feet over all, came alongside Chicago's famous Navy Pier that afternoon, embarked parties of midshipmen, and headed out into the lake for a class in practical seamanship.

This activity is neither extra-curricular nor optional with the midshipmen. Captain B. B. Wygant, commandant at Abbott Hall, and his staff think so well of the training it provides that the afternoon runs have been made part of the regular course of study. The practical experience in handling a boat under way, piloting, navigation, maneuvering and the one-hundred-and-one things that make for "savvy" afloat, are all part of the program.

Every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoon, part of the Chicago yacht fleet hauls into Navy Pier. A total of 34 embarkations is scheduled for 1400 cadets during the 1942 boating season.

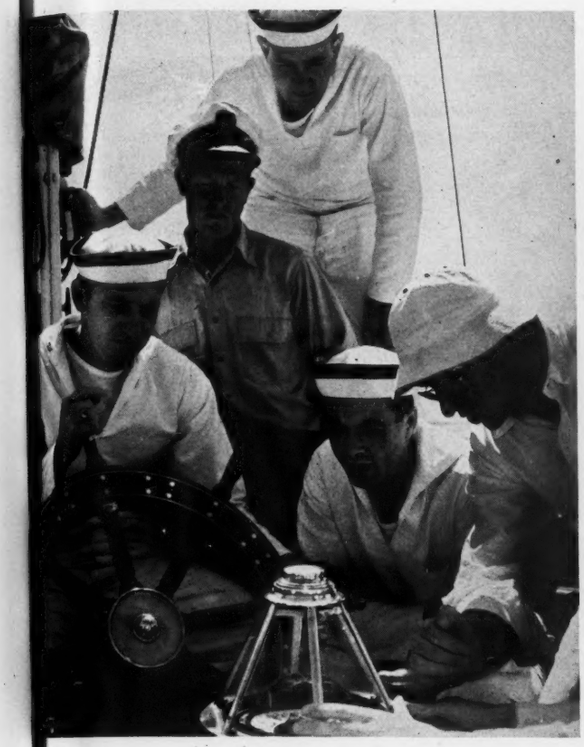
They say the boys like it better than classroom work. And the owners seem to like it, too, for every week-end finds midshipmen and civilians getting together for racing, cruising and knocking around in boats on a less formal basis.

The plan was originally conceived by Secretary Knox and Sheldon Clark, president of the Navy League. John T. ("Bud") Snite was the leader in making it tick. He was ably assisted by the Lake Michigan Yachting Association's Defense Committee and the officers of the various clubs.

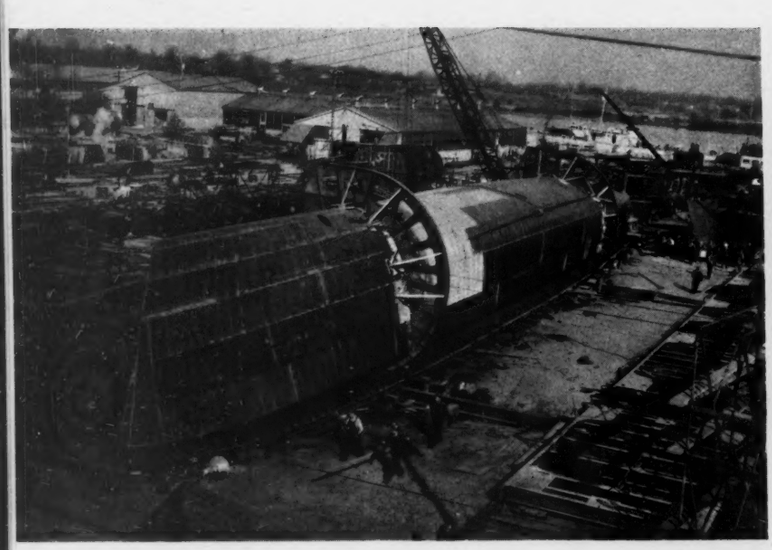
The same sort of thing is being done in Detroit by the Detroit Power Squadron and Naval training units there. It's a swell idea and one which is bound to take hold in other parts of the country, too, provided there are any yachts and yachtsmen not already in gray, blue, or khaki.

Under the Chicago plan, a special form of charter party was drawn up whereby, for a nominal sum ($1.00), a yacht is turned over to the Navy for the designated days and hours. The document also provides that the yacht's owner, or his representative, will be aboard and in charge of the handling and navigating of the vessel during these training periods, although under the general control of the Navy through its officers aboard. There are no restrictive technicalities; the yachtsman is always in control of his own property, and the owner has the use of his own boat whenever she is not engaged in this training program. That's the way the Navy wants it, and it is a way in which many a boat owner can be of service in this necessary training program.

For hints on cutting through possible legal tangles, consult the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, Room 602, 140 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

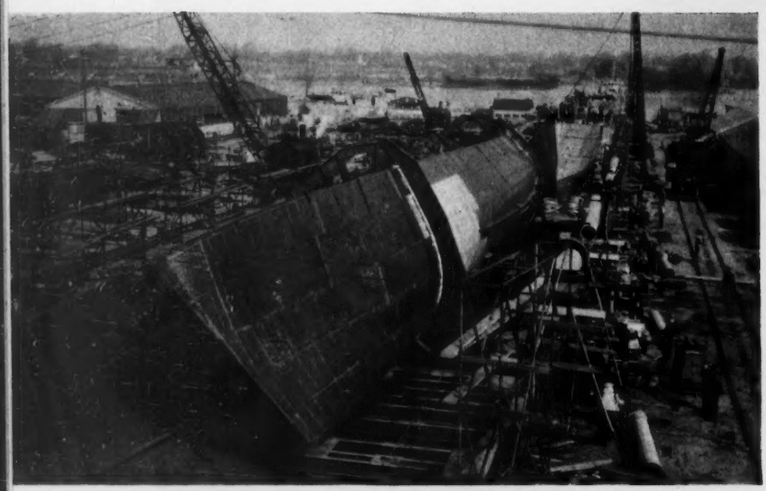


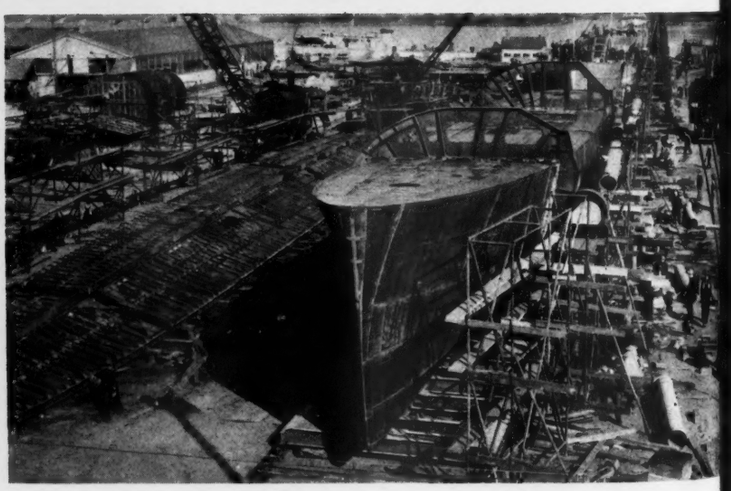
Getting acquainted with the compass aboard P. H. Danley's "Trident." John Pederson acts as instructor. Upper right, midshipmen marching down the pier prior to embarking. Right, a class in marlinespike seamanship learns the intricacies of some sailor's knots. Lower right, learning to plot bearings and set courses. Below, Sheldon Clark, president of the Navy League of the U. S., and Captain B. B. Wygant, commandant of Abbott Hall, Northwestern University

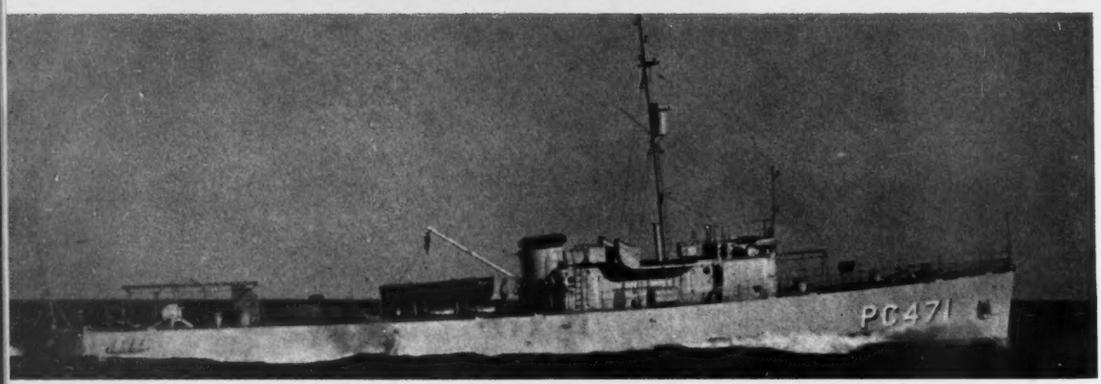


ROLLING HER OVER

The Defoe Shipbuilding Company starts its 173-foot PC boats bottom up, making it easier for the yard workmen to get at the various members of the hull structure. When framing and plating are finished, the vessel is rolled over onto a steel gridiron for completion. The pictures show the various stages of turning one of these boats over on temporary steel rollers. A different technique is used by other builders, sections being fabricated and then assembled







The completed vessel looks like this. These Submarine Chasers from various yards are being delivered to the Navy in ever growing numbers and recently the building program has been largely increased

WITH THE U. S. COAST GUARD AUXILIARY

▶ The legislation asked for by the Coast Guard, whereby it becomes possible to call up members of the Auxiliary for duty in the Reserve during the time a particular job is to be done and then return them to inactive duty when the job is done, with a minimum of red tape, was passed on June 6th, and is expected greatly to facilitate the work of both the Reserve and the Auxiliary. Auxiliary members who are wanted to do a certain job in the Reserve can now do it, achieving military status with all its rights, privileges and responsibilities during the time they are on that duty, and can return to civilian life and Coast Guard Auxiliary status when the particular assignment is carried out.

▶ The Fourth Flotilla, down New Orleans way, is probably the only Auxiliary unit equipped with an airplane carrier, and almost certainly the only one with an airplane carrier named *Honey Bunny Boo*. Three boats of the flotilla went out hunting for two flyers who had made a forced landing in a swamp one Saturday night, and Ernest Feinhals retrieved the bedraggled aviators from the top of a fisherman's shack. One of the three boats, George Kellett's *Honey Bunny Boo*, hadn't returned by eight o'clock next morning, and planes were sent out to search for the boat that had started to search for the plane. They sighted her, apparently in no trouble. At 2:30 that afternoon, in steamed *Honey Bunny Boo*, proudly lugging the airplane, which was almost as big as the boat and which Kellett and his crew had pulled out of the swamp and managed to rassle aboard the boat.

▶ The Eighth District (which includes the above mentioned Fleet Air Arm equipment) got busy early in the spring and organized several flotillas in the Mississippi Delta. What with submarines infesting the Gulf, they must be pretty busy helping guard the approaches to the Father of Waters against the enemy.

▶ Auxiliary units along the Florida East Coast came in for some nice compliments for "distinguished day and night services" during a certain period recently. The version we got was couched in most ambiguous terms, which leads us to suspect that the boys had a hand in some lively doings in the submarine warfare line that we heard about in those waters and at that time.

▶ We can't go into details now, but the Auxiliary along the East Coast will shortly be operating something new in the way of an offshore patrol made up of auxiliary cruising yachts and motor-sailers. Just how it's to operate remains a secret — perhaps Herr Schickelgruber would like to know — but it'll have a triple purpose: rescue of crews of torpedoed vessels, submarine spotting, and maybe airplane spotting as well. Four yachtsmen, Rufus G. Smith, John R. Hogan, Schuyler Dillon and Maclear Jacoby, have been designated to work with Lieut. Comdr. Morine, Coast Guard officer attached to the Eastern Sea Frontier, in organizing the fleet. A list of boats and men available for the job has been compiled by the Cruising Club of America, whose Commodore, Alfred Stanford, deserves a lot of credit for his work with Naval and Coast Guard officials in getting the idea moving. The auxiliaries will probably be formed into one or more independent flotillas.

▶ And, speaking of sailing craft, we ran across a rather appalling statement in one of the district publications — we won't embarrass anybody by saying which one. It reads:

"As long as gasoline rationing exists in its present form, pleasure-boating will virtually cease except for those who can hoist canvas. *Even the canvas sailors must find a way to reach their docks and return home.*"

Now gather round, little boys, and let Grandpa tell you something. I have seen such clumsy sailing vessels as coasting schooners and whaling barks docked under sail, and lots of us can remember when the fishing skipper who couldn't fetch his big schooner alongside the dock without tug or engine was considered a hayshaker and good men wouldn't ship with him.

If the art of seamanship has come to a pass where men can't "reach their docks and return home" under sail, then it's a good thing gas rationing has come along to make 'em learn how to handle their vessels all over again.

▶ The Eleventh District comes through with the boast that the first commercial fishing vessel Flotilla, No. 29, was formed at Terminal Island. It's made up of "tuna clippers," big rugged vessels that ply their trade from the Columbia River to Costa Rica, and is expected to do great work in rescues at sea. We've heard of quite a few fishermen enrolled in the Auxiliary along the northeast coast but we can't swear they are a separate flotilla. Anyhow, if anybody wants to contest the Terminal Island claim as the first all-fisherman flotilla, let's hear from 'em. G. C. VanCamp, owner of the tuna fleet, is Commander of the flotilla.

▶ You may have read in the papers a while ago about the three boys who thought it would be fun to go fishing off a stranded barge, off Los Angeles, and were there when some Army Air Force pilots started using the derelict for a machine gun practice target. Well, it was a member of the Auxiliary, Jerry Holscher, of Santa Monica Flotilla, No. 27, who saw through his binoculars what was going on and risked his own life to go out into the bullet-swept area in his boat and bring home the scared kids, who had decided to try to swim for it.

▶ About this matter of military secrecy. We've received copies of some correspondence among Headquarters, District Commandants and various Auxiliary and Reserve officers anent our little venture on this page, and we're quite happy about the official instructions we saw, which are that you can send us general news items and broad plans, but not detailed information on matters that fall into the restricted or confidential class, such as rescue of torpedoed survivors.

We might add that, if you do let any military secrets slip through, the editor of this page, who has spent several months now playing ball with Army, Navy and Air Force censors in various branches of journalism, will be very careful to weed 'em out. We don't hanker to lose the war either.

▶ We might repeat a slogan adopted in the Fourth District, which, as you have read in the papers, has had more than its share of contact with such confidential affairs. The slogan, referring to the information on such matters that you inevitably pick up in the course of your duties, is "*Just Don't Talk About It.*"

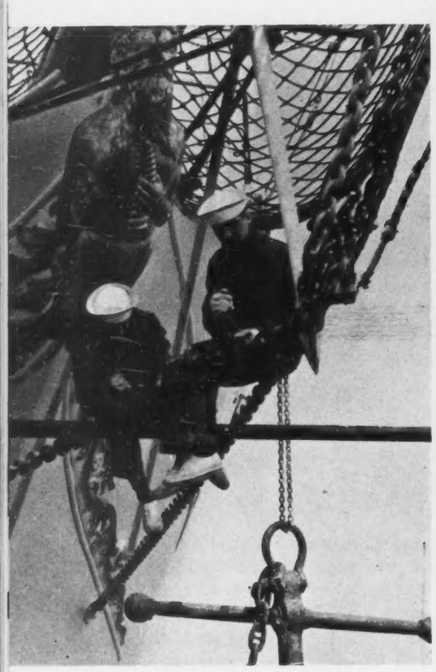
▶ Another matter we've seen and heard widely discussed is the matter of relations between the Auxiliary and the various local Civilian Defense units. The answer boils down to this: that close and effective coöperation between the Auxiliary and the Civilian Defense is highly desirable but that the Auxiliary is an entirely separate, distinct unit, deriving all authority through the U. S. Coast Guard chain of command, and must be recognized as such.

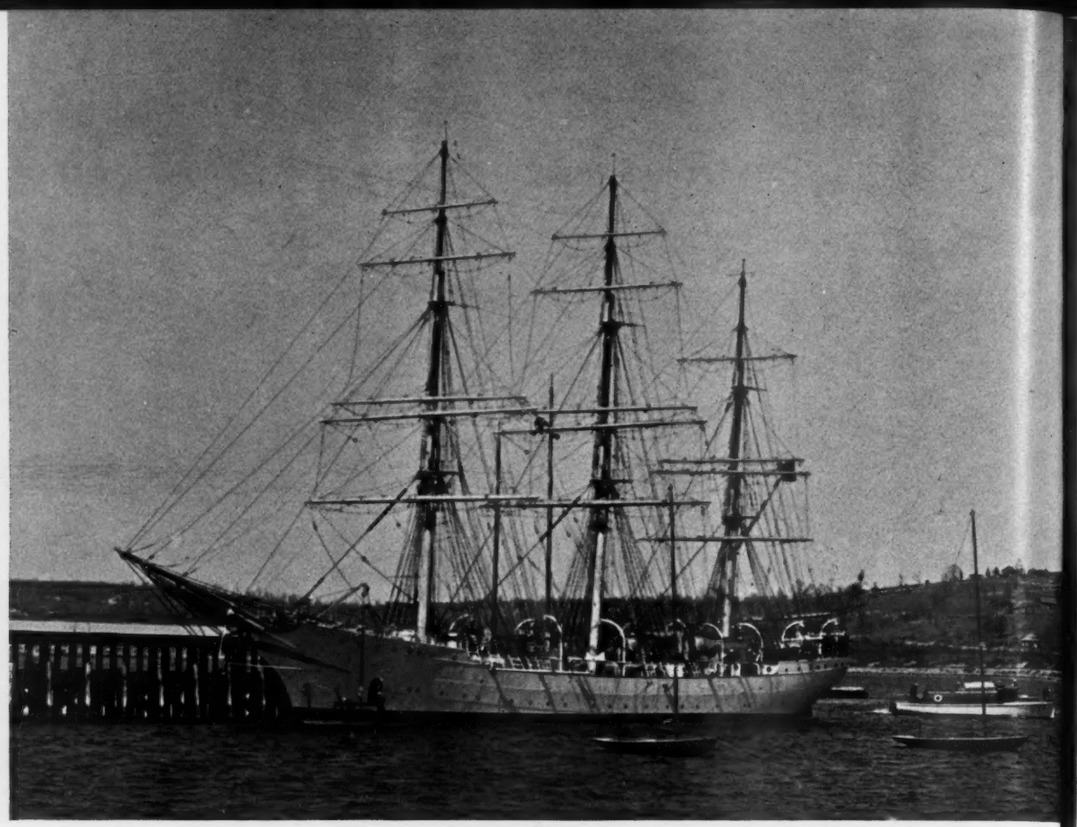
▶ Florida, with the longest coastline of any state in the Union, is well protected by the Auxiliary. The Seventh District includes more than 600 members, in twenty-four Flotillas of ten to forty-eight boats each, and a number of isolated members living along the coast outside any Flotilla districts.

▶ The Seaside Park (No. 13) and Toms River (No. 16) Flotillas have been doing some excellent work in aiding survivors of sinkings off the Atlantic Coast. The captain of one torpedoed crew personally congratulated Commander Burdge, of Flotilla 13, and said if he had to be torpedoed again he hoped it would be in the same locality. Members of both Flotillas put in a 24-hour stretch of patrol and guard duty and took care of the sleeping accommodations, food and medical attention of the sub victims. The recent crash of two Navy blimps off their stretch of beach gave these lads another workout in the emergency.

▶ Several of the Fourth District Flotillas are organized on 24-hour standby duty, designated men being available at all times, according to a regular schedule, and with one man in constant telephone reach of the Coast Guard authorities. This district is also working out a scheme whereby members moving from winter to summer homes are temporarily affiliated with the Flotillas at their summer homes.

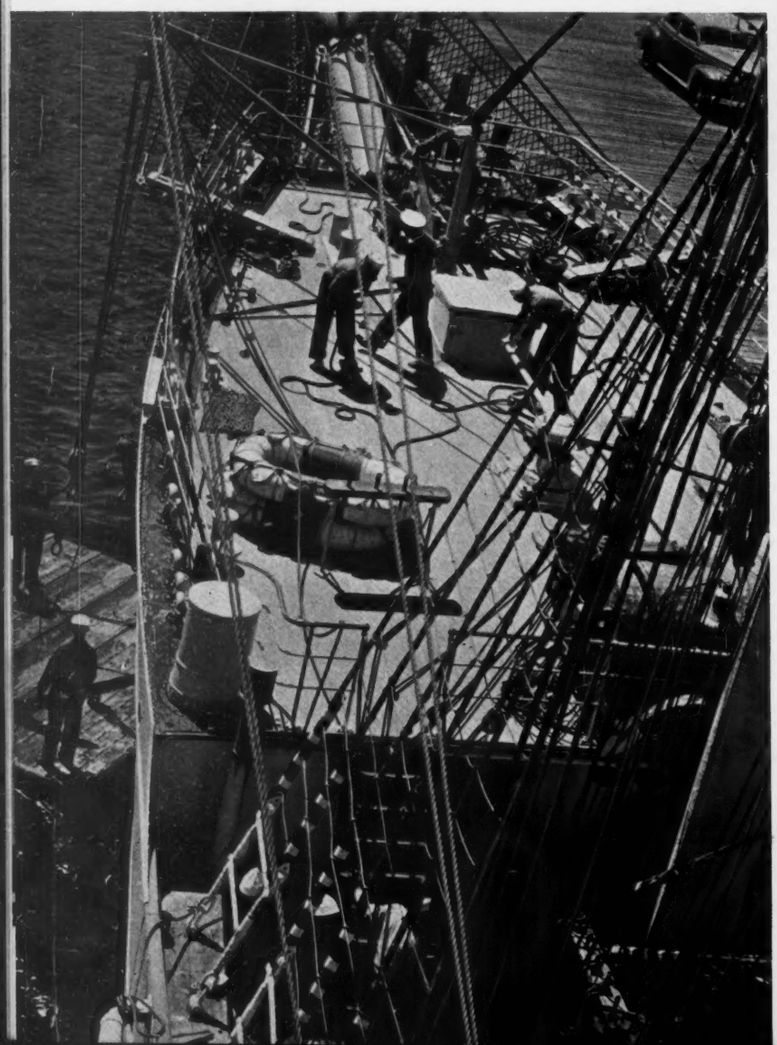
WILLIAM H. TAYLOR



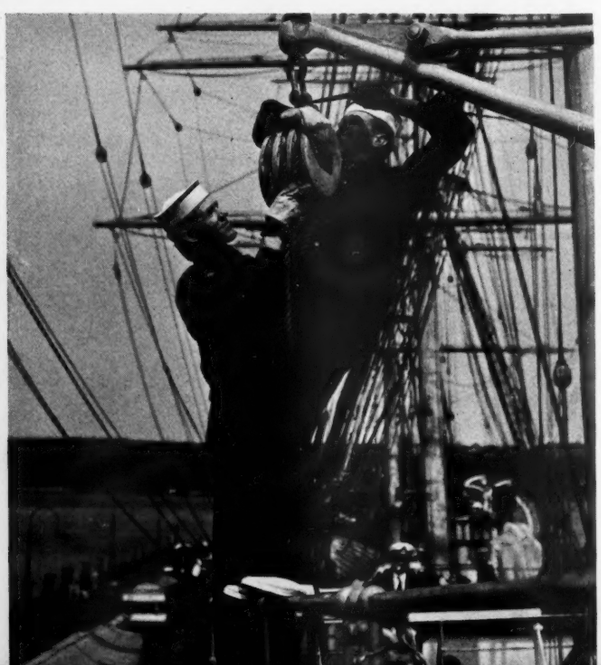


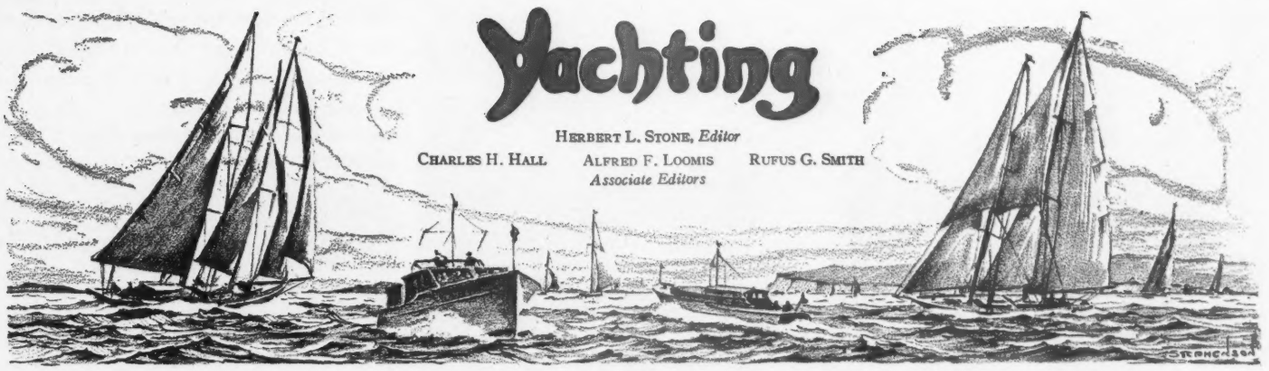
MAKING SEAMEN

Now moored off the U. S. Coast Guard Academy, on the Thames River, the former Danish training ship "Danmark" is used for teaching cadets seamanship. Her spars and gear afford grand opportunity to learn about tackles, purchases and rope work. Above, left, under the figurehead of Neptune, cadets are chipping rust from the chain martingale guys



Instruction in handling a sextant. Left, on the forecastle head. With cat tackle rove and the fall carried to the capstan, the anchor is brought on deck. Below, the heavy three-sheave block of the six-part tackle is unshackled from the cat davit by a couple of Coast Guard cadets





EDITORIAL

The Army Goes Wet

THE outlines of our Army's plan to recruit men with sea and boat handling experience appears on another page of this issue of YACHTING. It is something of a new departure for the Army. Heretofore, men of sea experience naturally turned to the Navy when they felt they might be of help in time of war. But, with the changing complexion of modern warfare and the necessity of handling troops along coasts and among islands all over the world, boats, and men with the knowledge of their handling and operation, are rapidly becoming of prime importance.

The success of the Japanese landing operations in the first six months of the war must have been due in part to their special equipment and the excellence of their organization. If we are to carry out similar or comparable operations, we must be equally well prepared. The Army had already seen the need of floating equipment and started getting it a year or more ago. Much of it has come from the pleasure boat industry. The personnel to handle and command this equipment is equally important. An amphibian command needs sea-minded men. These are now to be recruited.

Here is a service in which yachtsmen and men competent to handle boats can be of help. It should make an appeal, and it should offer a chance for active service with a capital "A," rather than the prospect of a desk job in some office ashore — for the duration.

When It's In the Blood

Comes a communication to YACHTING'S staff from an officer in that hard sailing outfit, the Royal Engineers (remember the *Ilex*?) who is at present in a German prison camp, where he has been since the desert campaign in Africa a year ago. It is short and to the point. Having had one requirement fulfilled, he has need of another. The message reads: "Very grateful for food parcel received. Would now like America's Cruising Club measurement rule for ocean racers. Am now at Oglag (prison camp) 6B."

Well, why not! He can at least dream of and design boats for a happier day and, if the war lasts long enough, perhaps he may master and even understand the rule he asks for.

The Season Opens

For six months everyone connected with yachting, no matter how remotely, has been speculating on what the war and military restrictions along the coasts would do to the sport. Well, that question was answered pretty well early in June, when the active season got under way in the north. And the answer is about as expected by the realists. Yachting is going on, not "as usual," because few expected or wanted that, but still in a healthy manner considering all the handicaps caused by war work, by men of military age going in the service, and by priorities and rationing.

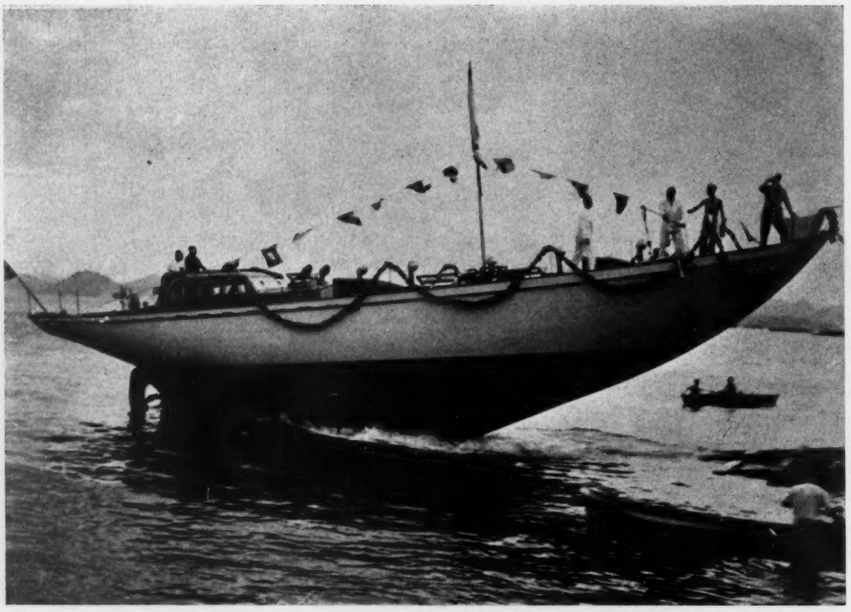
Around the yacht yards there were signs of activity as early as April. By the end of May, yacht club anchorages were beginning to find boats lying at moorings and, by mid-June, harbors on Long Island Sound and on other near-by bodies of water were beginning to take on a normal appearance. By the first week of June, the racing schedules in the East were in full swing. The early Yacht Racing Association (L. I. Sound) championship events drew fleets of seventy or more sail, and many more boats were out to start which could not find competitors. On the Great Lakes, early entry lists for the big, long distance events were coming in and, while below those of last year, entries were still in sufficient quantity to assure good sized fleets by starting day. All this is about as expected. Some yards have some boats not being put in commission, but where people can make use of their craft without interfering with the war effort they are doing so.

The power boat fleets moored off many clubs seem sizeable, and it does not look as if the Coast Guard had yet commandeered *all* the small cruisers on the coast. The gasoline restrictions in certain areas have curtailed cruising and have caused the abandonment of many racing schedules. Which also was to be expected.

While gas and tire rationing sometimes makes it hard to reach home clubs and home moorings as frequently as some would like, once there, the boat offers a means of enjoyment and recreation without the expenditure of either of the above scarce commodities, especially if one uses sails. On the whole, things are not too bad, considering the times, the exacting requirements of war and the desire to go "all out" to win it. Yet these ever present considerations make relaxation all the more necessary. To some, it is this relaxation that a boat and the water can best furnish.

Still More Small Ships

It is good news that the latest Navy building program reported by Congress carries provision for some 1000 small fast patrol and torpedo-carrying craft "to combat the submarine menace." It will, of course, take time to complete such a program, and earlier building schedules in these categories must first be cleared away before the new craft can be produced in quantity. It is hoped that in the months to come the Navy will utilize *every* available yard, and the *utmost capacity* of every yard in contracting for these little vessels.



The Sparkman & Stephens yawl "Vendaval," built in Rio de Janeiro by Jose Candido Pimental Duarte, as she appeared last January when launched. Seventy feet over all and probably the biggest yacht to be built this year, she is slated to wet her decks in the next U. S. ocean race — if and when

THE MONTH IN YACHTING

PORT HURON-MACKINAC RACE

▶ It looks as if those sailors, pressed with war work, who have said: "Just one more good race and I'll be content to work myself to the grave" might have a chance to ". . . work themselves to the grave" — contentedly, if they hurry. For the government has finally given the "go ahead" on the eighteenth Port Huron-Mackinac Race. For those who would like to go up from the coast follow these simple directions: store spars on deck (starboard side) at City Island, go up the Hudson, through the Erie Canal, restep spars at the Buffalo Yacht Club, and then sail through Lake Erie to Bayview, etc. With average conditions, it should be done in about ten days. There's no gas rationing from Buffalo on — yet. Those who just want to crew — well, crews are short handed and men are welcome. So far, places are being filled by sailors from the Naval Reserve; thus yachting coöperates with the Navy. The race starts on July 11th.

L. GORDON HAMERSLEY DIES

▶ On the second of June, L. Gordon Hamersley died in the Southampton hospital after a brief illness. He was forty-nine years old.

Interested in sports of all kinds, Mr. Hamersley tried his hand at yachting particularly, both motor and sail. 1924 saw his first entry in the boating world when, driving his own speed boat *Cigarette Jr.*, he took second place in the 150-mile Detroit Sweepstakes. Two years later he placed fifth in the same race, this time in another boat, *Cigarette IV*. In 1925, he made a record run from New York to Albany, driving *Cigarette Jr.* up the river in two hours and thirty-eight minutes. The same year he launched the 55-foot auxiliary schooner *Countess*. He entered her in the '26 Bermuda Race, considered by many to be the most critical in the history of that contest, and finished seventh out of sixteen in both the fleet and Class A. A month or so later, he raced the all-duraluminum *Cigarette IV* to victory, winning the President's Cup in the first national speed boat regatta on the Potomac.

Came 1933 and Mr. Hamersley sold his first boat, subsequently buying *Kestral II*, a 94-foot auxiliary schooner. This yacht, renamed *Countess*, was altered to fit the New York Yacht Club rule in 1938 and Mr. Hamersley kept her up to the time of his death.

BESSE TO HEAD I.C.Y.R.A.

▶ Richard W. Besse, of Vineyard Haven, commodore of the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club, was elected president of the I.C.Y.R.A. at its 15th annual meeting held May 9 under the auspices of the Harvard Y.C. Besse, who succeeds Thomas T. Crowley, of M.I.T., is the first Yale man to hold the office since Frederick Brooke, 1936–37.

Emil Mosbacher, Jr., of Dartmouth, was elected chairman of the dinghy committee, succeeding Leonard A. Romagna, of Brown. He is the first Dartmouth yachtsman to be so honored. David C. Noyes, Jr., of Harvard, was named McMillan Cup chairman, replacing George Nichols, Jr., of the same club. John C. Fuller, of Williams, is the new chairman of the cruising committee. Also elected to the Executive Committee were: James P. Beardsley, of Cornell, F. Thayer Richardson, of Northeastern, James B. Fox, of University of Pennsylvania, Samuel Parkinson, of M.I.T., and Hampton Thomas, of Brown. The Naval and Coast Guard Academies hold membership ex officio.

In the absence of the president, Lieut. Thomas T. Crowley, U. S. A., Leonard A. Romagna, of Brown, acted as president pro tem. The meeting elected Boston College and Lehigh to associate membership, voted to hold a 1942 McMillan Cup Series under revised conditions of one crew per college, accepted the offer of a trophy for dinghy racing from Capt. K. L. Hansen, of the Danish training ship *Danmark*, and decided to carry on a program of summer racing, featuring localized schedules and small regattas.

MORSS TROPHY GOES TO BROWN

▶ The "experts" had the Morss Trophy all but delivered to Dartmouth when the sixth annual national dinghy championships of the Inter-Collegiate Y.R.A. opened under the colors of the Nautical Association of M.I.T., May 9, but they were in for a shock. When dusk settled over the Charles, 36 hours later, the burgee of the Brown University Y.C. had been mastheaded.

It had been nailed there, almost personally, by Commodore Leonard A. Romagna in his final appearance as a Brown skipper. For his swan song, Romagna had turned in one of the superlative performances yet to be registered in the annals of college dinghy racing. In 1940 and 1941, he captured the individual honors in the Morss Trophy competition but the Brown team did not finish better than third on each occasion.

It was asking a lot to expect Lennie Romagna to turn the trick for a third year against a strong field, but he rose magnificently to the moment to become the first skipper to win the high point honors in the Morss Trophy for three successive years. In fourteen races, against 13 good skippers, Romagna scored eight firsts, two seconds, a third, one fourth, and a pair of fifths. He tallied 181 points in leading his division, 17 points more than the leading skipper of the other division and 38 more than the second man in his own division.

Those 181 points accounted for approximately three-fifths of the winning total of 313 points compiled by the Bears as their commodore received able support from Bob Barningham, skipper, Rex Pulford and John Blake to win their first national dinghy championship.

The Morss Trophy is a gruelling competition. The Bears prevailed only after a struggle all the way to the home stretch. That battle was provided not by Dartmouth, pre-race favorites, which faded amazingly, nor by Harvard, which threatened early, but by a

Tech team which had been counted out when its aces, Tom Crowley and Jerry Coe, graduated a few days before the event.

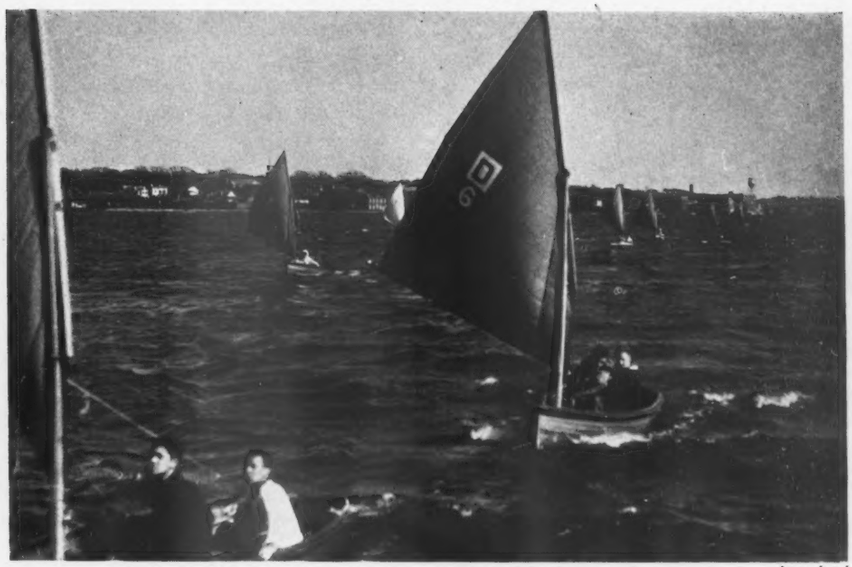
In the middle of the championships, the Tech skippers (Albert Lau, John Carleton, Hans Aschaffenburg, Harold Boericke and Sam Parkinson) actually overcame a deficit of 13 points to catch and pass Brown. Then, after gaining a 7½-point lead, their gallant bid failed when Brown rallied to forge back into the van. It was not until Romagna won the second heat of the 14th race, with Al Lau third, that the issue was settled. M.I.T.'s 307½ points for second place, only 5½ points back of the winners after 28 races, was a highly creditable performance.

Both Harvard, third with 266 points, and Dartmouth, fourth with 254, were disappointing. Neither the Crimson or Green skippers appeared to be up to their usual form and no one has yet been able to give a good answer to Dartmouth's collapse. After taking the Coast Guard Bowl, McMillan Cup, Brown Invitation, Jack Wood Trophy, Schell Trophy and Owen Trophy regattas, "Bus" Mosbacher and Warner Willcox seemed to lose their touch when they hit the nationals. They were still off form a week later in the Boston Dinghy Cup regatta. A pair of disqualifications hurt the Indians but that alone did not account for their debacle.

The fourteen colleges that sought the Morss Trophy were favored with a moderate easterly blowing down the Charles River to provide the truest possible conditions for the Basin for the 12 races sailed on Saturday. Unfortunately, on Sunday the wind hauled to the north of west to offer alternate light and brisk breezes which were tricky.

The scores: Brown, 313; M.I.T., 307½; Harvard, 266; Dartmouth, 254; Yale, 230; Williams, 222; Boston University, 212; Coast Guard and Northeastern, 206 each; Tufts, 173; New Hampshire, 159½; Pennsylvania, 139; Haverford, 118; Stevens Tech, 86.

L. M. FOWLE



Avery Lord

Dinghy racing is popular at Brown University. Her crews won the Intercollegiate Dinghy Championship in May. Below, Leonard A. Romagna, of the Brown team, won high point honors for three successive years in competition for the Morss Trophy

"CYTHERA" LOST IN SERVICE

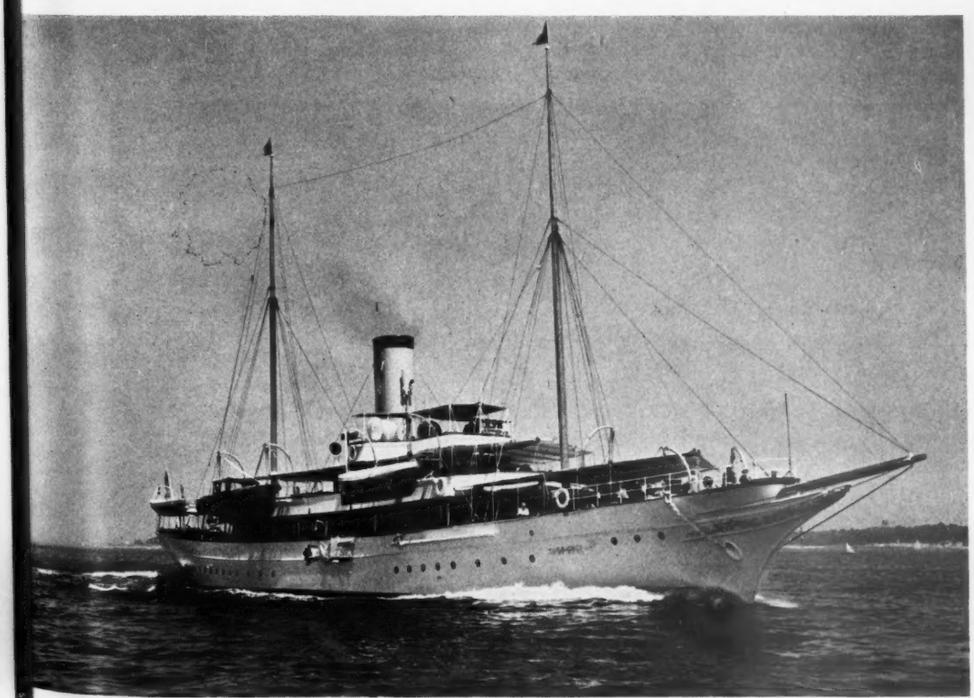
▶ The news of the loss of the *Cythera* as announced by the Navy will be received with deep regrets in many harbors, for this famous old steam yacht has poked her bow into ports the world over. Built as the *Agawa* in Scotland in 1907, for C. W. Harkness, she has a score of long distance cruises to her credit. Her life has not been all pleasure. In 1917, then owned by William L. Harkness, she was one of the converted yachts which crossed the Atlantic for patrol and escort service in European waters and was given two chevrons on her stack to prove it.

Twenty-four years later, she again entered the service and recently was sent on duty in the Caribbean. On June 4th, the Navy Department announced that she was ". . . more than three weeks overdue and is presumed lost." Her skipper was Lieut. Comdr. Thomas W. Rudderaw, 56 years old, a World War veteran, whose home was in Bryn Mawr, Pa.

F. H. Morrison, Jr.

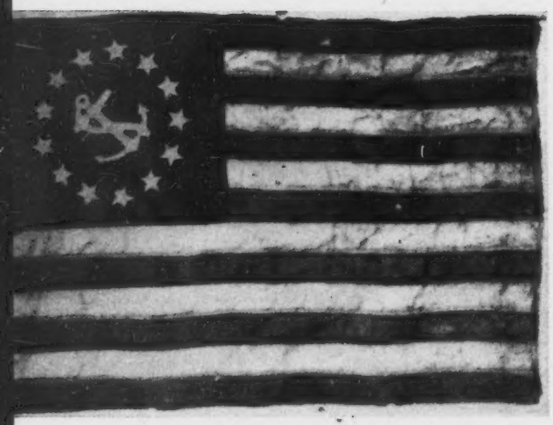
ACAPULCO Y. C. OFFICERS

▶ The Acapulco Yacht Club, Mexico, elected the following officers for 1942: Jorge Parada, commodore; Guillermo Limantour, vice commodore; Tintino Legorrets, rear commodore; Francisco de la Macorra, treasurer; Carlos Barnard, secretary; Eugene Kelly, fleet captain; and W. Schoenborn in charge of the managing committee.



Rosenfeld Photo

The yacht "Cythera," veteran of two wars, was reported as lost by the Navy on June 4th. She was formerly owned by Mrs. William L. Harkness, and served the Navy in European waters in the last war



This yacht ensign, flown in the Spanish-American War, was the first American flag to fly over the Morro at Santiago after its surrender in 1898. It was used in that war on a yacht fitted out to carry war correspondents

AMERICAN FLAG OR YACHT ENSIGN?

▶ The question has arisen as to whether, our nation being at war, it is still proper for yachts and pleasure craft to fly the yacht ensign or whether the American flag or the identical national ensign should be substituted "for the duration."

YACHTING has looked into the matter and uncovered the following:

(1) The question seems to have arisen as a result of a resolution adopted at the December, 1941, meeting of the Governing Board of the United States Power Squadrons which read as follows: "Hereafter all U.S.P.S. craft are to fly the American flag (not the yacht ensign) at the stern staff. The U.S.P.S. Ensign may be flown at the starboard yard arm." This action was in keeping with a similar resolution passed by the Power Squadrons during the last war. It, of course, applies to Power Squadron craft only.

(2) However, due to the size and prominence of the Power Squadrons (over 7000 members and 91 separate squadrons), the impression seems to have been created in many quarters that flying the American flag in place of the yacht ensign in wartime was a matter of law, of custom, or of tradition. YACHTING has found nothing to substantiate such a belief.

(3) Several works on the history and origin of the flag have been consulted. All these agree that the yacht ensign came into being as a result of an act of Congress passed in 1848, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to license yachts and providing in part "that all such licensed yachts shall use a signal, of the form, size and colors prescribed by the Secretary of the Navy." The signal prescribed by the Secretary of the Navy in accordance with this act is the yacht ensign as we know it today (thirteen red and white stripes, a blue field with thirteen white stars arranged in a circle, and within the circle a foul anchor). This design had been suggested by the New York Yacht Club. The act of Congress referred to above made no mention of how or when the signal was to be flown.

(4) As far as we can determine, no Act of Congress or official ruling has ever made the yacht ensign anything but a "signal." The nearest approach to an official document having to do with the use of the yacht *ensign* is a pamphlet entitled "The Flag of the United States — How to Display and Respect it," published by the U. S. Navy Recruiting Service. This pamphlet states "The U. S. Yacht Ensign shall be displayed when prescribed by a yacht in commission." There is no mention of wartime as distinct from peacetime, "when prescribed" referring only to time of day, at sea, in harbor, etc.

However, almost 100 years of custom, tradition and usage, plus the by-laws of scores of yacht clubs, have established the yacht ensign as the proper and correct flag to be flown by pleasure yachts. We have found nothing to substantiate any belief that this is not just as correct in wartime as in peacetime and therefore feel that, in time of war as in time of peace, the yacht ensign should continue to be used by pleasure craft to differentiate them from commercial and government vessels.

ONCE IN A CENTURY

▶ Miracles still happen! You wouldn't believe this one without the accompanying photo but one morning the writer awoke to find that his 55-foot ketch *Dilkhusa* had been night walking. She left her mooring on a glassy calm night and, instead of wandering to some far-off reef, nosed up on the rocky home shore and stood precariously on the flat of her keel while the tide went out and left her.

The picture shows her as she appeared after the water had risen a bit but, when I first saw her, she was high and dry, looking rather apologetic for having been such a bad girl. To build a cradle around her would have been a risky undertaking, as a slight slip might easily have rolled her over on the rocks, and possibly on one of the workmen, so she was left with a prayer that luck would continue.

The tide came up and so did a light easterly breeze. It was a race! The tide got higher and the wind got stronger. Finally, at about three-quarters tide, the wind blew her over but there was ample water to break the fall and she lay heeled over with only scuppers awash. It is a testimony to good stowing that one broken glass was the only damage sustained.

The cause of *Dilkhusa's* meandering was a pin coming out of a shackle. Are your mooring shackle pins all wired? If not, you had better look them over, as miracles like this don't happen every day!

HAROLD L. NASH

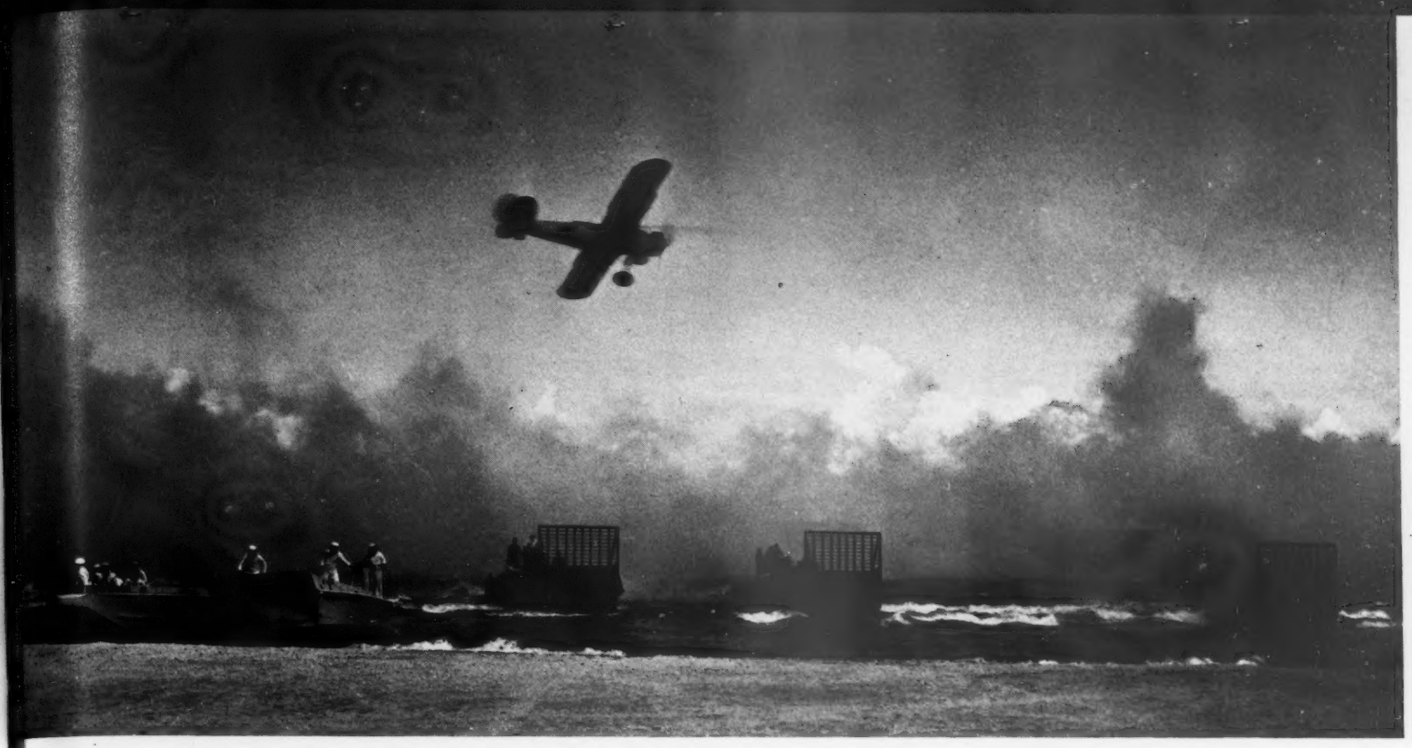
JOE FELLOWS

▶ When Joe Fellows crossed the horizon this May, the West Coast lost a man who not only saw the beginning of yachting in the Pacific, but had a major hand in starting it. He designed and built boats in all three major yachting localities: the Pacific Northwest, the San Francisco Bay district and Southern California.

Joe Fellows was a natural designer and builder and wherever he went he left behind a fleet of winners. Eventually he established himself at Terminal Island, California, and continued to turn out boats which trimmed some of the products of both Eastern and Western drafting boards. Not only racing boats remain as a tribute to his genius, but many cruisers, *Idler* and *Minerva* being among the most famous. Speed boats, too, with the name-plates of Fellows and Stewart, his partner for forty-five years, have pulled down top honors all over the country.

It is perhaps typical of this lovable, capable man that his last boat was a new idea in cruising auxiliaries. A 26-foot sloop of the lightest construction, she was designed to be carried on an auto trailer to the many inland bodies of water Joe had wanted to explore. Too bad he could not have gratified this last desire before he passed on.

The 55-foot ketch "Dilkhusa" sits up on the flat of her keel after doing a little night walking



Officers and men are needed to command and handle the rapidly growing fleet of troop and tank carrying barges, landing boats and other small craft used by the Army

ENGINEER AMPHIBIAN COMMAND

A Crack Army Unit Whose Officers Will Be Yachtsmen

▶ The quiet chuckle of the water as it slips astern fades to a derisive whisper. Minutes pass, abruptly the bottom grates on a beach, there are sudden rustlings, a splash, a whisper, and silence returns. More minutes pass. Then shouts and shots can be heard which, paradoxically, seem to float lazily down to the beach preceding the now returning men. Somewhere on the shore a red glow turns to flames stretching higher and the Commandos are gone.

Had you been there and feeling nonchalant enough to have been looking at the boats which provided the "means" of this assault, you might have noticed something interesting, at least to anyone acquainted with British yachtsmen. Take this guy waiting intently by the engine of the boat you're in. Isn't he old Bill Capcott who owned that little 35-foot power boat *Flame* back in "the days"? Sure he is. And over there — Johnny Lloyd, he used to churn his old *Pamela* up and down the Thames every week-end. And in every other of those boats was a Tom — member of the British Motor Yacht Club, a Dick — remember, he was the feller in Plymouth who finally fixed the bum motor, and a Harry — all of them small power boat operators or repairers before the war. Today, right now, they're driving the landing boats and keeping the motors running. On shore, the boys who ran the boat yards and the machine shops are running the maintenance shops for the assault boats. The same idea that made Dunkirk remarkable is the everyday occurrence here — small boat owners and operators are helping to win the war in their own way.

\+ + +

A month or so ago, that same idea crystallized into something in the United States — the Engineer Amphibian Command, organized by the Army for small boat, shallow draft, and offshore operation. Successfully to carry out sea-borne troop operations, officers and men are being recruited to command and handle the rapidly growing army flotilla of troop and tank carrying barges, landing boats, and the many small craft that will be needed. These vessels at present range from 35 to 210 feet in length.

This is an outfit which will call for sea experience and which, when the U. S. takes the offensive for once and for all, will be likely to see action as heavy as any other single unit of the armed forces.

The E.A.C. has been ordered to train men in the fine points of boat handling and the military uses of small craft. The instructors will be Army men who have been skilled in this sort of action abroad, who have had at least ten years' experience in small boat operation and maintenance. Training has already started at Fort "Unowhere" and, during the next two months, a limited number of qualified civilians will be sent to this training school and commissioned. These men, handpicked by a personnel officer in conformance with the usual War Department standards, should be able to meet the requirements of one of the four groups briefly outlined below. It is obvious that in all four groups one of the primary essentials is experience in handling men, either in sailing a boat, building a boat, or maintaining a boat.

1. Motor and sail boat operators. Men who have been in command and can pilot or navigate small power or sail boats.
2. Marine engineers — inboard and outboard. Men who have run a shop employing at least five marine mechanics.
3. Boatbuilders. Yard superintendents who have run a yard employing over six men.
4. Marine and Diesel enginemen. Superintendents of shops employing better than ten marine, gasoline or Diesel, enginemen.

The men with the above qualifications, who must, in addition, have approximately four years' experience in one of the fields enumerated, must be able to assume command and administrative responsibilities. The age requirements are as follows:

2nd Lieut. (Army), 24 to 30; 1st Lieut., 31 to 34; Captain, 35 to 41. A few field officers, with previous military experience, between the ages of 42 and 52 and possessing unusually high ability, will also be commissioned.

Those with the experience to qualify who are interested in a commission in the Engineer Amphibian Command should supply the following information to: Engineer Amphibian Command, Office of Chief Engineers, Captain James W. Orme, Jr., Room 3112, War Department Building, 21st and Virginia Ave., Washington, D. C.

Name:
Age:
Education: Years: Degree: Major Field:
Civilian Occupation: Salary:
Civilian Hobbies:
Motor Boat Experience (Sail):
Lowest Rank Acceptable:
Limitation on Availability:

So look, Mr. Boat Owner, here's your chance. We know it's tough getting paid to do what previously you've done only for pleasure, but there'll be things to make up for it. But hold on a minute — one more thing. Just make sure you've "got what it takes" because, as far as the enemy is concerned, it's the E.A.C.'s business to "take what they've got." And, brother, that ain't cruisin'!

WORTH LOOMIS

"GADGETS & GILHICKIES"

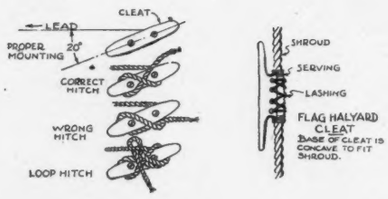
Making Your Own Cleats

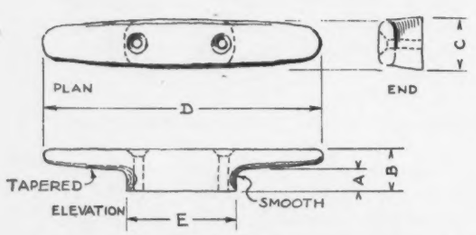
▶ In these days of priorities, it is not only patriotic but useful and economical, to be able to make a lot of your own fittings. Take cleats, for instance. There are some well designed patterns on the market but an awful lot of the stock stuff is pretty bad. With a proper cleat it is not necessary to pass the line 'round and 'round five or six times as we have all seen it done. Two or three passes and a light hitch should be sufficient. Never set the hitch up tight as it may get wet and shrink so much that it cannot be gotten off in an emergency. It is important to belay and coil all your lines, particularly halliards, so that they will run freely in a pinch. I have always made it a practice to make my halliard ends fast to some handy spot so there will be no fear of their going up the mast in the dark or in stress of weather. There are few things that make a skipper look more foolish than to have a tangle of rope go up the mast, just out of reach, when he comes to an anchor and lowers away.

The cleat shown is the simplest form and is intended to be secured to a flat surface such as a deck or coaming. Cleats that are to be mounted on spars should have their bases made concave to conform with the curvature of the spar.

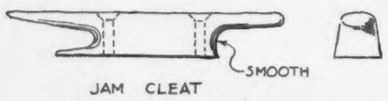
The beautiful handmade cleats turned out by the artisans in our best yacht yards are generally of locust but any hard wood will do; teak, mahogany, oak or ash are satisfactory materials. Pine, cedar or spruce are too soft for the purpose. The dimensions given in the table are my own and are subject to any modification that may suit your fancy or the special purpose to which you may plan to put the cleat. There are countless variations to fit individual requirements and this is one of the reasons why it is so much fun to make your own.

The cleat is so designed that the dimension "A" is slightly smaller than the diameter of the rope so that there will be less tendency to slip on the first turn. The horns of the cleat are slightly tapered toward their ends so that there will be no likelihood of the rope jamming. Unless there is some special reason why it is not feasible, the base of a cleat should be made slightly wider than the crown, as shown in the end view. All edges (except the base) should be nicely rounded and carefully sanded smooth to prevent undue wear on the rope.





ROPE	A	B	C	D	E	SCREWS
¼	7/32"	3/8"	7/16"	2 3/4"	1 1/8"	#4
5/16	9/32"	½"	9/16"	3 3/8"	1 1/4"	#4
3/8	5/16"	9/16"	5/8"	3 3/4"	1½"	#6
½	7/16"	3/4"	7/8"	5"	2"	#8
5/8	9/16"	15/16"	1 1/16"	6¼"	2½"	#10
¾	11/16"	1 1/8"	1¼"	7½"	3"	#12



JAM CLEAT

The general procedure after laying out the outline is to cut carefully to the lines with a band saw or its equivalent; shape with a rasp or coarse file and finish up with coarse and then fine garnet paper. To get nicely rounded fillets where the rope passes around the base, I have found it expedient to tear long strips of emery cloth and, holding one end in each hand, draw them smartly across these curves while the cleat is held in a vise. The holes shown should be a close fit for the screws specified in the table, to prevent any tendency for the cleat to "wobble." They are located as far apart as possible. Countersink deeply enough so that the screw head is slightly below the surface when set up hard. About 1/32" is enough recessing to be sure that nothing can catch on the sharp corners of the screw heads.

The jam cleat and the flag halliard cleat shown are convenient variations. The jam cleat may be used for jib sheets or centerboard pennants.

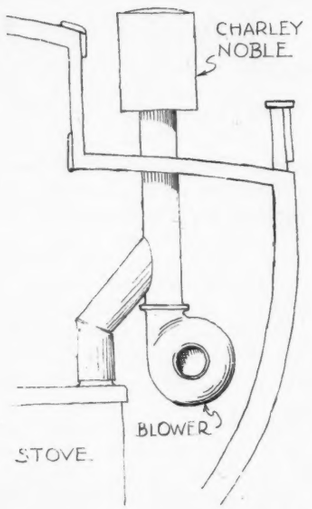
In mounting cleats, it is desirable that their center lines should make an angle of about 20° with the lead of the line to be belayed, as indicated in the sketch.

Except in centerboard boats, I always put on a hitch lightly to finish off belaying a line, just to make sure that it won't come off the cleat unexpectedly. This hitch should always be made so that the line crosses itself in the center of the cleat and never lies alongside the body of the cleat, as so often happens when it is made by a careless sailor. In centerboarders, it is advisable to have all lines belayed so that they can be cast off in an instant, particularly your sheets. Therefore, in boats of this type, I recommend that, instead of finishing off with a half hitch, a small loop be drawn under the standing part to secure the final turn. See the accompanying sketches.

Charlie Noble Undergoes Another Operation

▶ Last month I extolled the virtues of a certain Charlie Noble that I once knew intimately, and upon whom I performed an operation that turned him into a more useful fellow. Well, shades of the past, hardly had the local postman finished reading June YACHTING and delivered it to its rightful owner, when I received a letter from the latter that made me really long for the "good old days." Sheldon Towson, of Shaker Heights, Ohio, who bought my little cutter (the apple of my eye) from me and who, therefore, knew the above mentioned Charlie too, wrote to tell me that he also had figured out an improvement to better its draft. The scheme looks so good and seems applicable to almost any stove that burns a solid fuel, such as coal, wood or briquettes, that I want to pass it along.

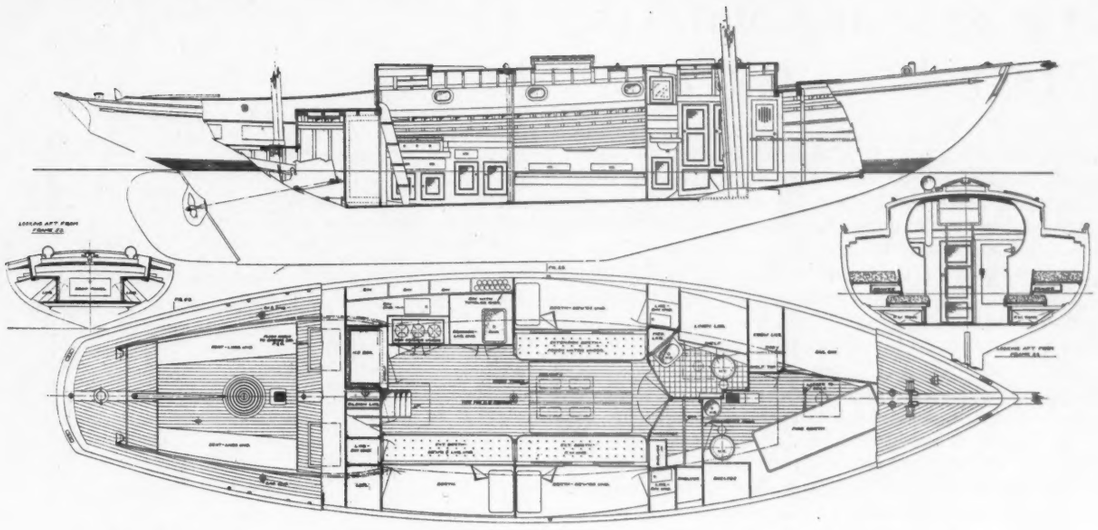
Mr. Towson says: "I thought you might be interested in the blower that we added to the system to prod Charlie into action when he felt cold and sluggish. If there was no wind blowing and the stove was cold, there was no draft, either up or down, and the cabin filled with smoke. So one winter I had a tinsmith turn out the special smoke pipe shown on the attached sketch and screwed one of those $10 blowers on the bottom of it. There was no special nozzle of any kind, just a 1" hole in the plate that covered the end of the pipe and carried the blower. It worked beautifully and was never needed except for the two



minutes or so that the fire was getting under way. The drain on the battery was negligible and the effect on the cook's temper was wonderful. A point worth noting is that, as the blower handled nothing but cold air, it did not have to be a special job with asbestos insulation." Thank you, Mr. Towson!

In last month's article I said that the draft never gave me any trouble after the face lifting job I did on the Liverpool head but I neglected to mention that, when starting a fire in a Shipmate, I always use a trick taught me by that wise old owl, Fred Gade, who really does know a thing or two. He taught me to tear up newspaper into pieces about half the size of the single page, to crumple these up in my hands into a sort of wad or ball (not squeezed tightly, however), and to fill up the bottom of the fire box with them, perhaps 6" deep. Now light 'em and let 'em burn to heat up the stove and the stove pipe and thus create an updraft. Now start over again while the pipe is still hot, putting in paper and wood as usual, and light her up. This method almost always gives good results — or maybe I'm getting hardened to smoke eating and don't notice it any more.

HAM DE FONTAINE



Interior plans show accommodations for seven and well-designed quarters in this shoal water cruising ketch

"MARJOLY," OF THE GIBSON ISLAND Y.S.

WITH extended coastwise cruising mostly on the shelf until we win the war, sailing on inland waterways and lakes has assumed an even greater significance. Here is a yacht designed by Frederick C. Geiger, of Yacht Sales & Service, Inc., Philadelphia, which is admirably suited for shoal water cruising. Built for W. Lyle Holmes, Jr., of Philadelphia, by Hubert S. Johnson, of Bay Head, N. J., *Marjoly's* dimensions are: 46′ 3″ length over all, 35′ 6″ on the water line, 12′ 3″ beam and 4′ 6″ draft (with board up). The centerboard is housed entirely beneath the cabin floor, a pipe for the pennant extending from the floor to the deck.

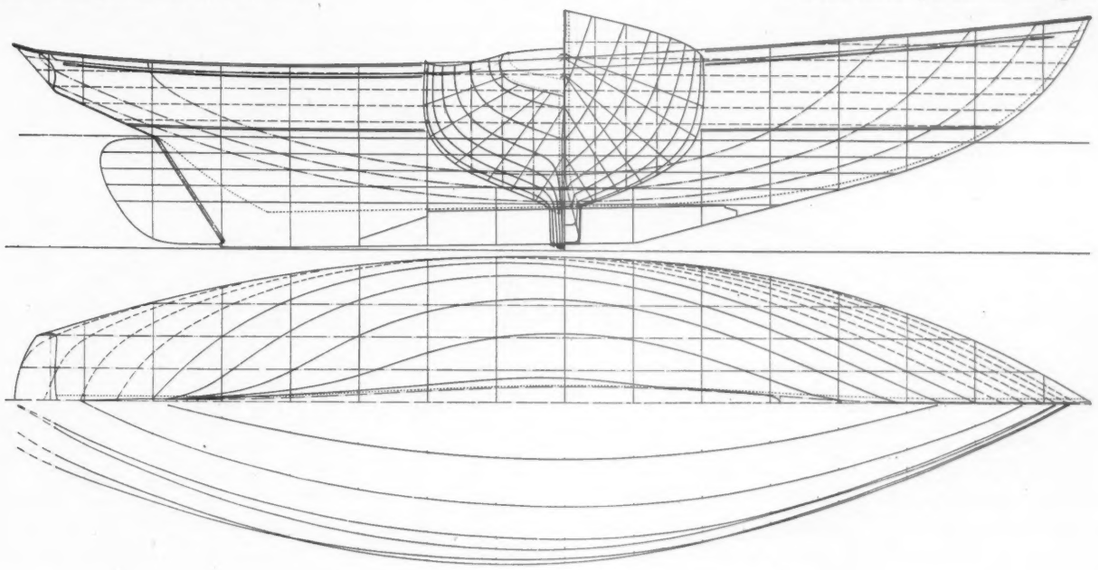
The boat is planked with 1¼″ mahogany on white oak frames spaced 9″. Plank fastenings are Monel "Anchorfast" boat nails, with galvanized through bolts in the floors, deck beams, shelf and clamp. Teak, fastened with Everdur screws, makes up the main deck and deck joinerwork. The deck is diagonally strapped and chain plates are secured to 4′ long galvanized plates, through-bolted to six main frames. Cabin flooring is of teak with white holly strips between planks.

Above, sail plan and below, lines

The engine room is bulkheaded off from the rest of the boat but is reached through two flush hatches in the bridge deck. Ventilation is provided by an electric blower and two cowl ventilators. Powered by a Gray Four-52, *Marjoly's* electrical needs are cared for by a 12-volt generator. A belt-driven pump, with both bilge and outboard suction, is mounted on the engine, making it possible to hose down the decks on occasion. Hose connections are provided on the forward deck and in the cockpit.

Below decks, the arrangement is roomy and practical. The long cabin trunk makes full headroom possible even in the forecastle.

Marjoly spent her first season in coastwise and Chesapeake cruising and proved herself a nice combination of speed, seaworthiness and light draft. She is a lively lady under sail and her motor pushes her along at 7.5 knots.



The plans reproduced in this section are the property of the designers under whose name they appear. For further information concerning any design address the naval architect in question.

A NEW BEDFORD WHALEBOAT 16 FEET OVER ALL

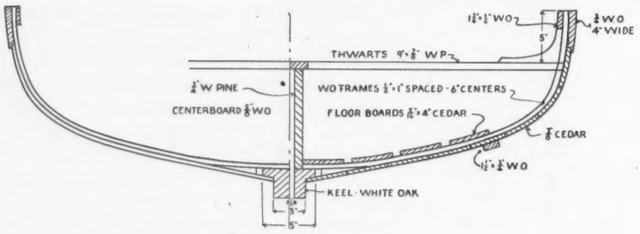
A DOZEN years or more ago, Dr. George M. Sheehan, of Quincy, Mass., long an ardent admirer of the New Bedford whaleboat, decided that such a boat would make an excellent day sailer. Certain modifications would be needed, however, so the doctor talked the matter over with Captain James A. Earle and with George Grant, the curator of the Whaling Museum at Nantucket. The three made a pilgrimage to New Bedford and examined the boats of the *Lagoda*, the half size model of the old whaler in the Bourne Museum there. Disappointed in the appearance of her boats, they secured a silhouette of a full size whaleboat and a drawing of her rig. Charles C. Hanley and Erland D. Debes, of Quincy, were called in and collaborated on the design of the new boat which was subsequently built under the supervision of William Lochrie, then foreman at Fred Lawley's yard (now the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard).

The boat is 16′ 0″ in length over all, 4′ 6″ beam and 2′ 6″ draft with the centerboard down. The draft of hull is only 7″ and the depth amidships 16″. She was rigged originally with the traditional spritsail and jib, the total sail area being 114 square feet, but in recent years a modern Marconi rig has been substituted for the old one.

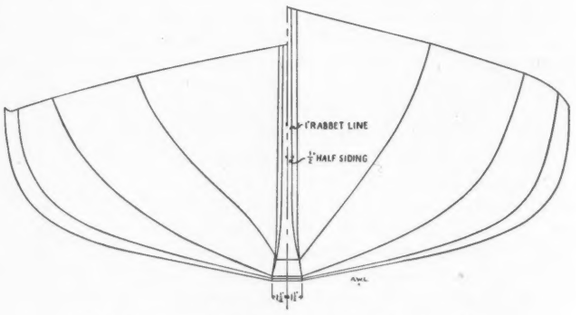
As the plans show, the boat has extremely easy lines and, altogether, looks "slippery." In service, she has proved to be a most successful little boat. She is fast and weatherly and has shown herself to be a fine little sea boat. Under the command of the doctor's son and daughter, the whaleboat has covered a good many miles in the Bay off Quincy and in neighboring waters.

The more we see of the work of the old time designers, the more we are impressed with their ability to turn out a real boat.

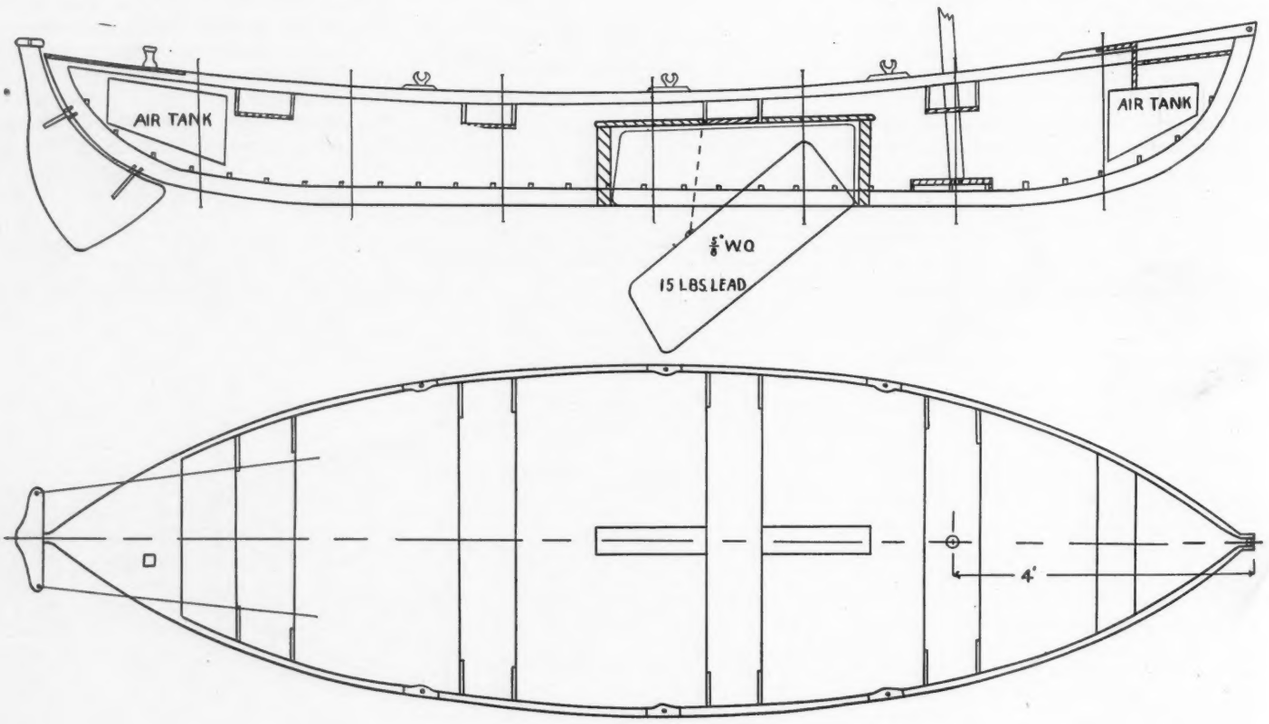
Sail plan, as originally rigged with spritsail and jib

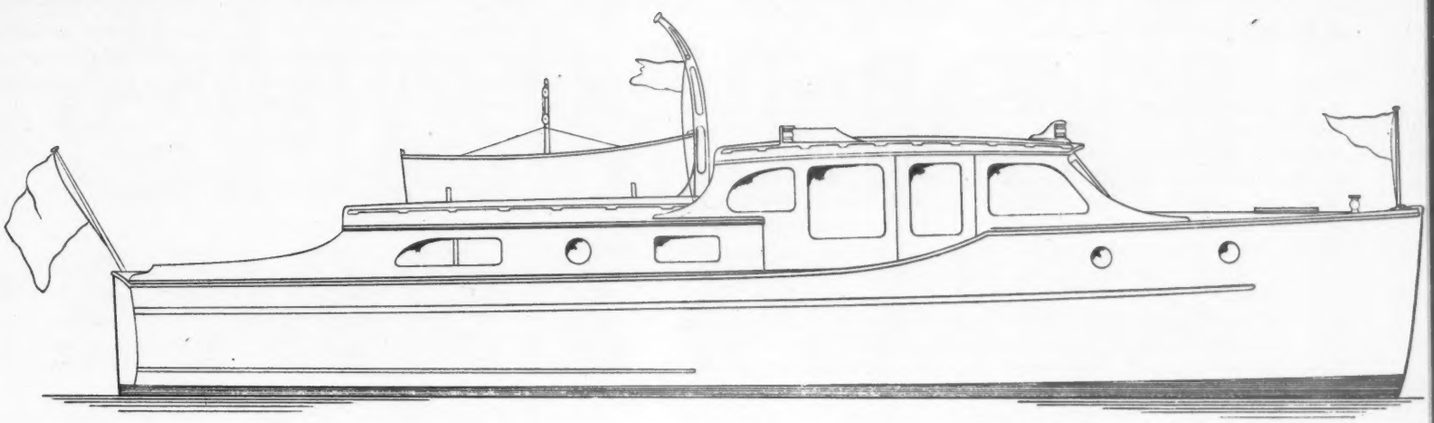


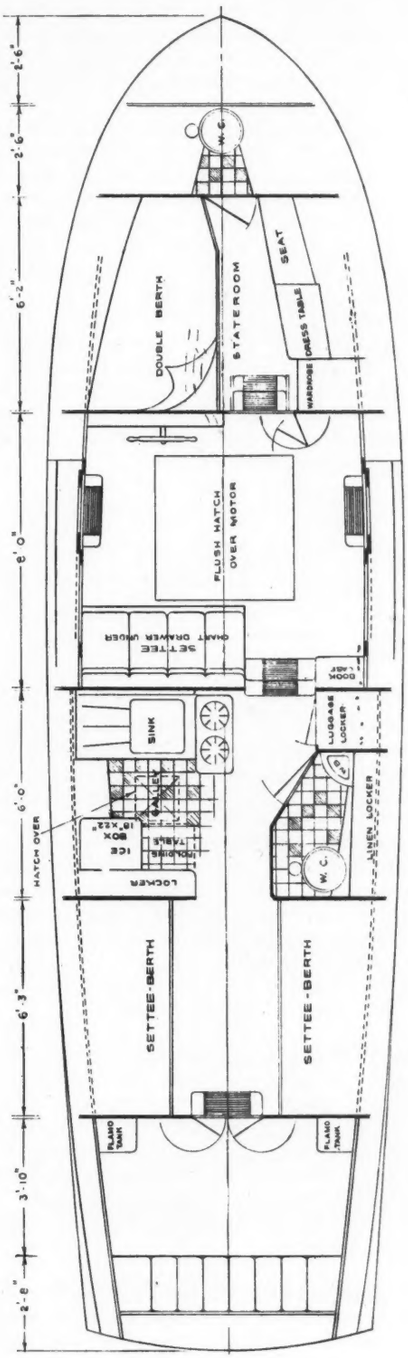
The midship section shows scantlings and construction



Body plan and, below, inboard profile and plan







A PUGET SOUND CRUISER

HERE are the plans of a 38-foot double cabin cruiser designed by Edwin Monk, a leading yacht designer of the Pacific Coast, and built last summer for Russell Rathbone of the Seattle Yacht Club. The Forder Boat Shop of Seattle were the builders. She is 38′ 0″ in length over all and 10′ 6″ beam.

The layout is one which seems to emphasize comfort and completeness in each accommodation detail rather than a superabundance of berths, lockers, and other items which sometimes look good on paper but, when you get them in the boat, are too cramped and cut up to be of real use. The stateroom forward has a large double berth, clothing wardrobe, dressing table, built-in seat with drawers beneath, and its own private washroom forward. When the space available for a stateroom is limited to the six feet and a few inches necessary for sleeping accommodations of sufficient length, this arrangement provides more of that all important storage space than one in which there is one berth on each side.

The arrangement of the deckhouse is quite conventional with large windows to admit plenty of light and sufficient floor space to keep a party of four and even a couple of visitors from feeling packed in. There is a comfortable settee in the after port corner and a bookcase to starboard. A large flush hatch gives access to the power plant. Steering wheel and controls are in the deckhouse.

The cockpit is somewhat smaller than those of most of the stock cruisers of about this size and a greater proportion of the length is given over to enclosed portions of the boat, forward and after staterooms, deckhouse, galley, etc. The designer explains that this general arrangement is a favorite in the Pacific Northwest where, even in midsummer, nights are cool and a hot day on the water is rare indeed. There seems to be more warming up than cooling off done on the water out there. The after stateroom has a built-in settee berth on each side.

Having the galley abaft the deckhouse is a bit unusual, too. However, it's an extremely convenient place for this department and, if much cruising and week-ending is contemplated, a large, easily accessible galley is a great help. Another indirect benefit of having the galley aft and under the same roof with the after stateroom is that it lengthens this roof out sufficiently for it to provide stowing chocks for the dinghy. A place to carry small boats isn't easy to find on the ordinary cruiser under 45 feet long, yet there are often occasions when it is quite a chore to have to tow the dinghy. She is handled with a single davit. A curved military mast is stepped atop the cabin trunk.

The hull is of V-bottom construction with the chine dying out forward to give the appearance of a round bottom boat. Frames are of steam bent white oak, planking is of cedar, and the trim and house of mahogany. Ninety gallons of fresh water are carried and there is tank capacity for 150 gallons of gasoline.

Power is supplied by a 103 horse power Chrysler Crown driving through a reduction gear of 2:1 ratio. This provides a top speed of 13 knots.

The outboard profile is characteristic of most of the boats of the Pacific Northwest, with only a small cockpit aft and the helmsman's position under cover. The accommodation plan displays a practical arrangement of the boat's interior, with sleeping quarters for four persons

WHAT OUR READERS SAY

A Protest from the Star Class

Editor, YACHTING:

▶ We of the Star Class realize that Bill Taylor's intentions were of the best when he wrote that article for YACHTING, suggesting ways and means of getting inactive Stars back in circulation this year. During the last war, the Star Class proved its ability to maintain interest during critical times. What some readers of YACHTING do not perhaps understand is that the situation on Long Island Sound is no criterion of Star conditions throughout the world. Bill, we feel sure, did not intend to convey the impression that the Class is on the wane or that the membership is dissatisfied with existing rules.

In 1941, there were 118 new Stars built, an increase of 20 per cent over 1940. Although pleasure craft building in the United States is now curtailed, fourteen numbers were issued to new Stars under construction elsewhere in the month of March alone. Of the 75 Star fleets that are still able to transmit funds by mail, 70 qualified and paid 1942 dues by the required date. In Europe, Stars are racing in Spain, Sweden and Algeria and a new fleet is being formed in Switzerland. Even occupied France held a National Star Championship last year. Does this sound as if the Star Class was slipping?

▶ In the average class of ten to twelve yachts, three or four (about 25 per cent) are usually on the market every year. That no more than accounts for the transient element in the sport. If one hundred Stars were listed with New York brokers, that would actually be less than 20 per cent of the Stars within a reasonable radius of the metropolitan area. It must be remembered that Long Island Sound is the cradle of the Star Class. Close to one hundred Stars built more than a quarter of a century ago can still be found on these waters. Due to the neglect of successive owners, many are not worth reconditioning. They have been on the market off and on for years and there never has been much demand for them, except by beginners who want something to knock around in. Subtract them, and the percentage of Stars for sale is really exceptionally low, considering that our country is at war.

As to "expensive gadgets," these are merely interesting toys that Star owners love to play with. Why, *Rhody*, in 1926, had more gadgets than any modern Star! The question of restricting gadgets has never come up among Star members — that is all outside propaganda — because Star members know that fittings do not win races. Flexible spars are another matter but most Stars have already been converted. Extensive sail equipment is an advantage but sails were limited to one suit per year by the 1941 meeting in California. The chief reason that some of the old boats are outclassed is either that they are falling apart from neglect or that they are too heavy. Builders in the past believed in sturdy construction. They could have built Stars as light as those of today, under the rules, but it is doubtful if the public of that earlier day would have bought them. On the Sound, with its light airs, the heavier boats would not figure, no matter how modern their rig.

▶ The I.S.C.Y.R.A. fully agrees with Bill that any large Star fleet should be split into two divisions but we do not agree with the method he suggests. The year of building cannot be used as a criterion. Certain builders and localities were years ahead of others in producing refined Stars. Such boats as *Ace*, that have had their faces lifted, are the equal of any new Stars. Actual performance is the only fair means that can be employed. Western Long Island has had an A and a B division on such a basis since 1918. It was used only in Sunday fleet races because clubs would have objected, since it involved keeping track of the skippers. Put a good Star skipper in the B division and, regardless of rules or restrictions, he would employ modern methods and be winning by such a margin within a couple of weeks that the rest would be yelling for a new deal. Unfortunately, the B Division at the western end of the Sound has received little publicity of late. It could and should be revived. Some Star districts already hold Novice (Green Star) Championships open to entries selected along the lines described. A special B Committee, with an older man as chairman, is essential, since the average young fleet officer, usually a good skipper, is not apt to consider too carefully the interests of the rank and file.

For those who may think that we have overlooked the possibility of using the flexible rig as a dividing line, let it be known that that would not work out. There are semi-flexible (makeshift) rigs and even the insurance companies have never been able to define what a flexible mast is. The reason is that spar flexing is an operation — you can flex any mast to some extent — but try to find a rule that will control it!

A and B divisions, based upon past performance, with a committee to place new members, covers everything. It takes into consideration the combination of the man and the boat. Any other arbitrary method would result in placing good skippers among average ones and create no end of dissatisfaction or would put beginners with new boats in with the top-notchers, where they would have no chance at all.

GEORGE W. ELDER

New York

Atmospheric Density

Editor, YACHTING:

▶ Having done a little flying and some sailing, I read Mr. Ogilvy's article, "Sailor, Be Air Minded" in the May, 1942, issue of YACHTING, with considerable interest. While I heartily agree that flying and sailing have much in common, and that a knowledge of the one art is of advantage when applied to the other, I feel I must venture a mild objection to Mr. Ogilvy's comments on the importance of atmospheric density.

This talk of some winds having "drive" sounds to me like a typical remark of a sportsman concerning his sport. He tends to introduce a little black magic now and then — special practices and theories which have little or no rational basis and which are substantiated by an occasional coincidence. We all do it. It's kind of fun, and belongs in the same class as the theory that you shouldn't stir a Martini for fear of bruising the gin.

▶ As for this atmospheric density business, it's true that the force that the wind exerts on an object is proportional to the density of the air. However, it is also proportional to the square of the wind velocity. Now the only way we can judge the velocity of the wind is by the force it exerts against objects; the way it feels on your face, the look of the waves, the pull of the sheet, etc. Mr. Ogilvy says that the air is 9 per cent less dense at 80° F than at 32° F. Well, we would get the same force in both cases if the wind was 20 m.p.h. at 32° F and 21 m.p.h. at 80° F. Who of us can say that the spring wind has more drive because it's colder or because it's ½ m.p.h. faster. We judge the intensity of the wind from the force alone. How can we say that this wind, which we estimate from its force, has more drive (because of increased density) than that wind, which we also estimate from its force when the force measure has already taken the varying density into account as explained before. The drive, not velocity, is our measure of the wind — even if we use a conventional anemometer.

▶ See what I mean? These theories have their place, but let's not try to explain them.

Pleasant sailing,

DONALD J. JORDAN

Milford, Conn.

Gil Smith, Artist

Editor, YACHTING:

▶ Reading Bill Taylor's article about Charles D. Mower in the May issue, and especially the last part by W. W. Swan regarding the Sonderboat *Joyette*, I felt that there was another side to the story which would make interesting reading. But it should be looked up now while enough people are still alive to give the evidence. You will note in the article that *Joyette* was built by Gil Smith, of Patchogue, Long Island.

Gil Smith, as far as I know, has never gotten much notice by writers of the sport. I cannot understand this as he was the most remarkable artist I have ever seen or heard about in boatbuilding. He died in Patchogue about five years ago; his son, Asa, still runs the shop. I think Gil was ninety-five at the time of his death and built his last boat after he was ninety. She still sails in the R Class on Great South Bay. Some of his other boats, which are over forty years old, are still racing.

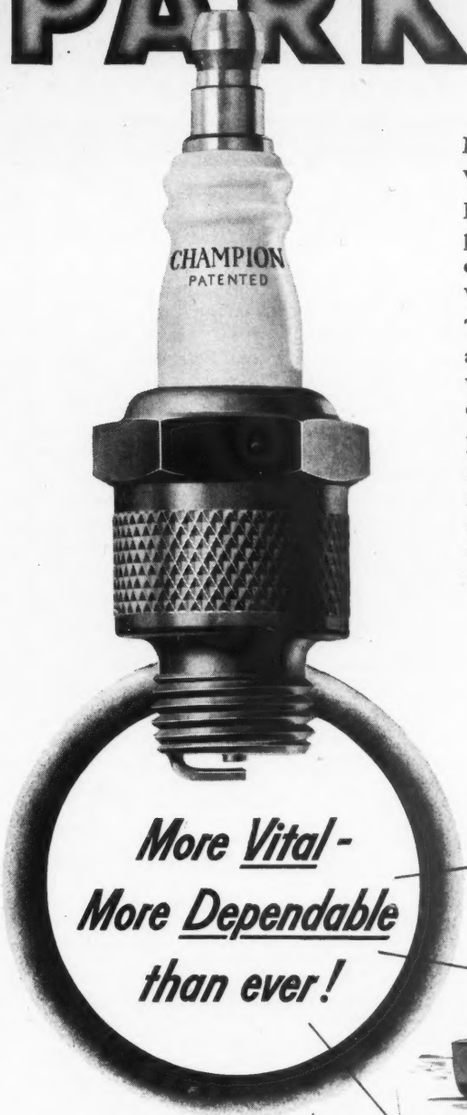
▶ Robert Haight, of West Islip or Babylon, the Conklins, of Moriches, and Commodore Bigelow, of Bellport, all knew and loved his boats. And there are many others, Northam Warren, Ted Everitt, Horace Havemeyer, Charles Lawrence, and some of the old-timers, who can piece out the saga but, before many years have passed, there won't be much left to find. I don't know his accomplishments as well as some but I will say that no one ever built a prettier hull or did a better job of finish.

He was a daring designer and an able one. He was to boatbuilding what Chippendale was to furniture.

▶ Why don't you get somebody like Bill Taylor to work on this and see what can be made of it? There are plenty of boats in existence today to illustrate his art, and a few highlights of his career would make mighty interesting reading.

GRAYSON LYNN

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



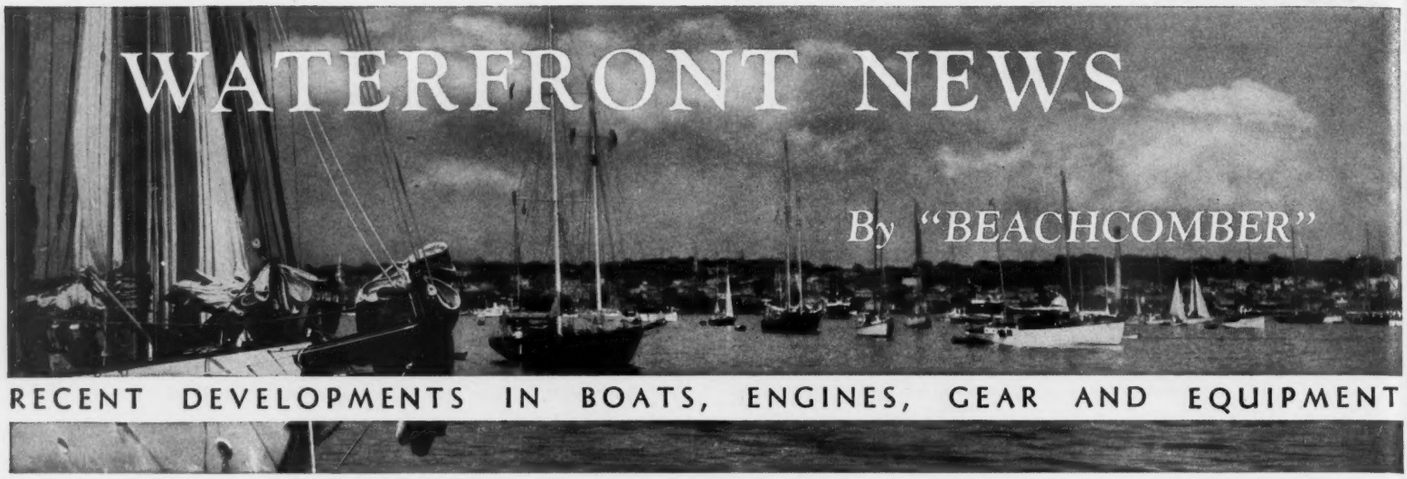
Motor boating in peace times is universally associated with pleasure, sport and commercial pursuits.

In this war to preserve those traditional rights and privileges of the American system, power boats have dramatically come to the fore as a vital part of our war effort.

Today power boats of many sizes and types are on active service day and night in widely scattered waters, discharging a wide variety of offensive and defensive duties with great efficiency.

Hard-hitting P. T. boats, rugged Coast Guard Cutters, nearly amphibious surf-landing boats, or aircraft rescue boats—these and many others are sparked by dependable Champion Spark Plugs which in their own hard-hitting, rugged and vital way are contributing to the cause of Victory.

TO SAVE GASOLINE · KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN



WATERFRONT NEWS

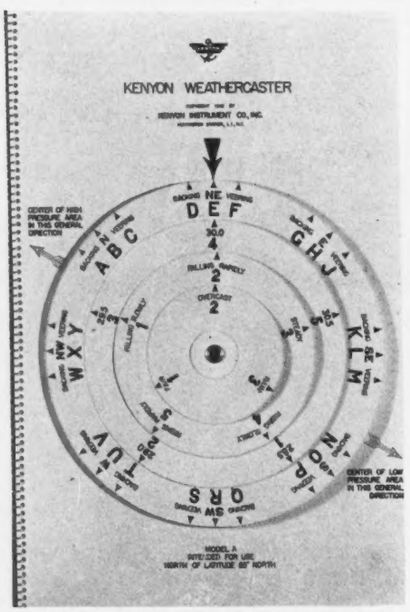
By "BEACHCOMBER"

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN BOATS, ENGINES, GEAR AND EQUIPMENT

KENYON TO THE RESCUE: THEIR WEATHERCASTER

WE seem to be getting to the stage along about now where necessity is not only mothering invention but bringing out some darn useful inventions which will continue to be important even after things get back to normal. One of the most interesting of these as far as boat owners and others interested in the weather are concerned, is the Kenyon Weathercaster, a twirling dial type of gadget supplemented with a 12-page booklet telling how to use it. The idea originated with Anton Bruehl, famous boating gadgeteer. He took it to the Kenyon Instrument Company, and they whipped it into shape with the aid and advice of a leading meteorologist.

What the Kenyon Weathercaster does is provide a means for the not-too-weatherwise yachtsman to interpret the meaning of the visible weather signs, such as barometer reading, wind direction, and sky condition. The Weathercaster won't add much to what the really weatherwise sailor already knows.



The front of the Kenyon Weathercaster showing the arrangement of dials. A wire binding keeps the dials and pages of tables from becoming separated

To do so we would have to give him dope from other places, just the stuff which is kept off the air, out of the newspapers, and very much under cover everywhere.

The Weathercaster is operated as follows: Each of the four dials is turned so that the prevailing condition is opposite a large red arrow. The outside dial is for wind direction and eight cardinal and intercardinal points are shown. For each point, backing, veering, and steady is provided. The second dial is set according to the approximate barometer level and is calibrated for half inch intervals from 28.5 to 30.5. The third dial, also referring to the all-important barometer, is set according to whether the barometer is steady, rising slowly, rising rapidly, falling slowly or falling rapidly. The smallest inner dial offers a choice of sky conditions, either fair, overcast, or rain.

Detailed and explicit instructions are given in the booklet, not only on how to set the dials, how to determine whether the wind is backing or veering, but also on just what is meant by a steady, slowly rising, or rapidly rising barometer, etc. There is even a section describing the diurnal variation of the barometer and how to allow for it in setting the barometer dials. Fair, overcast, and rain are defined so that the user of the Kenyon Weathercaster will interpret them just as its inventor intended. There is also included a table for the conversion of inches of mercury to millibars.

When the present weather conditions have been set up on the dials, red figures line up beneath the red arrow and provide a preliminary code number such as E422. With this code number, the code tables, three pages long, are entered and the proper forecast key letters taken out, such as MS which correspond to code E422. The M stands for increasing cloudiness or overcast followed by showers; the S indicates strong winds. The forecasts thus provided give a fairly good indication of the weather to be expected in the next twelve to twenty-four hours and, disregarding peculiar local conditions, are applicable throughout the year to our temperate zone weather north of 25 degrees north latitude. Obviously the gadget is not foolproof. It can be wrong just as the best of amateur and professional forecasters are wrong, and obviously, with nothing but the conditions at one point to work with, its percentage of error will probably be somewhat higher. However, being something of amateur forecasters ourselves, we can say that we have gone over this gadget thoroughly and tried it out on various combinations of conditions and it strikes us that a very thorough job has been done and that the Weathercaster provides as complete and accurate information as could be expected from any contrivance of this type.

The Kenyon Weathercaster is priced at $4.95 and is available from Kelvin & White, Boston and New York; The Beacon Book Shop, and Abercrombie & Fitch Co., New York; YACHTING'S Book Department, and other leading purveyors of nautical equipment. It is manufactured by the Kenyon Instrument Company of Huntington, Long Island.

A NEW PLASTIC SCREENING

HERE'S another category of boating equipment in which plastics are coming to the rescue of pleasure boat owners caught by wartime shortages. It's a new plastic screening which ought to be a very good substitute for the copper and monel screening we ordinarily use.

The stuff is made of Saran, the Dow Chemical Company plastic which is also substituting for copper tubing (see December, 1941, YACHTING.) It comes in standard 18 mesh, and is colored just like shiny new copper. Neither salt air, salt water, nor sunlight, have any effect on it and it is also completely resistant to gasoline, oils, and ordinary chemicals. It has the strength of mild steel, yet is more flexible than copper. If punched, kicked, or leaned against, it will give; and then, after a few minutes, regain its original stretched smoothness. The only shortcoming we can detect is that, unlike metal screening, it burns easily. Pierce Plastics, Inc., Bay City, Michigan, are the manufacturers.

Incidentally Saran tubing is now available in sizes up to ½", ⅝", and ¾" diameter.

GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT FOR SEAMEN.

ALL GENTLEMEN SEAMEN and able-bodied LANDSMEN who have a Mind to diſtinguiſh themſelves in the GLORIOUS CAUSE of their COUNTRY, and make their Fortunes, an Opportunity now offers on board the Ship RANGER, of Twenty Guns, (for FRANCE) now laying in PORTSMOUTH, in the State of NEW-HAMPSHIER, commanded by JOHN PAUL JONES Eſq, let them repair to the Ship's Rendezvous in PORTSMOUTH, or at the Sign of Commodore MANLEY, in SALEM, where they will be kindly entertained, and receive the greateſt Encouragement.---The Ship RANGER, in the Opinion of every Perſon who has ſeen her is looked upon to be one of the beſt Cruizers in AMERICA.---She will be always able to Fight her Guns under a moſt excellent Cover; and no Veſſel yet built was ever calculated for ſailing faſter, and making good Weather.

Any GENTLEMEN VOLUNTEERS who have a Mind to take an agreable Voyage in this pleaſant Seaſon of the Year, may, by entering on board the above Ship RANGER, meet with every Civility they can poſſibly expect, and for a further Encouragement depend on the firſt Opportunity being embraced to reward each one agreable to his Merit.

All reaſonable Travelling Expences will be allowed, and the Advance-Money be paid on their Appearance on Board.

IN CONGRESS, MARCH 29, 1777.

RESOLVED,

THAT the MARINE COMMITTEE be authoriſed to advance to every able Seaman, that enters into the CONTINENTAL SERVICE, any Sum not exceeding FORTY DOLLARS, and to every ordinary Seaman or Landſman, any Sum not exceeding TWENTY DOLLARS, to be deducted from their future Prize Money.

By Order of CONGRESS,

JOHN HANCOCK, PRESIDENT.

DANVERS: Printed by E RUSSELL, at the Houſe late the Bell-Tavern.

Exide
IRONCLAD
MARINE BATTERIES

WHEN John Hancock issued this call for men to serve under John Paul Jones, he knew our need for a Navy. Today, that Navy is a mighty force . . . greater than Hancock could ever have dreamed.

Yet even today, there's need for help from all of us. Ask your Coast Guard officials what job you best can do. Keep boats and equipment ship-shape and ready. Obey the new war-time rules . . . and you'll do your part to keep Old Glory waving high.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

An ANCHOR
stout enough to hold her fast . .
Oil you know you can depend on

Only a careless skipper would tolerate an anchor lighter than good practice dictates. And only a careless skipper would run the risks entailed in oil of uncertain quality. For good oil is vital to the dependable engine performance upon which your pleasure *does*, and your safety *may*, depend. So take no chances. Whether you own an outboard or inboard, gasoline or diesel, always insist on Duplex Marine Engine Oil—especially refined for the tough lubrication requirements of modern marine engines—to keep them running at maximum efficiency with minimum repair and upkeep costs. And the years have proved that Duplex does what it is intended to do—and does it perfectly. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Penn.

☆ ☆ ☆

SCIENTIFICALLY REFINED FROM PURE PENNSYLVANIA CRUDE OIL SOLELY FOR SERVICE AFLOAT.

THE "DHOW"-TYPE HULL FORM

(Continued from page 34)

pected that in her initial movement, when a keel yacht gathers way, close-hauled and in a light breeze, it is her forefoot which first takes hold. Then the C.L.P. moves aft nearly to its geometric position and, as speed is gained, moves forward to its residual station after there is more definite lateral pressure. To be sure, this is only surmise. But through surmise we may sometimes hit nearer the truth and, after all, theory often is but refined practice.

Nevertheless, from its very nature, this contour brings the C.L.P. somewhat further forward of its usual position which, in itself, will materially reduce its range. That this range *has* been reduced is evident, due to lead reduction from the usual status. For a C.E. height normally demanding six or seven per cent of lead, only four or five per cent is required. In my model experiments, where only balance was considered, it was possible to alter the contour from its original form to the conventional, and to shift the rig over it, so that any condition of balance or unbalance might be obtained. Due to the higher speed-length ratio of the model, somewhat greater leads were demanded than at first had been anticipated. Whether increased lee surge had anything to do with this, or increased effectiveness of the leading edge, remains a question; probably both acted in combination to grow weather helm. I then found the need of attempting a somewhat closer approximation for the actual C.L.P.

Assuming that, to a limited extent at least, the deeper portions of the hull and appendage become more effective, not through hydrostatic pressure but because they are acting in less disturbed water, I applied slightly increasing factors to each subordinate water plane, dividing the contour horizontally in ten equal parts (with allowance for the more broken water along the after portion) and, combining these ten centers, obtained a new C.L.P. It now came lower down and, in this new contour, it also hooked somewhat forward, as might be expected. Thus the range was found to approximate more closely that of the C.E. above it, and the apparent lead was reduced to about one per cent.

From sailing close-hauled in my own boat, there has been considerable verification of this new approximation. Lee surge may play a part here but, with her hollow entrance and comparatively easy bow lines, this cannot be a large factor. The proof, then, if it is a proof, is that there is no alteration of helm, which remains at practically zero, whether the wind be light or strong; it would seem that the two centers are traveling together. The conflict has been reduced to a minimum, if not entirely overcome.

APPLYING this same method to the more "pie shaped" contour, the C.L.P. was found to come down and hook *aft* a bit. This is quite obvious, of course, but it tends to confirm an indication and has checked rather closely with the exaggerated leads and performances of such orthodox modern yachts as I have known. And, when considered in connection with the speed-length ratios and C.E. heights in the old, large, deep draft, long keeled, gaff-rigged schooners, it showed the necessity, as was found in actual practice, for negative lead.

In this new C.L.P. method, however crude and unscientific it may be, I have found that when the finished vessel is brought down to her designed water line, and her masts are stayed to their predetermined rakes, no further adjustment has been required for balance.

Now, as the sheets are eased, it seems to me that, so far as balance is concerned, the hull proper assumes more importance while the appendage has a diminishing influence, providing the vessel rolls evenly on her main axis. Lee surge, that mound of surface water against which the bow leans, also begins to take a minor part, so that we approach a more ideal condition for the heeled underbody to pass through the water. Due to the hollows following the surface wave, we are unable to predict, exactly, the form of the submerged body which is in actual contact with the water through which it passes. But we can reduce this surface wave-formation to a possible minimum by paying close attention to the upright and heeled water lines. Thus we must cling to our present practice till we find something better.

From what we *do* know, however, we may combine a rational water line, including the similar portion of the hull both above and slightly below the water plane, with an increasing approximation toward true streamlining down to the keel. With easy bow lines in the heeled forebody, followed by flat buttocks in the afterbody — it is surprising how these will follow sound practice despite the forward position of the center of buoyancy — it is possible to develop a hull form which, in itself, tends toward balance no matter what the course may be, or the angle of heel. This, I believe, is a step forward, from one avenue of approach, toward the ultimate goal: that of driving a given displacement confined within given limits of length, beam and depth, through the water at relatively higher speeds than hitherto we have known.

What I have managed to accomplish, if one may call it an accomplish-

ment, has been through a method of painfully slow but always careful approach. The tiny 30-inch model logged something like 150 miles in salt water, in her trials during an interrupted period of four years. Resultant speeds, on a basis of sail area per driven ton, as against comparable vessels, have been encouraging. So far, only *bona fide* offshore vessels have been attempted. As leaner hulls are brought out, further development is possible, with higher speeds under sail plans of moderate areas.

KEEP 'EM RUNNING!

(Continued from page 20)

gallons every seven weeks to thirty-five gallons, let us say, by adding kerosene, thus obtaining a 60-40 mixture (60 per cent high test gas and 40 per cent light kerosene) no special preparations should be necessary, except for a slight closing of the choke. This, of course, assumes that your engine is in good shape as to ignition and compression. It would be wise to keep a gallon or so of straight gas in a separate container for priming purposes in case of hard starting. Also, be sure of your ignition as a good hot spark is essential when running with low grade fuel, and this is exactly what you will be doing.

If you have any doubt as to your coil, replace it with one of the highest tension you can find. This done, start your engine and let it get good and warm before putting it under load.

This suggestion as to converting your engine to burn kerosene or fuel oil depends on these fuels being available in quantity. Kerosene or other oil takes about as much tankage to transport as does gasoline so that these fuels may soon be rationed. In that case, there would be little advantage in going to the trouble of making the conversion.

Preheating Essential with Lower Grade Fuels

Kerosene is a good fuel and will run almost any gasoline engine effectively, provided the fuel is heated before it reaches the carburetor. Incoming air should also be heated and, if possible, the mixture should be heated as it leaves the carburetor and enters the intake manifold. If this is done a well vaporized explosive mixture will result.

My little research project showed that gasoline engines have been and are being run successfully on many types of fuel. Among them is alcohol, which is used in many tractors in the sugar countries. Another is producer gas, now used almost exclusively in England for automotive use. Others are using wood oils, animal oils, vegetable and peanut oil, peat and coconut oil, palm, and even castor oil. I once saw a four-cylinder Ford engine run for better than an hour on a dead alley cat. This was done from the gas collected in a gas generator, using the cat as the producer. (Please don't suggest this for a cat boat.) Still another method included bottled gas similar to ordinary household gas.

Now, for the danger department. Unless you happen to be a first class chemist, don't fool around with super-dooper explosives in an effort to give your low grade fuel a "shot in the arm." In the old days of auto racing everything was tried from ether to nitroglycerin, with the result that parts of mechanics could be found in almost any tree in the vicinity of a race track. This is a dangerous practice for an amateur and should be strictly shunned.

Avoid High Speed, Head Tides, Head Winds

Now to get back to your original status. If you should elect to stick by your original twenty-one gallons and power plant, and make the most of them, there are a few things to bear in mind at all times. Never run your engine beyond 40 per cent of maximum speed; this will almost double your usual cruising range, and I know it will double the life of your engine. Another thing — and it should add to your interest and skill — try to avoid bucking tides at all times; in fact, plan your trips so as to take advantage of the current. Avoid head winds if possible; bucking a head sea consumes gas at a surprising rate. Here is still another idea: If you are a week-end cruiser who has a fixed rendezvous, such as Lloyd's, try finding a harbor a little closer to home. All harbors are different and the water is just as wet whether you are anchored at New Rochelle or at Key West. The fact that you are in your own boat, surrounded by water for the week-end, is what really counts.

In closing, let me suggest that if you are not back in sail already, and if your boat is not of a design that would lend itself to sail, buy a sailing dinghy. You can then get all the water travel you desire and the dinghy makes a swell tender for your big boat while at anchor. With the dinghy as an auxiliary, you have the comfort of your yacht and the sport of sailing combined.

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PACIFIC HURRICANE

(Continued from page 19)

until a real one comes along. We'll need all hands on deck right away. The mainsail's got to come in the first chance we get."

A brief lull enabled us to smother the big red sail rather easily and we frapped it snug to the boom as a yet stronger blast of wind and rain flooded over the ship, cutting visibility to a hundred feet.

The wind by now was east and shifting slowly more southerly. Our speed was up to ten knots under squaresail alone and the depth, degree and speed of our rolling frightened me.

Rotund and stiff as plate, the squaresail strained at its sheets. The menace of swift-moving lofty weights was plain to read in the visible strains in the shrouds. Alternately, lee and weather, they hung slack and then snapped taut as the mastheads cut swinging arcs. To ease the mainmast somewhat, we set up on both topmast backstays with the watch tackle. Then the helm was put up and the ship run off to the southwest, bringing the wind on the quarter. But the seas hit us at freak and unexpected angles; it had escaped the discipline of the wind and was on the rampage.

Below decks, things were in a disheartening mess. We had not anticipated such a dusting and were not ready for it in those small but highly important details which it takes a spell of bad going to teach each new crew. A crate of salt-packed eggs had got adrift, spilling salt everywhere and dotting its careenings with widening pools of yellow yolks. Books had leaped from their cases to messy destruction in the impromptu omelette. A growing accumulation of wet clothing hung on every hook.

Our electric bilge pump, after five years of perfect service, had chosen this day to break down, and some greenhorn had plugged a toilet which had been completely overhauled just ten days before. Two amateur mechanics were wrestling nobly with the pump. To get at it, they had had to move the main cabin stove and this had been lashed awkwardly to the mast only after a shower of soot had fallen from the pipe. An assortment of tools rattled and clattered from side to side with each roll.

Our hand pumps were also in trouble. The extreme motion had washed into the pump well several waterlogged chunks of wood big enough to jam the lower valves and too big to be passed by the upper valves. We'd pump a dozen or a score of strokes and then have to dismantle the pumps and clear the valves. It was three hours before we succeeded in spearing and ejecting those scraps and getting the ship quite free of water.

While we worked on the pumps, the bilge water raced from side to side, raced with a whoop and a holler up the sides, crashed into the deck overhead and sprayed out over the bunks and the cabin. Several persons were so seasick and miserable they didn't care where or when it happened, and this contributed neither beauty nor cheer to a dismal scene.

Through this small hell, with utter disgust written large on his face, our Persian kitten made his unhappy way until he cannily discovered relative security and rest on the counterweight of the swinging table.

Our chief problem now was that straining squaresail and how to get it off the ship. We must heave to, and soon, but that was impossible until this runaway sail was tamed.

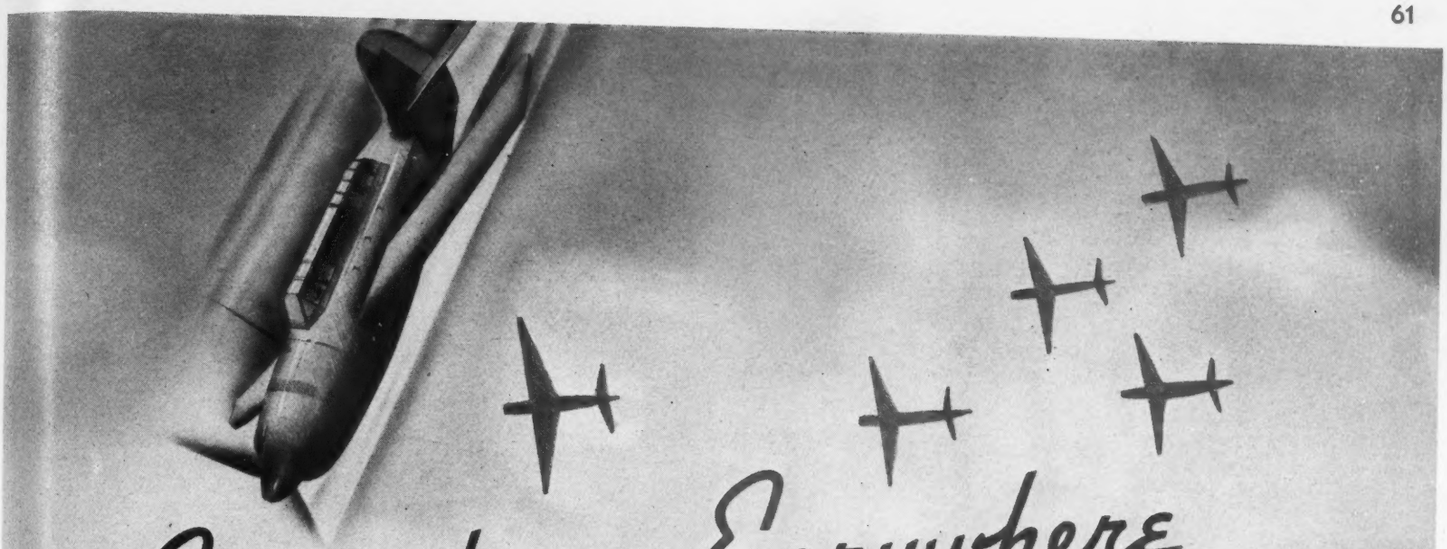
The schooner now resembled, to a striking degree, those Horn pictures of heavy-laden square-riggers with decks awash. She was logging ten knots through chaos. Again and again, solid water completely covered the after skylight which stood twenty-one inches high. The freeing ports never closed, never ceased vomiting floods. Under such conditions, shipped water does not merely roll from side to side. It also has a destructive fore-and-aft motion due to the onward rush of the ship beneath it. Accordingly, there came one especially heavy dollop which raced aft, spouted gracefully up and over the taffrail and carried with it our stern grating and a considerable portion of the wheelbox. A few moments later, a bulwark plank was started outwards by the weight of water which struck it.

Gwen — white, frightened in a disciplined way, still cool and steady — stayed at the wheel, much of the time knee deep, watching the compass, the stiff wind vane and the rising, falling, swooping bowsprit, lancing now the sky and again the back of a steep sea.

I mustered the hands and went forward, feeling pretty sure we would not get the squaresail in by any orthodox methods. It would ease the ship, however, even if we could do no more than clew it up into a goosewing. The men were carefully placed and painstakingly instructed. While the sheets were carefully eased, we sweated on the taut clewlines.

We had the sail half clewed up when we ran into the expected difficulty. As the sheets were eased, the sail blew forward and molded itself solidly against the forestay and the forestaysail halliard. Nothing we could do would budge it another inch.

With the Bosun and the one other lad aboard who could get aloft, I climbed to survey the problem from the yard. The picture up there was



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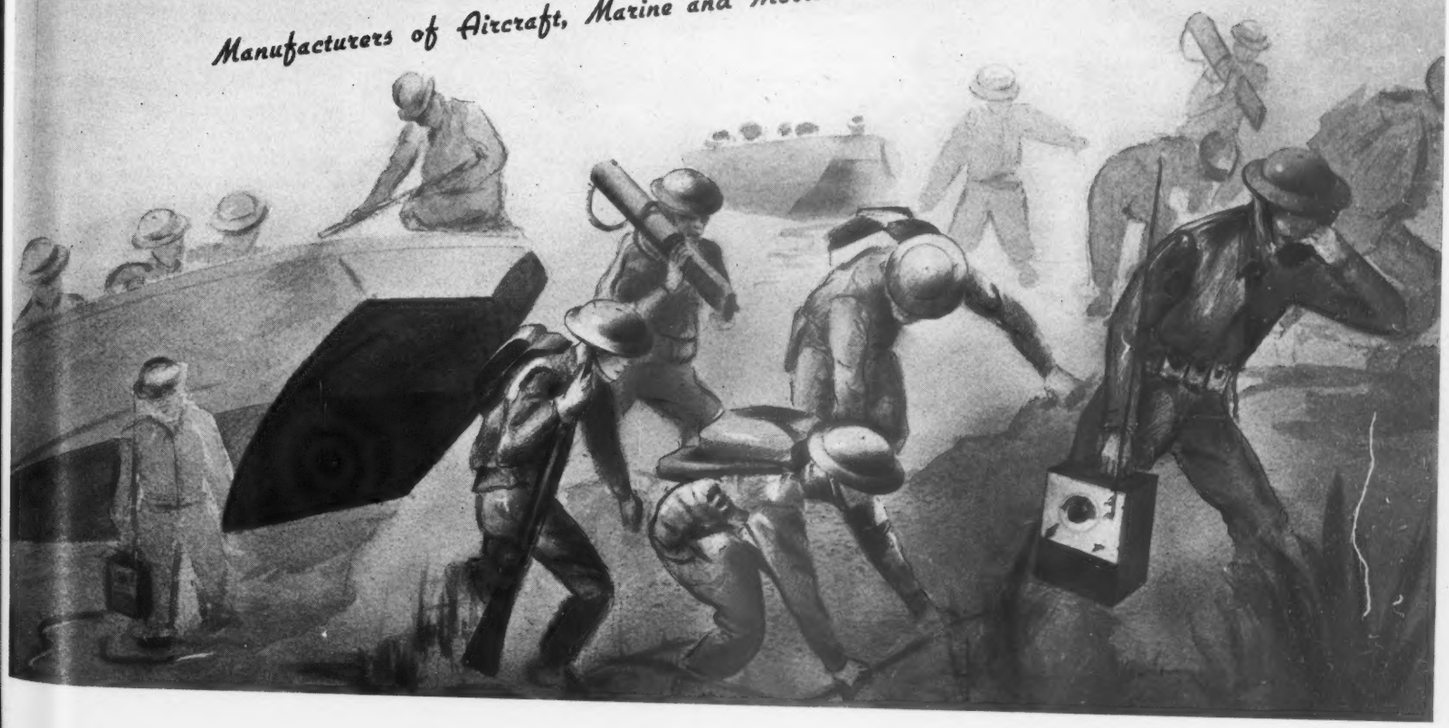

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wild and the motion was chilling. Clenched fists could not dent that wind-bloated sail, no mortal fingers could have creased and gripped that canvas. The canvas might have been welded to whatever it touched. It wouldn't come to the yard; it could not be sheeted home again.

The sail would have to be cut away. The best way to do this, it seemed, would be to cut simultaneously the strong head earings at the ends of the yard. The marline robands holding the head of the sail to the jackstay should then pop like sail stops and the rag could blow to leeward and to hell for all any of us now cared. But sails on the loose, in winds such as this, have carried many men from yards and there were precautionary measures to be taken before we freed the sail.

The mainsheet was handy and forty fathoms long. It took but a moment to throw a bowline into its bitter end and to lead it overboard through a chock. The sea grasped at it and snaked it out of our hands. At ten knots, the drag on a couple of hundred feet of line is something to ponder.

"What's that for?" sang out the Bosun.

"To pick up — I hope — if we go overboard," I howled. "We've got to go aloft and cut away that sail."

"Cut it away?" he repeated; then, "Where do you get that 'we' stuff?"

I have wondered frequently since what that kid would have done had I *ordered* him to go aloft with me. Would he have gone, scared and reluctant, or would his already implied refusal have become more open and definite?

As it was, nothing more was said about "we." I sharpened my knife, shed shoes and shirt and swung into the weather rigging again. On the way aloft, I reconsidered the problem while the sail snapped and strained ever closer. It would plainly be foolish to start cutting from the lee side. That would allow the still captive but partly freed sail to hammer me unmercifully, and I had no wish to be wiped off the yard that way. No, I'd start to windward and stay to windward of the whole mess, come what may.

Wander Bird's long and able lines are plainly seen from the yard. Out there in space, resting by the weather head earing for just a moment, I looked down and marveled yet again at the way the hard-pressed ship was handling herself. Gwen wasn't watching me, but everyone else was. The wake writhed up and down, filled with eddies, over the hills and valleys astern, and through it the mainsheet ran like a golden thread. I wondered briefly what the immediate future held for me. Would I shortly climb down those orderly ratlines I'd just come up or would I be reaching frantically for a fleeting manila life line buried somewhere under a tormented sea?

Then the sharp blade bit at the taut lashing, going through easily and cleanly. With a burst and a jerk the earing of the sail whipped away, free. Then I inched in along the yard, having merely to nick the successive stops which, with ever-decreasing resistance, parted under the steel. Suddenly the sail took charge and, in a twinkling, the last dozen robands went brp — brp — brp — brpbrpbrpbrp!

"Gone and good riddance!" I was exulting when the yard suddenly came into my midriff and knocked my wind whistling past my teeth. No untamed broncho could have bucked an unwary rider more mercilessly. The yard, the mast, and — so I was told later — the entire ship were shaken, jolted and racked. Instinctive reaction was faster than thought. Before I knew what was wrong, I was freezing to the yard, squeezing it desperately with arms and hands, pinching it for my life between thighs and belly.

The sail had blown free, all but one corner. The lee earing, renewed a fortnight earlier, still held and, far beyond it, snapping in the great wind, the sail billowed and thundered. It thrashed this way and that, up, down, sidewise and, for all its staying, the yard crashed about accordingly. Sparks flew from the yard collar where it grated against its metal chafing gear. I was flung about almost helplessly, and my feet lost the footropes entirely.

There was no thought in my mind but to slash that earing. A child could comprehend the imminent danger to the yard, to the whipping mast, to the ship herself if this torture continued long. Finding the footropes again, I worked out on them, holding my knife painfully tight. It had become the most prized tool I'd ever known.

A BLOCK swung wildly from a short length of line out there on the yard. It held quick, complete oblivion in its gyrations and I made a mental resolve to avoid it at all costs. For just a heedless moment, because it was smaller and handier, I gripped the wire jackstay but, almost immediately, correctly and instinctively appraised the yard itself as a stouter and more fundamental handhold and returned my desperate embrace to it. Such are the intensely practical thoughts, it would seem, most common to trained men in a tight spot. I seem to remember telling myself, grimly: ". . . and you know mighty well no one could hang on to that mainsheet, either, not at this speed, even if he did pick it up. You'll hang on here, mister, or else — ."

At last I was within striking distance. I was swinging my knife at the lashing and finding it impossible to aim my blows with accuracy or to hold

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the steel in place when, by chance, I struck home. Several times the blade clashed against the steel lifts which, by right, should have been completely out of my field of vision. There are slashes in the pine today, left there by that erratic knife. For all my care, I did get a glancing and stinging blow from the block, and my left arm grew stiff and heavy from squeezing the yard. To the best of my lessening ability, I kept the yard between me and the sail, reaching up over and around it with my right hand to saw at the lashing with a knife no longer keen.

Suddenly peace settled over the yard and the ship — or so it seemed relatively — and I saw that the sail was gone. It blew out to leeward and fell, tripped by its own clewlines and sheets, over a creamy sea which had just passed beneath the schooner. Looking wearily down, I saw that the deck crew was attempting to salvage it. Realizing now that I was very, very tired, that my body was chafed, scratched and bruised and that it was more good luck than good management which found me still with the ship, I made my way to the deck. The seas were house-high behind Gwen's blowing hair. There was no such thing as visibility in the rain which swept along horizontally and stung like bird shot. "If only I could get some color pictures of all this," I thought, as I have done so often before but seldom with such good justification, "This is *really* bad weather!"

But there was other work to be done. A freak sea had tossed the square-sail partly aboard, and we saved it eventually. It did not seem difficult reefing and setting the foresail and, when Gwen at last put the helm down and brought the old ship into her fighting stance, we knew from her easy motion that we had conquered the storm. Nothing would hurt us now.

"You got off the yard just in time or, at least, you got the sail off just in time," someone said, pointing significantly to the topgallant rail (a stout rail five inches high on top of the broader main rail capping the bulwark stanchions). "A few more flaps of that rag would have taken the whole cap right off, and then where'd you have been, I wonder?"

The square yard braces lead aft and down from the yard and pass through bull's eye fairleads to the belaying pins where they are secured. The stress on them had been so severe that the rail cap, for a distance of ten or twelve feet, had been pulled up out of position. When the sail finally let go, only one or two weakening fastenings were holding the rail. In another moment it would have pulled out and the yard, with no bracing whatever — well, I don't know what would have happened.

"Ship soaking wet, but safe and fine," the log read at six, supper time, and again: "Everything snug. Blowing hard." at ten that night.

There isn't much more to tell. First we slept and rested, then we turned to at repairs and cleaning and, in forty-eight hours, we were not only back on our course but we showed few signs of the hurricane.

The radio brought us no land repercussions of the storm and we decided it must have spent itself completely at sea. We saw none of the Navy ships but floating wreckage we did sight might well have been from some of them.

It was two months later that we found Gwen had been completely correct in her diagnosis of the severity and nature of the storm. It was still a leading subject of Navy conversation in Hawaii and the Navy men were considerably amazed to learn that we had come through their big blow with so little difficulty and damage. It was from the Navy, blushing as I still am, that I learned one militating factor in my favor, to wit: there have been just four hurricanes, counting this one, recorded in this region of the Pacific since 1910. It's the last one I want to help record.

PT BOATS IN ACTION

(Continued from page 22)

Lieutenant Kelly's boat and attacked. She withstood the assault for half an hour, avoiding much of the hostile fire by skilful maneuvering. However, she suffered a number of hits, her machine guns finally were silenced and the boat became unseaworthy. Lieutenant Kelly took his ship in and beached her so that survivors could be landed, and then directed the removal of the dead and wounded.

▶ This was the last offensive operation carried out by MTBRON-Three before Corregidor fell to the Japanese. Lieutenant Kelly's boat had been lost. Another was destroyed by her crew to prevent capture by the enemy during the invasion of the city of Cebu. The squadron also had lost much of its equipment in the bombing of Cavite. Weakened by these losses and with its source of supplies cut by Corregidor's passing into Japanese hands, MTBRON-Three was forced to suspend operations. It had made a gallant fight, had inflicted much damage on the enemy, and had proved its worth.

In recognition of their skill, daring and gallantry, fifty-eight officers and men of the Navy were awarded decorations and citations. Lieutenants Bulkeley and Kelly and Ensign Cox received the Distinguished Service Cross, while Bulkeley, Cox, and Torpedomen James D. Light and J. L. Houligan were awarded the Distinguished Conduct Star by the Philippine Commonwealth.

IF YOU KNOW ENOUGH—SHE'S BIG ENOUGH

(Continued from page 27)

Those two runs certainly justified the skipper's belief that the seaworthiness of a vessel is not, necessarily, dependent on her size. The strength and seaworthiness of any well built little vessel will extend far beyond what one might expect from her length. In a small boat, everything is close to hand. The gear is light and easy to handle. Things can be done speedily in an emergency, as we proved when we recovered from those knockdowns so quickly. I had been thrown flat on my back by the first one and, although I was jammed in the companionway with the fire extinguisher on my chest, I could still reach the main halliard and let it go.

An experience we had at Cape Porpoise proved to us the superior handiness of the centerboard boat when anchored in strange waters.

THE harbor at Porpoise is small, the channel is narrow and, at dead low water, a considerable expanse of mud flat is visible. We arrived to find ourselves in the midst of a rendezvous of the Marblehead and Boston Yacht Clubs. Like almost everyone else, we ate ashore that night, arriving at the restaurant just as a sudden, terrific thundersquall hit the harbor. By the time we had finished our dinner, the squall was over and, though it was still raining, it was possible to launch the tender. As we picked our shivering way through the blackness in the general direction of where we thought *Scud* lay, we passed many boats whose crews were busily engaged in clearing up the ravages made by the storm but we recognized none that we had passed on the way in. Finally, just as we were despairing of ever finding our sloop, we saw her — but she was moving away from us fast in a harbor bristling with craft. As we came up to her a voice drawled: "Yer little sloop yacht come up on the flats over yonder but I towed her off fer ye." Our boat was snug and unharmed, not a dish out of place. With the centerboard up, she must have grounded as gently as a flat bottomed rowboat.

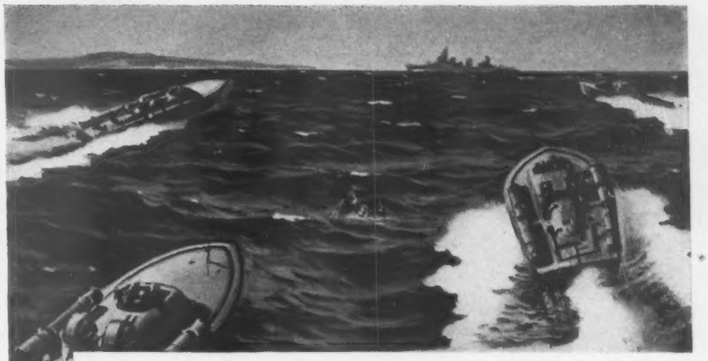
But a large keel yawl that had also blown aground was not so fortunate. All through that night, we boiled coffee which we lavishly laced with rum and fed to the yawl's frantic crew as they took turns going over the side to shift their emergency shores made of their hacked spinnaker pole and a board ripped from the cabin floor.

Friends — many of them yachting friends, too — had tried to dissuade us from embarking on this cruise because of the difficulties we were sure to encounter. Our favorite answer to that one we still give to those spoilsports who, even now, persist in saying that we were just lucky. Consider the hazards that constantly present themselves on a 600-mile automobile tour. You, yourself, may be an expert driver but the road hogs, the drunken and inexperienced drivers that throng the roads, are a menace that you never encounter on the sea. The courtesy of sailors is universal and the rules of the road are exact. United States waters are the best charted in the world, and a *must* for cruisers in strange waters is always to carry the latest government charts and publications. Each reef and ledge and shifting bar is there for you to read and avoid. I would rather be afloat in a Down East fog than be in a bus or car. In any weather, east of Portland, you can sail for days and never sight anything but fishing craft or a yacht. It is true that your Yankee fisherman scorns to toot horn or whistle in a fog but, if you toot yours, he may slide alongside to observe you. He knows by your signal what tack you are on and you are never in any danger of collision.

We rounded Cape Elizabeth in a fog so thick that I, up forward, could barely see the skipper in the cockpit. Not wanting to get caught offshore if the wind dropped, we hugged the beach that day and made a perfect landfall in a harbor so tiny that the three Coast Guard surf boats anchored there seemed to crowd it. Call it luck, if you like; I prefer to believe that it was the skipper's excellent navigation.

I BELIEVE I intimated earlier in this article that my purpose was to point out, from our experience, the pleasures that you might expect to enjoy on such a cruise. Well, fog and knockdowns are pleasures — once they are behind you. Even the mosquitoes at Popham are a negative sort of pleasure — if you remember to stow your netting.

I have said nothing about the days we spent exploring rivers and little out-of-the-way islands which we sometimes camped on for a change; of the blueberries, raspberries and succulent clams that were rife for anyone with the energy to gather them (we used our spare oar for a clam spade). Nor have I described the beauties of the lighthouses along the coast and the hospitality of their keepers. But I did not intend to write an Odyssey of that vacation. I have little to say about the cost of such a holiday, either, because that depends so much on individual taste. If, like us, you like to put into a harbor for a few days, hire a car and explore some of the inland New England villages, or view from the top of Cadillac Mountain the waters you have just traversed, your expenses will be higher than if you just cruise.



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In both armament and power PT boats pack a punch. Yet, built more like an airplane than a warship, these mighty featherweights of the fleet go forth unarmored ...depend for protection on *speed!*

How did PT boats get that way? Ask builders of famous racing hydroplanes. Or men who make cars and planes. Many a secret they could divulge about the PT boat's powerful light-weight motors ... smooth-molded plywood superstructure ... and the complicated system of girders that strengthens her streamlined hull.

But no secret are the rustless "precision-straight" propeller shafts that transform her *Power* into *Speed.* America's fastest racers for years have driven through shafts of the tough, corrosion-resistant "seagoin' metal"... Monel!

Even stronger and stiffer than Monel, yet equally resistant to salt water corrosion is the newer alloy, "K" Monel. Developed for such peacetime applications as rotary pump shafts and other highly-stressed parts, and now used for shafts in PT boats, "K" Monel through heat treatment gains the strength and hardness of alloy steel... well able to take the terrific wrenching and strain of hairpin twists and turns at express speed. No shaft trouble for PT boats equipped with "K" Monel!

Because of this and similar achievements with other INCO Nickel Alloys, these metals are assigned to many important roles in our all-out war effort, and are no longer available for propeller shafts or other peacetime uses.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
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Who Wants *New* Pleasure Boats Now

WHENEVER a new Subchaser goes down our ways, whenever the keel for the next one is laid in its place, in the back of our minds we can see a white pleasure cruiser. We watch it slide into the water for the first time, and take a last look at the boat as it speeds away from Elizabeth City, hurrying on to vacation days when its passengers will be fishing in a softly rolling sea; or stocking up for a summer cruise, as we have seen them do so often at our yard; looking forward to peaceful sunny days afloat, cruising through new waterways, exploring new harbors, anticipating adventures the next port might bring. But right now true American yachtsmen do not want new pleasure cruisers. They want ships and smaller craft for the Services. Elizabeth City Shipyard is doing its best to help satisfy this demand.

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ELIZABETH CITY, NORTH CAROLINA

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LIGHTNING STRIKES

Flash to attack . . . maneuver . . . away! Destruction by torpedoes delivered at 60 knots by P.T. boats, powered and geared for daring feats by the finest equipment the Navy can buy. U. S. defense craft of all types rely on Joes Gears. We will serve our regular trade to the best of our ability.

SNOW-NABSTEDT GEAR CORP.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
1942 "Rules of the Road," Free

Joes Rev & Red'n Gears on Packard 1200 HP P.T. engine.

Our sloop, f.o.b. Boston, cost $400. The materials for building the cabin and outfitting the berths, the motor, tender, anchors, life jackets, extra line, $60 worth of charts, etc., came to another $150. Completely found and stocked for the cruise, $600 about covered the cost of our outfit. From there on, it was the least expensive and most diversified summer vacation that I have ever known.

THE only stock cruising sloop that I have seen that compares with ours in size, costs in the neighborhood of $2000. She has a few more feet of length, better headroom, a tank for water, an installed galley and ice box, toilet, and inboard motor. We boast none of these luxuries which undoubtedly add to the comfort of cruising. If price is no object, you should by all means purchase one of these. Only, once you own a boat and have equipped her, do not, if you can take a school teacher's vacation, confine yourself to home waters. Get out and see the world and remember that the greatest safety factor of any sailing craft, regardless of her size, lies in the crew. If you are wise, you will choose a skipper like mine who can smell an impending northeast howler two days ahead, and who can detect a tornado in a clear blue sky. No truer words were ever writen than: "The degree of safety (in handling sailing craft) is in direct proportion to the knowledge and experience of the men (and women?) who are sailing the boat."

If you know enough, she's big enough, and you may safely navigate even the supposedly treacherous waters off Canada. But that was another cruise!

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

(Continued from page 37)

or German sub achieves the purpose for which it was designed, built and dispatched thousands of miles across the sea. The same people who told you a year ago that nothing could save England from invasion are now fearful that the jerryjaps will win the war against us. "Of course, in the long run," they say, "but . . ." *Buzzbuzzbuzz.* I'm no strategist myself and I don't have to be to know who's going to win the war and why. I've said ever since we got into World War I that the arrogantly servile jerries haven't got what it takes. They and their Axis partners win wonderful wars against unarmed peoples. But from here out we'll be seeing headlines that we like to read twice. I'll be saying "I told you so" while the lunchroom strategists are mumbling "It would have been quicker if the Brass Hats had tried it my way."

LLOYD'S REGISTER OF AMERICAN YACHTS, 1942

(Lloyd's Register of Shipping, New York, $12.00 and $14.00)

THE first American Yacht Register, "Fox's Yachting Annual," appeared seventy years ago. It was a diminutive booklet of but sixty pages, 4" x 7", bound in blue cloth and gold. The publisher, Edward Fox, was a yacht broker, presumably the first in New York. This book listed 401 sailing yachts — schooners, sloops and cat boats, with 24 yacht clubs. While well planned as an initial effort, the particulars were rather incomplete.

The venture failed but, two years later, "The Commodore's Signal Book and Yachtsman's Vade Mecum," published by Thomas Manning, and "The American Yacht List," published by Niels Olsen, steward of the New York Yacht Club, made their appearance. The Manning publication developed into the standard Register which appeared for many years, using the familiar size of 6" x 10".

AFTER the death of Thomas Manning, this volume was discontinued and Lloyd's Register of Shipping, which had published "Lloyd's Register of British Yachts" since 1878, was requested by American yachtsmen to undertake the printing of an American Register. The first issue appeared in 1903 under the title of "Lloyd's Register of American Yachts," retaining the oblong form of most of the early books. In 1906, conditions in yachting, largely due to the introduction of the internal combustion engine, necessitated radical changes and the page was enlarged to 7½" x 9½". The division into power and sail was discontinued due to the growing number of auxiliary craft, the yachts, now numbering 7112, being entered in simple alphabetical order. The number of clubs recorded has increased from 24 to 794 in seventy years.

In the early American Registers the cover colors alternated between green and blue at various times, but as the "British Lloyd's" has always been green, blue was adopted for the "American Lloyd's." Circumstances have made it impracticable to resume publication of the flag plates, which have been an interesting feature of the book, at present. However, as usual, the Register still contains the names and particulars of the U. S. and Canadian yachts; list of yacht clubs with their officers, dues, etc.; former names of yachts; signal letters; and the list of yacht owners of U. S. and Canada, with addresses, clubs and yachts.

RICHARDSON OWNERS *and the War*

WAYNE FISH

Member U.S.C.G. Auxiliary
Flotilla No. 4, Minneapolis

A member of the St. Croix Yacht Club as well as an active member of Flotilla No. 4, Mr. Fish has made numerous cruises down the Mississippi as far as St. Louis. He has a reputation for piling up the "most boat mileage per season." This is his fourth *Richardson* year.

"WAYMAR"
26' Richardson
Standard Cruiser

RICHARDSON
CRUISERS *for Peace time*
FIGHTING CRAFT *for War*

This Richardson model has long been a favorite with yachtsmen who skipper their own craft. Up and down the nation's waterways and coastline, scores of these able little cruisers are doing duty as eyes and ears for our ever-vigilant Coast Guard — and doing it on the thriftiest of repair and fuel rations. When the war is over, the patrol logs of Richardson boats will provide striking proof of Richardson stamina and operating economy.

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Catalog Free on Request
COLUMBIAN BRONZE CORP.
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A Yacht that Scott Built

Remember "Lucy"? "Lucy" is a dream ship for family cruising and racing. Designed by F. Spaulding Dunbar, and carefully built to highest specifications by Palmer Scott & Co., Inc., few who have seen her fail to fall in love at first sight.

"Lucy" is typical of yachts from this yard. Careful, honest and painstaking was the craftsmanship which went into her construction. Ready for a life-time of safe sailing. We will build more like "Lucy" after this is over.

Palmer Scott & Co., Inc.
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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For sustained power, Universal 100% marine engines will *still* provide greater cubic inch piston displacement per h.p. . . . oversize water jackets for more efficient cooling . . . alloy castings for protection against cylinder cracking . . . positive gear-driven accessories for safer, more dependable operation. These, and many other refinements are the stamp of a motor that's *built* for the sea, *not converted* for it.

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The One Test for Every Decision—"Will It Help to Win the War?"

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER OF 100% MARINE MOTORS

News from Yachting Centers

FROM SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Jesse L. Carr

▶ The submarine net guarding the Golden Gate opened several times over the week-end of June 1st to send to sea 24 of the best of San Francisco's sailing craft. Among their crews were many Corinthians, unpaid and leaving their businesses behind. Some boats are already back with tales of hardship, inadequate equipment, overwhelming seasickness and inexperience but the majority are still at sea under obscure orders, their exact whereabouts unknown. Probably no professional crews could be hired to take to sea in the 40- to 50-mile winds which have whipped the North Pacific this week but the men who annually have gone out in the Farallone Race at this time of year for fun are at sea again tonight. They are not out for fun but it is heartening to know that sailormen in none-too-big sailing boats are still guarding the shores of their country.

Among those gone are *Dorade*, now an old-timer on deep water with her owner Jim Michaels sailing her; the Ford Brothers have *Yankee* out with her and *Shawnee, Aloha, Malabar VII, Yo Ho Ho, Blue Sea, Zaca, Seaweed, No Name, Minerva, Water Witch, Namsang, Tai Fung* and a host of others are along, too. Aboard are doctors, lawyers, dentists, mechanics, Navy men and so on. Their job cannot be a really big one, but it is probably one of the biggest little pieces of work to date in this war.

▶ *Alta Jean*, formerly owned by John Brison, secretary of the Richmond Y.C., was driven on the Marin Shore in a gale the night of "Friday the Thirteenth." The crew were saved but the boat is a total loss.

▶ The same "Friday the Thirteenth" storm which drove *Alta Jean* ashore wrecked Robert Williams' new 25′ sloop *Heron*. She has been raised and will be repaired and raced in Division Thirteen with her sister ships *Lark II* and Commodore E. F. Wagnor's new *Mist*.

▶ The St. Francis Y.C. and the San Francisco Examiner were joint hosts June 4th to the yachtsmen participating in the Hearst All Clubs Regatta. Trophies won in this event were presented less than two weeks after the races were sailed.

▶ The Small Boat Racing Association announces the following schedule for the rest of the 1942 racing season: San Luis Y.C., San Luis Obispo, June 21; Merced Y.C., Merced, June 27–28; Richmond Y.C., Richmond, July 5; San Francisco Y.C., Belvedere, July 19; Encinal Y.C., Alameda, July 26; Bechtel Trophy Race, Stockton, August 16; Corinthian Y.C., Tiburon, August 30; Palo Alto Y.C., Palo Alto, September 13.

▶ Stately, beautiful and a little alarming was the Chilean four masted bark *Lautaro* as she bore down on the net opening last week. She had sailed up from Chile, furled her canvas outside the Golden Gate and came in under tow. A dramatic and anachronistic picture evolved as this fine ship of the past swung dangerously on her long tow line near the most modern of aquatic appurtenances, a submarine net. She was taken to the inner harbor where Diesel engines are to be installed.

▶ The Richmond Yacht and Boat Works have started production on outboard motor skiffs for the Navy. They are large boats, 17′ long by 7′ 2″ beam and will be heavy enough for landing purposes.

▶ George W. Kneass has died. Boatbuilder, sailor and a charter member of the St. Francis Y.C., his passing reduces by one the loyal and faithful yachtsmen who were so well loved and will be so long remembered.

▶ The Fledgling Class boat *Ceann* has been taken over by Marine Sergeant Barney Cogsdel who will skipper her through the rest of the season.

Tom Bolger's new sloop *Altom* sailed her first race Sunday, June 7th, winning Division Fourteen in the annual Aeolian Y.C. Regatta.

Frolic, a Bear boat recently built by John Marsland, also celebrated her introduction to local racing circles by winning in her division in the same regatta.

Hal Decker's Bird boat *Skylark* has been sold to Jim Alexander.

When VICTORY COMES ★ ★ ★

You'll be wanting a new Matthews Cruiser. It is too early yet to predict or announce what the post-war Matthews Cruisers will be like. However you can rest assured that when the "big" day arrives we will have an announcement to make that will interest every yachtsman in America.

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for our
Navy and Merchant Marine

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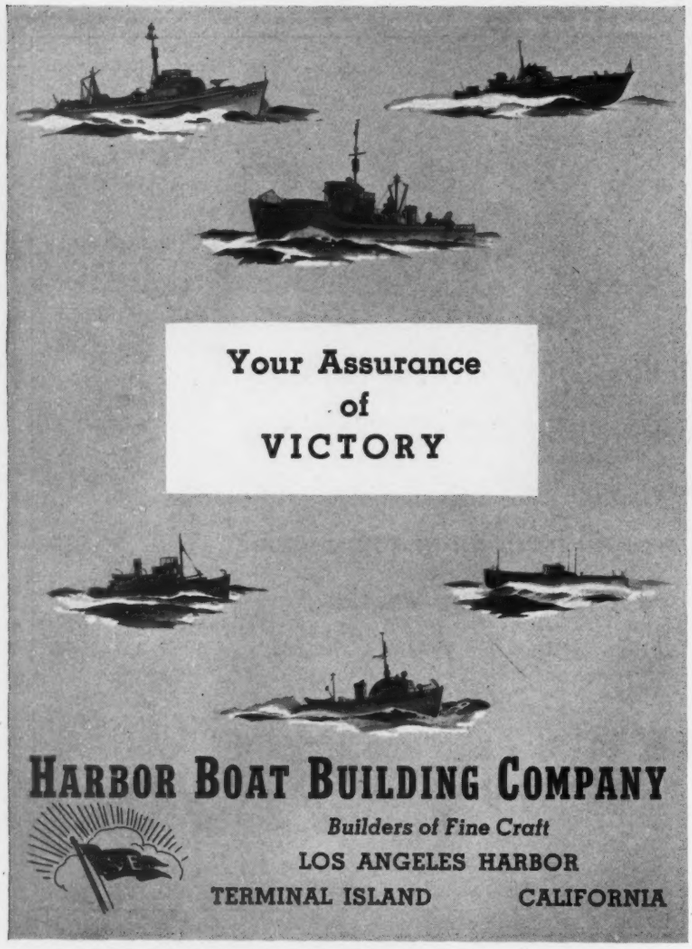

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US CIVILIAN PILOTS STILL GET SERVICING - and NOW THE NEW KENYON WEATHERCASTER*
* FOR INFORMATION about THIS AMAZING NEW WEATHER PREDICTOR, write to the KENYON INSTRUMENT CO. INC. HUNTINGTON STATION L.I. N.Y.

FLORIDA TRADE WINDS

By Vivyan Hall

▶ The news of the area is the announcement of the Gulf sea frontier which includes the east coast of Florida south of Jacksonville, the keys, and the Gulf Coast to the Mexican border, in a move by the Navy for "full coördination and coöperation" against submarines. It is reported that during the last two weeks in May survivors of 24 sunken allied ships were landed at Florida ports, pointing the necessity for combined action. Rear Admiral James L. Kauffman, who established the Iceland base and who is taking over command of the seventh Naval district and moving headquarters to Miami, has full authority over this area which includes the eighth district. The Naval operating base is remaining at Key West. A section base for small boats on patrol in the nearby straits has just been dedicated here.

▶ The third subchaser to be launched since the middle of March at the Daytona Beach Boat Works was christened *PC-694*. Of those under construction here for the Navy, this one was launched 55 days after her keel was laid. The amphibian tanks which Donald Roebling has been building for the Navy have been christened "alligators." The Palatka Shipbuilding Co., low bidders on the 60' 99-ton wooden barges ordered by the Maritime Commission, received an order for a hundred to be delivered unassembled on freight cars at the plant. It is expected that these barges will be used on the Intracoastal Waterway and other canals to relieve the deep sea carriers.

▶ Two different types of boats have been developed by two practical boatbuilders in Miami to combat the coastal sinkings. Forest Johnson, working with William Bourne, Larchmont hydroplane racer, has built a new type of motor lifeboat to be carried on merchantmen or towed astern of tankers. Along the lines of the Johnson Prowler, she is a decked over 30-footer that can be driven 40 m.p.h. with a 500 hp. engine.

▶ Judge Richard Hunt, past commodore of the Rod and Reel Club, has entered the Coast Guard Reserve as a lieutenant, assistant to the Captain of the Port in Miami. This office is among those moving to the Royal Palm Club. The Rod and Reel class in Elementary Piloting, given by John Burks, of the Power Squadron, is one of three which that organization has conducted for the good of the public. More than 400 have taken the classes, half of them taking the final examinations for admission to the Squadron. Commander of this eighth district Squadron is J. K. Hanafourde; lieutenant commander, James Lunnon; secretary, C. T. McCreedy; and treasurer, John Brewer.

MAINE COAST NOTES

By Austin K. Smithwick

▶ Fog on the Maine Coast is no rarity, but the fog in May was of the thickest and most persistent variety that Down East waters can produce. For days it hung, while Navy and Coastguardsmen cursed and groped and learned why the old expression, a "dungeon of fog," is no exaggeration. Maine's lobstermen and sardine carriers, however, never stop running, and many a lesson, not found in Dutton and Bowditch, can be learned from the skipper of a Casco Bay Hampton boat.

▶ Portland's Centerboard Club, most of whose members are now enrolled in the Coast Guard Auxiliary and have been on patrol duty in the restricted area of Casco Bay for many months, is preparing for its sixth season. Commodore Everett Goddard appointed the following race committee: Chairman, Herbert E. Noyes, Albert E. Moore, Granville E. Dyer, James H. McAfee and Albert E. Cleveland. With the consent of Navy and Coast Guard, it is planned to use the courses sailed last year. Members of C.G.A. Flotilla 201 will patrol the courses and aid in handling the racing. No real check has been made on the number of boats available, but several of Lightnings, Sea Gulls and at least one of the club's Stars were being fitted out in early June.

▶ The Navy has taken over the *North Haven*, last of the steamboats in Penobscot Bay. The Vinalhaven and Rockland Steamboat Co.'s other vessel, the *W. S. White*, was taken over by the Army some months ago.

▶ Cadets of the Maine Maritime Academy, at Castine, were made members of the Propeller Club of the United States in a ceremony which took place aboard the two masted coaster *Mattie* in which the twenty-eight members of the charter class of the new school made a cruise during June. Guest of honor at the induction ceremony was Captain Richard Quick, of Bath, whose passage around Cape Horn from 50° S to 50° S in the four masted steel bark *Edward Sewall*, in 1914, made history. Sixty-seven days off the Horn beating against gales and head winds!

▶ Not far from the Maine Coast, but a long way from harbor restrictions and gas rationing, the Taylor Pond Y.C., of Lewiston, is one of the most active small boat racing organizations in the state. Races are held on Taylor Pond over a five-mile triangular course and the club's fourteen boats are divided into two classes. Commodore is Dr. Warren Andrews; Vice Commodore, Gardner Brown, who is also chairman of the race committee, the other committee members being R. Kenneth Jones and John E. Libbey. Secretary is Richard Winkel and treasurer is Frank G. Peck. During the summer, members expect to complete a spacious clubhouse begun last year.

▶ Lack of dock space has caused the owners of the famous old ocean racing yacht *Coronet* to tow her from her berth at Brown's Wharf, Portland, to another and quieter location, in either Bath or Wiscasset, at least for the duration. Plenty of information on *Coronet's* racing career, which began in the 1880's, can be found in Alf Loomis' book on Ocean Racing (*Adv.*). For many years the old lady, still handsome, has belonged to a religious sect incorporated under the name of the Kingdom Yacht Club. The old schooner was built in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1885, is 118′ over all, has a beam of 27′ and a draft of 11.7′.

COMET COMMENTS

By Malcolm D. Lamborne, Jr.

▶ The spring series of the Indian Landing B.C. fleet on Maryland's Severn River has attracted a number of Comets though some of the sailors live miles away from the region. Ten boats have been out so far. Leading at last reports was Fred Obrecht's *Fobrex*, with 1490 points. Second position was held by Sprigg Sands' *Ditty Box*, 1485. Dixie Bartlett, in *Sky Fire*, was third with 1470 points.

With ex-Commodore Bob Welsh busy at a Maryland plane factory, his *Sky Fire* has been taken over by young Bartlett. Commodore Gene Scharf, another Comet skipper, is similarly engaged and his *June Bug* has yet to appear. For the first few races, the fleet had to start its races off the club dock — lack of a motor boat was the reason. Later, "Bix" Bixler, club member, came to the rescue with his cruiser *Chickadee*.

▶ Fleet charter No. 80 was recently assigned to a new Comet group at the Sandy Beach Y.C. on Grand Island, in the Niagara River near Buffalo. With six Comets as a starter, the fleet expects to sail its races in three series through the summer. Edward J. Hawkes has been elected fleet captain and Robert T. Brunton, secretary-treasurer. This is the second Comet group chartered along the Canadian border. The other is Fleet No. 73 at Alexandria Bay, N. Y.

▶ Potomac River Comet fleet's champion of last year was leading the spring series in Washington again. He is Ernie Covert, whose *Scandal* has competed in several national championships. Second to Covert were his perennial rivals, Clarke and Cushing Daniel, skipper and crew of the *Robert E. Lee*. Arthur Varela's *Electra* was in third place.

▶ Edward V. Gross, well-known Comet skipper at the Huntington Crescent Club, has been commissioned an ensign in the Navy. "Woody" Van Hoven, one of the fleet leaders at the nearby Huntington Y.C., is also in the Navy now. The latter club will have about ten boats racing while Crescent does not expect to turn out more than half that number.

▶ Racing of Comets at Cleveland began the third week-end last month with the Rocky River fleet there expecting to average between 12 and 15 boats. The fleet will race each Saturday and Sunday through the summer, according to Regional Vice President O. E. M. Keller.

Commodore of the fleet this year is Robert Faulkner; the secretary is Bill Schneider and the treasurer, Lamson Rheinfrank.

▶ New officers for the Indian Landing B.C. fleet are: James A. Campbell, captain, and W. Edgar Combs, secretary. Both are Washington residents, although the club races near Annapolis on the Severn.

▶ At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee, it was decided to go through with the National Regatta on Barnegat Bay, September 11th to 13th. Gasoline and tire rationing have, however, necessitated changes in the original plans. As it will be practically impossible to trail Comets to a regatta, the series this year will be sailed in boats furnished by the Barnegat Bay fleet, but it is expected that skippers will be allowed to bring and use their own sails. For this reason, the series, while national in scope, will not be called a championship, and the President's Trophy will not be awarded. Instead, individual token prizes will be given. Seaside Park Yacht Club will be the host. Full details will be announced later. This is just advance notice that the big regatta will be sailed.

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of them all depends on WELDWOOD!*

Names that will long stand out in the history of the United States and the Philippines are those of General Douglas MacArthur and Lieutenant John Bulkley. And forever coupled with them will be the glorious exploits of the American "mosquito" boat.

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What makes this fast little fighter so tough? It is the ingenuity and engineering ability that goes into her construction . . . and the strong, lightweight materials, including Waterproof Marine WELDWOOD.

Typical of the jobs being done today with this sturdy engineered plywood are its various applications in this notable Elco product. Wheel houses and turrets, super-structure, bulkheads, joiner work . . . all are made of strong, durable Marine Weldwood.

No need to tell boating enthusiasts about the tremendous strength and lasting resistance to salt water offered by Waterproof Weldwood. The first phenolic resin bonded plywood to be developed (in 1932), Weldwood has earned an outstanding reputation in the Marine field.

For that very reason, Weldwood today is serving Uncle Sam. For that same reason, Weldwood tomorrow will again be serving *you*.

NEW PLASTIC GLUE

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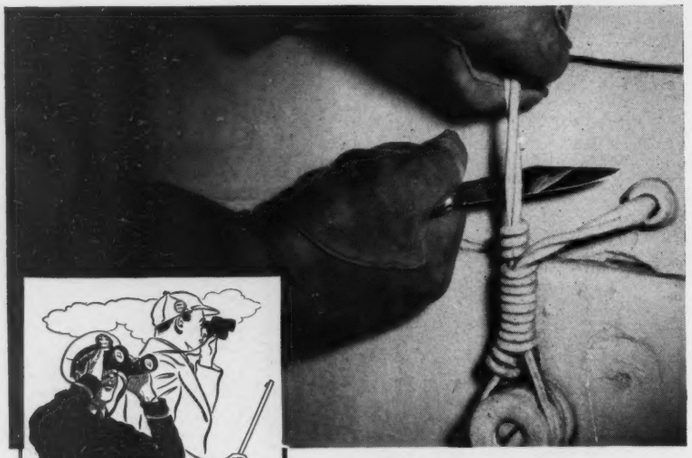

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PACIFIC NORTHWEST CAT'S-PAWS

By Ray Krantz

▶ This year's International Cruiser Race, scheduled to terminate at Nanaimo, British Columbia, went a-glimmering on May 20th, when James F. Unicume, president of the International Power Boat Association, Inc., wrote members of the association as follows: "The following is an excerpt from a letter I just received from the headquarters of the 13th Naval District:

" 'Please be advised that the Commandant, in accordance with British Columbia and Canadian officials, does not approve of a power boat fleet trip or race during war times as the problems in connection with patrol, fueling and routing do not permit.' "

Mr. Unicume concluded with the observation that "in view of the above, it is obvious that a race to Nanaimo, B. C., this year, is out of the question."

▶ Mike Shain's Trimmerships shipyard at Seattle launched Dr. Charles B. Ward's new Diesel yacht *Isla May* on June 2nd. She was started before the war broke out.

▶ Chris-Craft boats, sold in the Pacific Northwest by Motor Boat Marina, Seattle, are finding many new pursuits, according to Latham Goble of the Marina sales staff. The San Juan Fishing and Packing Co., of Seattle, has bought three 26′ semi-enclosed Chris-Craft cruisers for use with the firm's Alaskan fishing stations and canneries. All boats have 130 hp. Chris-Craft motors. They were enclosed entirely, equipped with towing bitts and fresh water cooling systems by the Marina. The boats are named *Snuffy, Pilot,* and *Jane H.* Lawrence Calvert, of the fishing company, made it four when he purchased a 19′ runabout with 130 hp., and christened her *Lady C.* Two new civilian buyers include Walter McCray, diver, who now has a 19′ runabout with 95 hp. engine, and C. F. Arne, Tacoma, who has a new 16′ runabout with 60 hp. Mr. Goble also said that there are at least 18 Chris-Craft at the Coast Guard station on Duwamish waterway, Seattle.

▶ Speaking of the Coast Guard: Gordon Montgomery's 40′ sailing yacht originally started early in June by her designer-builder, William Garden, was being completed without sails for use in the Coast Guard as an offshore boarding boat. A 95 hp. Chris-Craft motor with 2:1 reduction gears is the power plant. Grandy Boat Co. was doing the completion work.

Add to list of Seattle yachts which have joined the Coast Guard: F. H. Brownell, Jr.'s, 50′ Diesel yacht *Flying Cloud,* and *Marilyn,* Jesse Bowles' 65′ twin screw cruiser, a Geary design. Reg Hillyard's new 45′ cruiser, from Bellingham, is also in the Coast Guard.

▶ Marc Anderson, present commodore of the Queen City Y.C., Seattle, has resigned. He now is in the East, a senior lieutenant in the Navy. Another club member, John Richards, owner of the 34′ cutter *Kiletan,* is in the Navy, also as a lieutenant.

▶ The Queen City Y.C. has organized a flotilla of at least twelve boats for patrol duties on Lake Union and a part of Lake Washington.

▶ Winners of the Seattle Y.C.'s Frisbie Trophy sailing races on May 30th are as follows: Class B, John Soderberg's *Lady Alice;* Class A, C. W. Stimson's *Angelica;* Class C, George B. Perry's *Perrywinkle;* Class D, Lester Fey's *Lady Fair;* Six-Metres, John Locke's *Indian Scout.* Charles Frisbie's *Tola* was the winner of the commodore's sailing race on May 31st, with Allen B. Engle's *Neoga I* second and *Angelica,* third; the yachts were handicapped at the start.

▶ Brother Frisbie, of the *Tola,* has taken up duties as a lieutenant-commander, U.S.N. Still another Seattle yachtsman, William Culliton, is a lieutenant, j.g., with the Navy.

Paul Morris, Seattle Y.C., who set up an astounding record in Seattle yachting history with his consistent victories in his Penguin sailing dinghy *Mike Fright,* is in the Navy; he left Seattle some time ago for the Navy training school at Stillwater, Oklahoma.

▶ Three more 135′ YMS mine sweepers were launched at Seattle late in May. Miss Jean Taber christened *BYMS-12* at Associated Shipbuilders' Lake Union plant on May 27th; Miss Gloria Hansen did the honors at Ballard Marine Railway on May 23rd as *BYMS-27* slid into the waters; a little later in the day, at the Seattle Shipbuilding and Drydocking Corp., Miss Shirley Ann Christenson broke the traditional bottle across the stem of *BYMS-23* to send her down the ways.

▶ *Cat's-paws:* . . . Marvin Allyn, ex-commodore of the Seattle Y.C., finding himself boatless after his *Spindrift* joined the Coast Guard, is now

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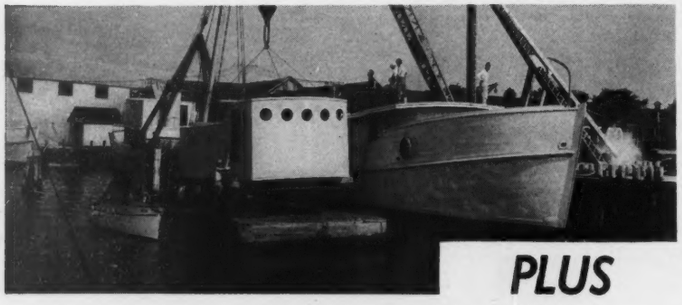

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going in for sailing; he has chartered Major Fred P. Andrews' 29′ Monk-designed "Puget Sounder" auxiliary *Sea Witch* for the summer. . . . Al Constans has resigned as chairman of the board of trustees, Queen City Y.C. . . . Dr. Theodore Adams, of Portland, now owns *Arbutus*, a 30′ Grandy cruiser with 85 hp. Kermath; Fred Lewis is the old owner; Arne Vesoja, Seattle, handled the transaction. . . . Mr. Vesoja also was intermediary when James Snoddy, Seattle, bought *Ozarb*, 34′ sloop with 30 hp. Kermath, from the estate of the late George Brazeau, of Seattle. . . . Seattle Y.C. power yachts are scheduled to cruise to Richard Froboese's Glen Cove residence; also, a predicted log race for the Froboese cup will be held. . . . Seattle Y.C. sailing races in July include July 4th races on Puget Sound with rendezvous at Port Madison; July 19th, races on Lake Washington; and July 26th, races of the West Seattle Hi-Yu series.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY FLASHES

By Ed Earle

▶ Considering the times and restrictions, the yacht racing season was successfully opened in Massachusetts Bay in the 74th annual Memorial Day regatta of the South Boston Y.C. This old racing organization, which did so much to keep yachting alive in 1917 and 1918, came to the fore again. A fleet of 34 boats, led by a quartet of the famous Massachusetts Bay 18-footers, hailing from Winthrop and Dorchester Bay racing ports, sailed in this event. At least 50 more boats from Squantum, Wollaston and Quincy, in "Area C," would have been on hand except for the Coast Guard war time restrictions.

▶ The traditional memorial service for departed members during the past year was held by the South Boston Y.C. with the dropping of flowers in the sea and the sounding of taps. While the colorful pageantry of former years was omitted, Commodore John E. Murphy unlocked the waters with the big gold key. A Service Flag was raised over the entrance to the Strandway quarters in honor of the 32 members of the club in the armed services.

▶ One of the first yachtsmen in the Bay, if not the first, to receive the Navy Cross is Ensign George C. ("Buddy") Cook, U.S.N.R., former Quincy Y.C. helmsman. He is a grandson of Albert W. Finlay, of Marblehead, veteran skipper of the Bar Harbor and 18-foot Classes and donor of the Finlay Cup for the South Shore juniors. "Buddy" was awarded the Navy Cross for a submarine exploit against the Japs.

▶ The uncertainty of the Marblehead situation has been satisfactorily cleared up but there was enough delay in placing boats in commission for the start of the regular championship season to be postponed until June 20th. The final schedule has not been announced but there will be championship racing on Saturdays and holidays between June 20th and September 12th. There will be an increase in the National 110 Class while the 30-Square-Metres, Internationals, the reliable M-B's, Town Class, Herreshoff 12½-footers and Brutal Beasts will carry on.

▶ The prospect of Marblehead Race Week is much brighter with the enlargement of the Marblehead-Salem Bay triangle by the Navy and Coast Guard. For a while it looked as if the racing would be confined to Salem Bay. The area for recreational yachting has been so broadened that it gives contiguous sailing space for the major North Shore clubs since it includes the home waters of the Swampscott, Eastern, Corinthian, Pleon, Boston, Marblehead, Sandy Point, Manchester and Eastern Point organizations.

▶ Harold W. Raymond heads the race committee of the Hingham Y.C. which has scheduled 22 races, starting June 20th and ending August 30th. The fleet includes the Hingham 17-footers, the Four-Metres, Lawley 15-footers, Mighty Mites and Dwarf Class.

▶ The U. S. Power Squadrons, which boast a membership of 9000 entitled to fly the organization flag, now have more than 1000 members in the Service, Chief Commander William Sayers told more than 200 at the annual dinner of the Boston Power Squadron. The Boston Power Squadron, parent of the U. S. Power Squadrons, which now comprise 91 squadrons, was launched in 1914 at the Boston Y.C. Lieut. Clarence M. Cobb, of the Coast Guard Reserve, past commander, who has done a swell job in giving real help to yachtsmen, was given a squadron flag.

▶ The Marblehead Unit of the U. S. Power Squadrons, which has been doing great work on the inshore patrol, held its fourth annual dinner with 143 members present. This Unit has 28 craft enrolled in the Coast Guard Auxiliary. The new officers include: Commander, Harold T. N. Smith; First Lieut., Harold Pierce; Secretary, Harry Gilchrist; Second Lieut., Allen Metzger; Third Lieut., Abbott Hutchinson; Fleet Lieut., Warren Mason; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Ralph Curtis.

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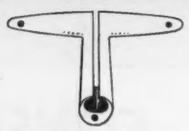

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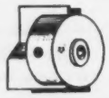

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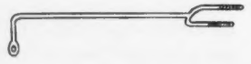

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THE SOUTH SHORE OF LAKE ERIE

By John G. Robinson

▶ July promises to be extremely busy with Lake Erie sailors, featuring two club regattas and the Falcon Cup auxiliary classic, in addition to various club championship series scheduled by nearly all of Lake Erie's racing organizations.

The annual Falcon Cup race, held over a course from the Cleveland Y.C. at Rocky River to the Mentor Harbor Y.C., about 30 miles, always brings out the largest number of entries of any race on the Lake.

The Cleveland Y.C. will entertain the racing crews at breakfast Saturday morning and the race will start off Rocky River at 9:00 a.m. This race serves as the initial event of the annual Mentor Harbor Y.C. regatta, which will be held on the day following, July 26th, featuring a complete program of races for all classes.

The annual regatta of the Lorain Y.C. is set for July 12th. Lorain is about half way between Sandusky and Cleveland and attracts boats from both yachting centers.

▶ Bad weather in May was responsible for unusual delays in launching at the Cleveland Y.C. and many power cruisers were not in the water until the middle of June. However, this did not interfere with social activities at the club.

July will be a busy month at C.Y.C. with the Gardner Trophy, a handicap race for Universals, Class R sloops and Stars, over the course from Rocky River to the Cleveland Water Works Crib and return, on July 4th. The following day the boats will compete in the second of the club's championship series. No races are planned for July 12th as most of the boats will race at Lorain. The third championship series is set for July 19th, with the following week-end left open to allow the boats to compete at the Mentor Harbor Y.C. regatta.

▶ The Cleveland Y.C. fleet added and lost one auxiliary in May. Tom Bolton, of C.Y.C., bought Stacy Carkhuff's Over-Niter *Mist II* of the Mentor fleet and Harold Seymour, of Mentor, bought Larry James' *Bagatelle*. An unusual feature of the exchange was that the owners were able to trade winter cradles.

Dr. Jerry McTigue of the C.Y.C. has sold his Lyman 20′ cabin utility runabout to H. H. Bennett, personnel director at the Cleveland Diesel plant of General Motors.

▶ The Cleveland Metropolitan area experienced that peculiar phenomenon known as a *seiche* early Sunday morning, May 31st. At least five persons were drowned on the beaches and considerable damage was done to docks and boats. East of Cleveland, some reports declared the water rose more than fifteen feet but around Cleveland it seems to have risen about six feet, receding immediately. At the Cleveland Y.C. moorings on Rocky River, the boats which were tightly moored took docks and all with them, pulling out the light piling; other boats with slack mooring lines were unharmed.

▶ Bob Laughlin, a crack skipper of the Lake Erie South Shore Star fleet, who has been serving as Warrant Officer in the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve and assistant director of the U.S.C.G.A., was elected Commander of the Vermilion flotilla of the U.S.C.G.A. on June 7.

▶ The Erie Y.C. held appropriate ceremonies on Decoration Day assisted by the local Sea Scouts and officially opened the club for its 47th season, followed by reception of members by Commodore Norman A. Parker.

In the first racing of the season, Don Aichner was the winner in the 18′ sloop class, Jim Taylor taking the honors with the Lightnings and Bob Sternberg in the Seagulls.

Morning and afternoon races are scheduled for July 5th with regular racing events for each week-end through July for the regular classes. The auxiliaries will feature the annual Inter-State Trophy race on Friday, July 17th, racing to Mentor. Some will stay over at the Mentor Harbor Y.C. for the Falcon Cup race and the annual Mentor Harbor regatta the following week-end.

▶ Star Notes: Don Asher, skipper of *Roamer*, is in the Navy; Harry Wirls, former owner of *Woogie*, is in the Coast Guard; Bob McKinstry, of *Nip'n Tuck*, and Len Freeman, of *Crack O'Dawn*, are in the Army. Don Bever, former crack Comet skipper, bought *Woogie* from Harry Wirls and won his first race. Gene Crittenden, former Chesapeake Bay sailor, now owns *Crack O' Dawn* and will sail her at the Lakeside Y.C. this season.

▶ John S. Pettit, formerly a crack R Class skipper of the C.Y.C. is now a Lieut., j.g., in the U.S.N.R. at Norfolk, Va. Brother Louis, who handled

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light canvas in the Class R fleet, is a corporal in the Quartermasters Training Corps at Camp Lee.

By the time this number is off the press, three of Lake Erie's long distance classics, the Roberts, the Annette and the Mills Trophy races, will be history.

The Roberts Trophy race for cruising auxiliaries was scheduled for June 20th. The race committee changed the course from the originally planned triangle to a straight run from Rocky River to Kelleys Island and return, so that the racing boats would keep away from all steamship lanes.

The Mills Trophy race was scheduled for June 27th, from Toledo Light to Detroit River Light to Put-in-Bay and return.

The annual Annette and Invitational Cup race from Erie, Pa., to Port Dover, Ont., was set for Sunday, June 28th. Most of the fleet taking part will stay over at Port Dover until Wednesday, July 1, to help the Canadians celebrate Dominion Day.

CHESAPEAKE BAY ACTIVITIES

By Bugeye Bill

▶ The performances of the Naval Academy entries in the Bay's first big event of the year, the annual Swan Point-Love Point race held on Memorial week-end under auspices of Gibson Island Y.S., will be talked about in these parts for some time to come.

Of the fleet of 20 starters, only five finished. Three of these hailed from the Academy. *Highland Light* was the only boat in Class A to finish, simply because she held on through a 60-mile squall that played havoc with the fleet. The cutter, moreover, found time during the blow — even with her mainsail blown out — to rescue five hands on Bill Sneeringer's Class R sloop *Rebel* which had filled and sunk in about 40 feet a few miles above Love Point.

In command of Comdr. Melvin F. Talbot, the *Light* maneuvered to where *Rebel's* crew was clustered around her mast, just sticking above water. After taking them aboard, the midshipmen bent on another mainsail and went on to finish the race only two minutes before the six-hour time limit expired.

On top of all this, two of the three finishers in Class B were the Academy yawls. *Intrepid*, skippered by Lieut. Robert Leach, was first in and had the best corrected time. *Resolute*, in command of Ensign H. A. I. Sugg, placed second. Dr. Joe Nelson's *Alsumar* was third. Lone Class C boat to survive was the Bounty *Estelle II*. Another Academy entry, the big auxiliary schooner *Freedom*, dropped out of the race to go to the rescue of another yacht in distress. Our hats off to the Navy — the boys are real sailormen.

▶ A week earlier, another encouraging turnout of yachts was recorded when thirteen showed up in the cruising divisions and four in the racing class. It was the Maryland Y.C. annual shakedown race and was sailed out in the Bay with start and finish off Baltimore Light.

Highland Light was top dog here, too, winning in Class A and making the best time of the fleet. *Alsumar* won in Class B, and *Valiant*, owned by Leo P. Rock, in Class C. The racing division was won by the R boat *Shrew*.

▶ According to C.B.Y.R.A. people in Baltimore, only one cancellation of a sanctioned regatta had been recorded up to June. It was the Norfolk-Portsmouth Y.R.A. event originally scheduled for Labor Day week-end. With the Norfolk area in one of the East Coast's most strategic spots, the decision to call off the regatta is understandable.

▶ There is a *White Cloud II* at Gibson Island this summer. She is the former *Windigo* and was bought by George Whiting. *White Cloud*, his older sloop, has been sold.

▶ Carroll R. Williams, Jr., chairman of the C.B.Y.R.A. Appeals and Rules Committee, has been commissioned in the Army Air Force. Bob Wayland, former C.B.Y.R.A. president and a member of the committee for a number of years, has been appointed chairman by President Miller Sherwood.

▶ Making it three trophies in a row, *Highland Light* was the first boat to finish in the fleet which came out for the first races ever sponsored by the Naval Academy. The 18-mile event was held early in June and was one of three races to be run under Navy auspices. The *Light's* corrected time of 2:18:54 also won her Class A honors.

Alsumar won the Class B prize and *Valiant*, Class C. The former was fourth to finish and the latter, sixth. The next Academy-sponsored races are scheduled for August 26.

▶ Twenty-five boats have been competing in the annual spring series of the Potomac River S.A. in Washington and at this writing the following

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were leading their classes: Robert Orme's *Blue Water*, Chesapeake Twenties; Ernest Covert's *Scandal*, Comets; and Walter Lawson's *Potlach*, Penguins. The Handicap Class of assorted knockabouts, dinghies and the like has been seesawing, with the leaders still in doubt.

Pete Magruder, commodore of the Annapolis Y.C. which holds its annual regatta July 10th to 12th on the Severn River and out in the Bay, is optimistic. Despite the unsettled conditions, says Commodore Magruder, prospects for a fleet as good as last year's are in the offing. That same week-end will see the annual rendezvous of Chesapeake Bay Y.R.A.

ON COLLEGE CHARTS

By Leonard M. Fowle

▶ In capturing the Boston Dinghy Club Challenge Cup, the Crimson sailors won for the first time a major I.C.Y.R.A. dinghy trophy. Intercollegiate dinghy competition is now of such high caliber that predictions regarding winners is unhealthy. A week earlier, Brown upset the calculations in the Morss Trophy, and on that form it would have been risky to name the Harvard team, a poor third in the Nationals, as the victors over the M.I.T. outfit which had pressed the Bears for the title.

▶ Yet on May 17th, against a field of crack teams like M.I.T., Dartmouth, Williams and Northeastern, the Crimson sailors ran up a 25-point margin on Tech. The new Harvard commodore, Dave Noyes, with Roger Putnam, Jr., as his crew, was the regatta's high scorer at 101 points and he received splendid support from the co-skipper combination of Johnny Burton and George O'Day who collected 95 points, one less than Tech's Sam Parkinson-Hal Boericke duet in the second division. Harvard amassed a total of 196 points to Tech's 171. Dartmouth tied Williams for third at 155 and the other teams scored: Northeastern, 135; Boston College, 130; Holy Cross, 127; Worcester Tech, 117; Rhode Island State, 116; Brown, 102; Drexel Tech and Boston University, 67 each.

▶ Harvard also had another triumph to its credit for the Crimson team won the Freshman Division of the Charles River Intercollegiate Dinghy League in the spring competition. George O'Day, with an individual mark of .854 in 15 starts, was the high scorer. The final Freshmen Division team ratings were: Harvard, .730; Northeastern, .589; Babson Inst., .559; Worcester Tech., .486; Holy Cross, .363; M.I.T., .344; Nichols, Jr., .277; Tufts, .087; Community, .065.

▶ In the Varsity Division of the same league, bad weather and conflicting examinations made it impossible to complete the full schedule. A sail-off has been ordered between the two top teams, Holy Cross and Boston College. Harvard, last fall's winner, could do no better than third.

▶ This column wishes to correct an inadvertent error committed in the May issue which stated that Lieut. Herbert Irwin, U.S.N.R., was the Navy's sailing coach. That honor and the credit for the Midshipmen's fine spring record belongs to Lieutenant Commander Clarke Withers, U.S.N., who is also skipper of *Highland Light*. Lieut. Irwin remains freshman coach and is accomplishing an equally fine coaching job with the plebes.

▶ One of the best dual meets of the spring season was sailed May 23rd when the Midshipmen made their first appearance at the Coast Guard Academy to start what ought to develop into a grand annual rivalry. The teams of four crews sailed two races in the International 14-footers and then a pair in the 12-footers. Navy dropped the first race in the Fourteens by a 13–22 score but took the next three contests to win the match, sailed in light airs, by 74 to 68, outscoring the Cadets 36–34 in the 14-Footers and 38–34 in "Twelves." Capt. Bob Kunhardt was the Navy star and high scorer.

▶ Navy has scored three other triumphs during the spring. The Midshipmen won by 28½ points to 15 each for Haverford and Lafayette and 13 for Pennsylvania early in the spring; they took a dual match from Drexel Tech by 76¼ to 30 on Memorial Day; and they opened the qualifying round of the McMillan Cup competition on June 6th by scoring 9¾ points to Haverford's 6 and Stevens Tech's 3 as the Navy and Haverford gained places in the finals at Cold Spring Harbor.

▶ After bowing for two years to the crews from Connecticut College, M.I.T. regained the unofficial women's intercollegiate championship on the Charles on May 15th. The final score, after some close and interesting light air racing, was: M.I.T., 86; Connecticut, 83; Radcliffe, 69; Wheaton, 57; New Hampshire, 52; Sarah Lawrence and Jackson, 50 each; and Katharine Gibbs, 40.

▶ On May 20th, the fourth annual interscholastic dinghy championships were held at M.I.T. on the Charles and for the fourth year a new titlist was

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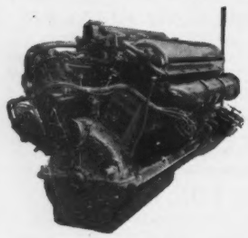

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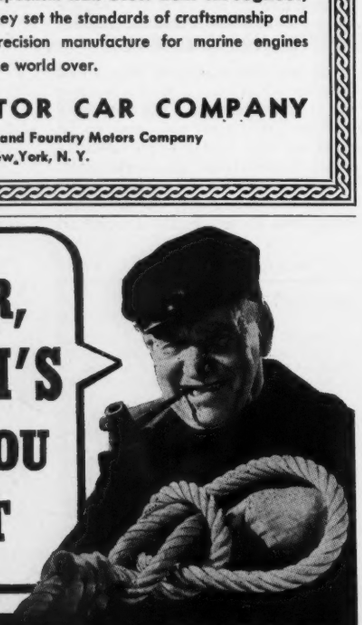

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crowned as defending skipper. The new champion was a Westhampton boy, Stanley Lewis, and his crew was Robert Murphy, representing Portsmouth Priory School. The scores were: Portsmouth, 51; Vermont, 46; Proctor, 42; Derby, and Browne & Nichols, 41 each; Gull Hill, 28; Suffield, 24; Milton, 23; Cambridge, 17; and Fessenden, 14.

LAKE ONTARIO NEWS

By W. Peck Farley

▶ The Sodus Bay Y.C. opened the season with races followed by luncheon on Decoration Day, the day it is declared that boats, crews, armchair fleet and all the kids come out from under the tarpaulins. The Sodus Bay Y.C. has inaugurated a policy which might be of interest to other clubs; all profits from social events are converted into war bonds. Commander Croucher and the race committee, headed by Jim Donaldson, have laid out an extensive racing schedule for the season with five series of races for three classes of boats, plus the cruising race to Fairhaven and a race for the entire fleet which will be divided into two teams. All boats of all classes will start together and there will be no handicaps. The team scoring the most points will win and, though no mention of a prize for the winning team is made, the race committee promises to throw the captain of the losing team into the bay.

▶ The eight boats at the Youngstown Y.C., which winter at Hedley's yard at Olcott, are all back at Youngstown and the racing season has gotten off to a good start.

There are three new boats at Y.Y.C. this year; Bud Doyle's Six-Metre *Sprig*, Bill Cannon's cutter and Sharp's *Moosabec*.

The Decoration Day Series, two races, was won by *Cayuga*, skippered by Chuck Spaulding.

The first long distance race of the season was sailed June 20th and 21st to Port Dalhousie and return for the Tycoona Trophy.

▶ Since the L.Y.R.A. regatta was called off, there has been more and more talk of the boats whose skippers can find time from the press of business to hold an informal rendezvous. Doubtless everyone will have a wonderful time and there will be good sailing aplenty.

▶ The dinghies, Stars and Six-Metres have started their racing schedule at the Rochester Y.C. Good results are reported by George Culp, race committee chairman, on the functioning of the new starting signals based on International Code flags.

All five of the "Sixes" are in commission this summer, eight of the Star fleet of eleven are commissioned, with two more soon to be in the water, but the dinghy fleet has been somewhat hit by the boys being away in the service. Herb Marth, who was a week late getting his Star *Peggy Wee* in the water, made up for it by winning two firsts in the first two races he sailed.

Zarzon III, Bill Zahrndt's power cruiser, is back at the R.Y.C. after spending the winter in Florida. Captain Corneillson reports a splendid five day trip up from City Island with Frank Gannett's schooner *Widgeon II*. Commander Bill Nevin and Johnny Heinrich brought Bill's new flagship *Emmy Lou II*, an Alden Malabar, Jr., up from Connecticut last month and report that the Hudson can kick up waves to equal those of Ontario. It was a tough, wet trip but the addition to the fleet is worth all the trouble.

▶ Ted Pickering and Bill Barrows have brought a beautiful black yawl, the *Petrel*, into the club. She was built by Anderson and Combes and is 45′ over all, 32′ on the water line has 6′ 0″ draft and 11′ 0″ beam. It is felt by several at R.Y.C. that Bill Barrows should be awarded the Navy E (in case it ever goes to a yacht club) for producing boats at the R.Y.C. basin. Many and famous are the boats on Lake Ontario which "Bill" originally brought into these waters. By the looks of *Petrel*, Barrows is still a good judge of fine boats.

▶ Among the smaller boats at R.Y.C. are two new ones, a Lightning, *Dora B*, and a Snipe called *Cricket*. There is an interesting story about *Cricket;* Charles Kremble, the owner, built her himself and most of the time he was finishing her there was a cricket concealed somewhere in the boat singing to him. As Charles says, he took it as an omen and, knowing that a cricket on the hearth was good luck, changed his plans for the original name and the boat was duly christened *Cricket*.

▶ One of those freak accidents that happen only once in a lifetime (we hope!) occurred on the Gordon's *Sinbad*. Fritz Wettering, a paid hand on the boat, was moving the large cylinder of the Lux CO_2 system when somehow a valve became dislodged and the gas overcame both him and Bob Gordon with carbon dioxide gas which filled the interior of the boat and blew off a hatch cover. Fortunately, it happened on a Sunday with many people around who were able to get the men out of the cabin, administer first aid and prevent any serious results.

NARRAGANSETT BAY GOSSIP

By Jeff Davis (Old Doc)

▶ The more I read about where boats can't go in other sections, the more I'm getting to believe that we in Narragansett Bay are lucky. Of course, I don't mean the power boat men with their three gallons a week, although you'd be surprised to know how many of them got their tanks filled before the rationing regulation went into effect. I'm talking about the sail boat men and the folks who own outboard motors, for they can go darned near anywhere in the Bay they ever cared much about going, anyway.

▶ No part of the Bay north of the north end of Prudence Island is under the ban, and they can go down the West Passage as far as the Jamestown Bridge and, by fighting shy of a few well defined places, the East Passage can be navigated from the head of Providence River to Newport and Brenton Cove. But pleasure parties going to Newport aren't going to be popular on account of the boat traffic there in connection with the government work. If yachtsmen can't be satisfied with Wickford, East Greenwich, Bristol, Brushneck Cove, Mount Hope Bay and Warren and Barrington Rivers to sail in, and keep out of Newport, they're apt to be in the nuisance class and have their sailing grounds more restricted than they are now.

▶ The Saunderstown Y.C. is the only one on the Bay that's located on the shore of really forbidden waters but there's a good chance that the Saunderstown folks will be allowed to use their own boats in the forbidden part of the West Passage as far south as an east-west line through Dutch Island Light. But they have to get special permission to do that and, I understand, they have decided not to open the clubhouse this season.

▶ The Power Squadron's predicted log race and the Edgewood overnight race around Prudence Island, starting at 8:00 p.m. the night before the Fourth have been cancelled. The gas scarcity put the bee on the power race and the ban on after sunset navigation effectually squelched all hope of sailing the overnight race.

▶ Regattas at both Newport and Jamestown are on the taboo list but the Rhode Island Y.C. has invited both clubs to sail their regattas up the Bay from the Rhode Island clubhouse, as the Washington Park Y.C. plans to do. The latter club is homeless. A big shipyard is being built, men are filling in to make land where the Washington Park Y.C. had its house for about 40 years, and one day the shipbuilding company turned a gang of laborers loose on the clubhouse and reduced it to second hand lumber and kindling wood in a couple of hours. A few of the old members, however, are keeping a skeleton organization together, hoping that some time they can put the club back on a going basis. But they'll have a regatta this year, anyway.

▶ *Short ends.* . . . The power boats and auxiliaries are sporting big letters and figures on their bows although some of the owners haven't discovered they must be painted on deck too. . . . Wonder why it is that a 15.5-gross ton pleasure boat must be made to look like a roadside billboard, while all a 16-ton boat needs for identification is her name on the transom. . . . And gold letters on a light varnished background are so easy to read. . . . Coles River Y.C. members have been collecting Herreshoff 12½′ Bullseyes for about three years and now have a class of eight of them. . . . S. E. Lyon, of Riverside, has bought George Dunn's 30-Square-Metre *Tipler III* but doesn't intend to put her over this year. George is wearing a Coast Guard uniform. . . . Alden Walls has bought the Triangle Class boat *Pandora*. Had to sail her down from Gloucester — daytimes. . . . And H. W. Honeyman, of Riverside, has bought Loring Norgaard's Triangle *Capt. Chris IV*. Loring is in the engineering department of one of the shipyards on the west coast. . . . Avis Bliss, of Little Compton, has sold her 37′ trunk cabin boat *Sum Fun* to Charles S. Lawton, of Newport. . . . George Weller, Dr. George Bridges and "Doc" Terrell E. Cobb, co-owners of the 39′ Casey-built cruiser *Carolo*, have changed her name to *Hel-Cat*. . . . Doug Paton has bought Fred Mason's auxiliary cat boat *Black Duck* which stimulates the sporting blood of Dr. Russell Hunt, owner of *Adventure*, Wendell Brown, owner of *Elizabeth*, and Fred Manns, owner of *Problem III*, the famous old *Gilt Edge*. There'll be cat boats racing at Edgewood this summer. . . . There's a new Mariner ship at Cranston, the *Aloha*, and the girls will have Ed Tiffany's schooner *Aloha* for their summer meeting place. Mebbe short cruises too. . . . *Whim*, a Post-built 25′ cabin cruiser now owned by J. Wilbur Morse and Carl Saunders, of Westerly, established a new classification when registered at the Providence custom house: "Fire and patrol boat in civilian defense." . . . Thomas S. Burns, of the U. S. Engineers' staff at Providence, has bought the 35′ Casey-built cruiser *Sun Tan* from Elmer A. and Gertrude M. Capwell. . . . Ought to be a law to prevent guys who don't know anything about boats from buying cranky small sail boats and taking other people, especially women, sailing in stiff breezes.

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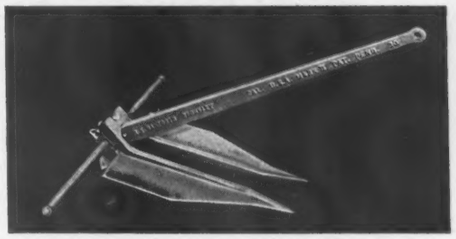

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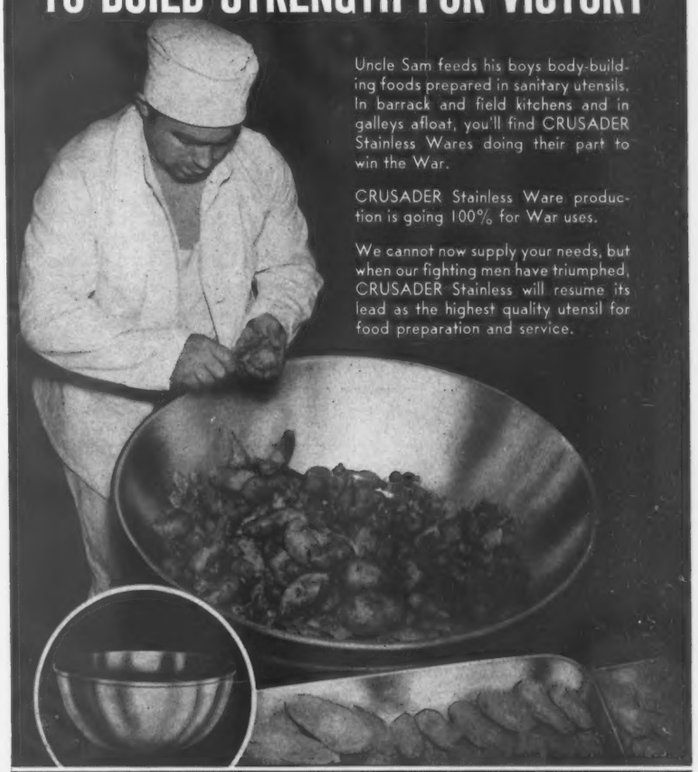

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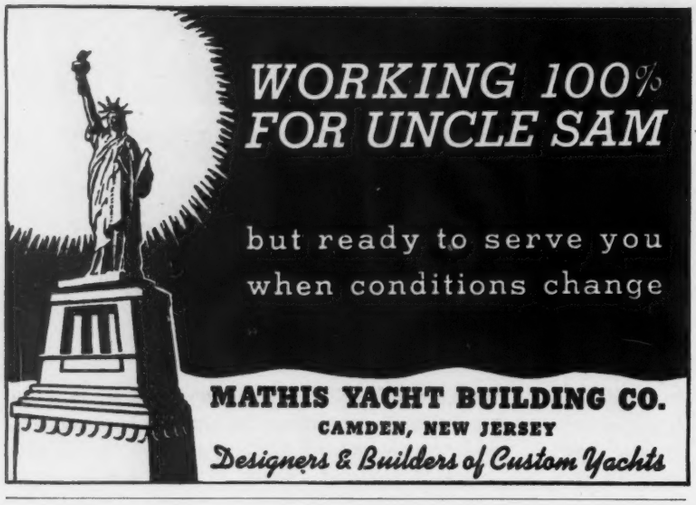

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LAKE ST. LOUIS NOTES

By "Beaver"

▶ Both the Royal St. Lawrence and Pointe Claire Y.C. are prepared for an active season in 1942. Gas rationing will reduce cruising and seriously curtail the use of power boats, but from early season indications it seems likely that there will be as much sailing as in 1941, if not more, and racing schedules have not yet been altered much.

▶ The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, where interest in dinghy sailing has been at a high level for the past few years, is sponsoring another dinghy class this season — or rather reintroducing the boats which originally made dinghy sailing popular at the club, namely, the 14′ cat-rigged boats built by Aykroyd Bros., in Toronto. These dinghies are less expensive and easier to handle than the sloops and Marconi cats, being rigged with a high peaked gaff-headed sail whose mast requires little staying. It is consequently a much simpler rig than the other two. Equipment is also less elaborate. It is hoped the new class will appeal to less experienced sailors and so introduce some new blood into the sport at a time when it is suffering from the absence on active service of so many of the club's leading sailors. A good turnout of sloop rigged dinghies is expected and with these two classes a full season's racing is anticipated. Plans have been made whereby officers of the R.C.N.V.R. training in Montreal will get some actual experience on the water in boats of the R. St. L.Y.C. fleet. As part of this, it is hoped that the officers will act as crews in the dinghies in some of the scheduled racing. Arrangements are now being made.

▶ At the Pointe Claire Y.C., the 19′ one-design boats of the PC Class provide the bulk of the racing, as they have done for the past few years, but the D, E and Cruising Classes will also be active. Scheduled racing is much the same as in 1941, with two principal changes, both additions to the schedule. In the PC Class, evening races will be scheduled for the whole summer, two series being held in place of one series in June and July in previous years. Experience has shown that these evening races bring out good sized fleets, and crews are more readily available since the other classes are not racing. This is an important consideration since the fleet numbers about 75 boats with a senior membership of just over a hundred. A number of Sunday races for all classes has been scheduled this summer; since cruising will be reduced, it is felt owners would enjoy these Sunday events, which will also allow those who cannot get out on Saturdays to do some racing.

LAKE MICHIGAN BREEZES

By Warren T. Davis

▶ The biggest racing event of the year, the Mackinac, sponsored by the Chicago Y.C., starts on Saturday, July 18th. This will be the 35th year it has been run. Through wars, depressions and good times, this has been the greatest of fresh water races. To win a class prize is in itself a great distinction; to have won either the racing or the cruising division time prize is the cherished dream of many fine racing skippers and crews. This year the fleet may be smaller than usual, as some yachts are not in commission, but there will be the same careful preparations and the same determination to win on the part of those entered. Some few yachts from the Detroit area are expected to take part, with a possibility of some from salt water. The starting line will be off Belmont Harbor, and the first gun will be fired at 1:00 p.m.

▶ While the big race is always a hard, grueling job, with considerably more than 300 miles of sailing, many participants have gone on to the shorter, easier races on Green Bay, which are scheduled to fit in with the return trip from Mackinac. Green Bay has much to offer in scenic beauty and hospitality. The Cruising Club Log Book does an exceptionally fine job of charting, picturing and telling the story of the numerous harbors and islands through this area. In addition to fine cruising during the period from July 25th to August 2nd, a series of sporty races is offered. These races have attracted many fine yachts in the past years from the lower end of the lake.

▶ The M & M Y.C. sponsors the so-called "100-mile race," which is absolutely tops in sporty racing. This event was originated seven years ago, by the then Commodore, Henning Larson. In actual fact, the course is about 87 miles. Two racing and two cruising division prizes are offered, starting from Menominee on Saturday, July 25th. The highly interesting course, zigzagging about Green Bay to Chambers Island to Sturgeon Bay to Green Island, through the Strawberry Channel, around Horseshoe Island, north of Chambers Island and back to Menominee, keeps the crews and skippers on the job. Part of the fun in this race is the call upon

skill in piloting and dead reckoning. The race, starting Saturday, ends on Sunday, giving the boys a little rest before the start of the Escanaba Y.C. Cruising Race.

▶ The Escanaba Cruising Race Series was instituted in 1938. Don DeWitt, of Oconto, Wis., is a kind of godfather to this Green Bay organization. He uses his power cruiser for the judges to start races and then rushes to the finish to establish a line to get the times.

This Escanaba Cruising Race starts from Escanaba on Tuesday, the 28th, with the first leg to Fish Creek, a run of some 47 miles. Wednesday, the fleet lies over in Fish Creek for the Fish Creek Y.C. Midsummer Regatta. This is a colorful event with a large fleet of Sea Gulls, Lightnings, Cubs and Dinghies, as well as the "big fellows." Then, on Thursday, the fleet races to Menominee, 18 miles across the bay. Just a nice sail with a fine harbor for the night. Friday sees the fleet off for Ephraim with a course north of Chambers Island. These are all short runs, giving plenty of time to lie about and talk each day. On Saturday, August 1st, the fleet gets a chance to take part in the Ephraim Y.C. 36th Annual Regatta. Last year some twenty-eight small yachts raced for the Vail Cup. (Everyone under 28′ take notice and write Ephraim Y.C. for details.) In the afternoon comes the Green Bay Sea Gull Championship Race, with one crew for each club with a Sea Gull fleet. Sunday morning, August 2nd, at an early hour (too early for the starters, anyway), the fleet sails the last of the four legs to Escanaba.

▶ These races, extending over a week — Race Week on Green Bay — have built up in this area a fine group of yachts and yachtsmen and have entertained a large number of visiting yachtsmen. The visitors have walked off with their share of prizes but it will be harder in the future with Williams of M & M in a new 22-Square-Metre; Erickson, of Escanaba, in the Class R *Yankee;* Shipman's 36′ yawl *Sandra III*, and Stoll's *Rose of Sharon.* Prizes are given for each leg and grand prizes for the best score on the four legs. Last year John Mitchell, the moving spirit behind the Escanaba Cruising Race, took the grand prize in the Racing Division with his Six-Metre *Oslo.* Frank Dory took the Cruising Division grand prize with *Hope.*

Lake Michigan yachtsmen, both sail and power, will find Race Week a fine time to visit Green Bay. Small boat owners should plan for the Fish Creek and Ephraim Regattas.

▶ The Great Lakes Cruising Club is conducting its third class in navigation with 75 men enrolled. The previous two classes enrolled a total of 217 but 75 seems to be the outside figure for the best results.

▶ The Chicago Y.C. appears to have the only gas pump for yachtsmen in the Central Lake Front area, so it is making it available to all yacht owners. With a power tender at Belmont Harbor, the boys at that branch will at last be able to get to their yachts without shipping half the lake in their dinghies. A novel feature of the club's closed short course cruising races is the breakfast at Belmont on Sundays, the race, and then a get together for alibis, etc. This club has announced that ribbons will be awarded for all its races and places this year except for the Mackinac, and that for such race medals will be awarded only to the placing skippers and not to their crews.

▶ On July 25th and 26th, the power and larger sail boats of Michigan City Y.C. will cruise to South Haven, this event being in conjunction with the Muskegon Y.C. The Coast Guard Auxiliary will go on the cruise for practical instruction in navigation. July 4th and 5th, this club holds its Handicap Races for the Perpetual Bell Trophy and, on July 12th, its Westward Ho Race Handicap to Dunes Park for the Perpetual Schaeffer Trophy recently presented to the club by Harold and Leslie Schaeffer in memory of the power cruiser *Gwendolyn.* Fourteen boys have signed up for the Sailing School run by the Junior Activity Committee.

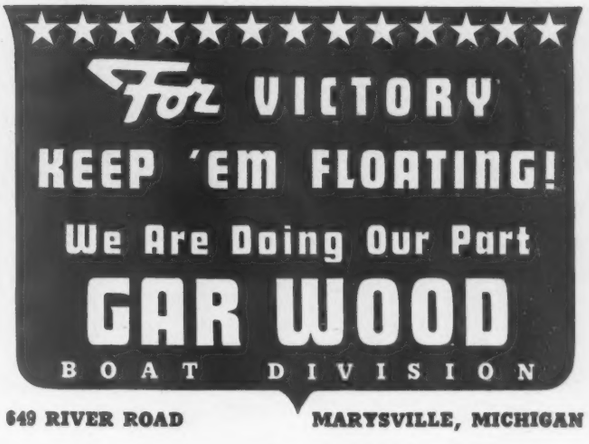
DETROIT RIVER AND LAKE ERIE NEWS

By Walter X. Brennan

▶ The Inter Lake Y.A. will not only have "racing as usual" but will even step up its program this year at the 49th annual regatta which starts August 8th. In the past, the sailing program has listed three races for each class on the annual program. This year each class will sail five races for the championship series.

▶ The Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army, has announced that U. S. Lake Survey Charts, Bulletins and Supplements will be distributed in the future only to Government agencies, and to commercial vessels where necessary to their work. This will eliminate yachtsmen from purchase of charts and the receipt of Notices to Mariners.

▶ Winners in the Memorial Day interclub regatta at Detroit were: Eight-Metre, *Shamrock,* Ernie Grates; CK team race, L. K. Wood; Class



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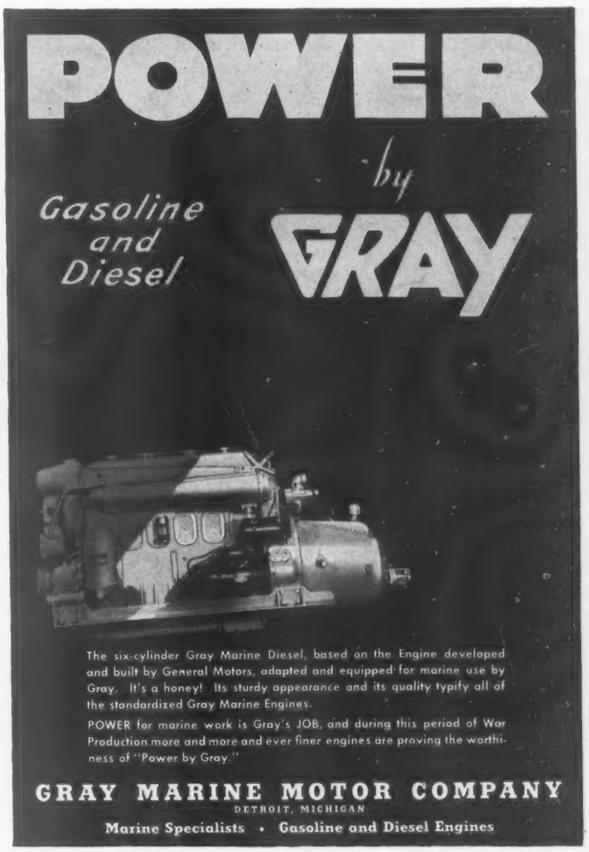
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▶ The order stopping all small boat navigation of the Detroit and St. Clair River by order of Secretary Knox in May emphasized the need for clear lanes for the ore carriers which pass down these waterways. Although the order was later rescinded, it started some policing of the waterways by the yachtsmen. No regatta courses will cross the ship channel and pleasure boat operators who don't give the freighters a wide berth in the future will be awarded the official title of "Heel" by the Detroit River Y.A.

▶ The first Outboard regatta of the season was staged at Detroit June 7th, under sponsorship of the Detroit O.A. Although rain fell throughout the day, it is estimated 2,000 persons sat in their cars to watch the events around the lagoon at Belle Isle, which was used for competition for the first time.

▶ With more daylight this year, Crescent S.Y.C. is making the most of it. Wednesday evening club races for Snipes have been scheduled for all summer.

▶ Lloyd Kurtzworth, chairman of Bayview Y.C. Mackinac Race Committee, is going right ahead with the plans. Several boats are definitely "out" since their owners have gone into the service but there promises to be a good sized fleet on hand. The 240-mile race will start July 11th, at Port Huron, Mich.

WHAT'S NEW IN THE INDUSTRY

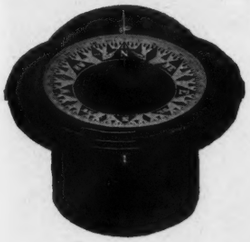
Navy Honors Three Chris-Craft Plants

▶ On Monday, June 15th, the Chris-Craft Corporation had the honor of receiving the Navy "E" award at each of its three plants in Algonac, Cadillac and Holland, Michigan, in recognition of outstanding performance in filling Navy contracts.

Rear Admiral George H. Rock, U.S.N., head of the Webb Institute of Naval Architecture, New York City, presented the burgee at the Algonac ceremony to Jay W. Smith, president of the corporation. Acting as chairman was S. H. A. Marshall, radio news analyst and columnist.

Civic ceremonies were held at Holland and Cadillac, Lieut. Comdr. R. J. Twyman, of the U. S. Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, Ill., presenting the award and Owen Smith accepting on behalf of the firm. At Holland, Dr. Wynand Wichers, President of Hope College, was chairman, while Duane Fowler, Cadillac business man, was chairman at the Cadillac presentation.

The Chris-Craft Corporation has been awarded the Navy "E" for efficiency. Here is Lieut. B. C. Smith pinning the "E" button on Chris-Craft's oldest employee in point of service, Hiram Quibell, while Louis Biscorner, second oldest, looks on



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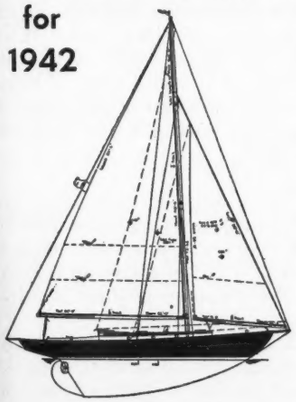

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Vice Admiral R. R. Waesche congratulating H. E. Wheeler, Sr., founder of the company, on the award of the Navy "E" to Wheeler Brooklyn plant, while Mrs. Wheeler smiles her appreciation. Robert Wheeler at right

Wheeler Receives First Coast Guard "E"

▶ Never before has the Navy "E," awarded for excellence and efficiency in engineering or gunnery, been presented to anyone other than those in or working for the Navy. By special permission from the President and the Secretary of the Navy, the honor was awarded to the Wheeler Shipyard, Inc., on May 21st, by Vice Admiral R. R. Waesche, Commandant of the U. S. Coast Guard, in recognition of outstanding performance in the production of vessels for that branch of the service.

In the spring of 1941, the Wheeler Brooklyn plant was given a contract by the Coast Guard for building 83-footers. Completed just before the ceremony with a speed of one launching every five days, this contract has been replaced by a new one for a larger fleet. Both contracts are larger than any previously awarded by the Coast Guard to a single plant. However, it is not merely for meeting a fast schedule that the pennant was given but for the ". . . ingenuity of the Wheeler Shipyard . . . in overcoming . . . many ramifications both technical and otherwise (numerous modifications and changes and additions accomplished which were not previously contemplated for this fleet of vessels) which have arisen during the development of this particular contract due to war time emergency demands."

The award was accepted from Admiral Waesche by Howard E. Wheeler, Sr., president of the company, at a dinner-dance at the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, which was attended by 1500 officials and employees. The Navy "E" button, which complements the pennant and is given to every employee, was received on their behalf by Martin Johnson, 79, who has been with the concern for twenty-five years.

This is the second "E" presented to the Wheeler organization. The other Wheeler plant received one for mine sweeper production several months ago.

Hans Bohuslav Joins Sterling Engine Co.

▶ The Sterling Engine Co. recently announced the appointment of Hans Bohuslav as vice president in charge of engineering. His acquisition will be an aid in Sterling's full time program of producing engines for the Navy. Mr. Bohuslav is known in the engineering industry as an authority on Diesel and gas engines. He directed the development of the current Enterprise engine while associated with the Enterprise Engineering Company, of San Francisco. Previously, he has served as a consultant for various West Coast concerns, including Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, General Engineering Corporation, General Petroleum Company, and Pacific Gear and Tool Company. From time to time, his work as consultant included special assignments from the War Department's U. S. Corps of Engineers.

Cooper-Bessemer Corp. Entertains S.N.A.M.E.

▶ As a part of the two-day spring meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, held at Pittsburgh on May 26th–27th, many of those attending visited the Pennsylvania plant of the Cooper-Bessemer Corporation. Being guests of the engine builders, the purpose of their visit was to see just what goes into the making of marine Diesel engines.

After a luncheon at which they were addressed briefly by B. B. Williams

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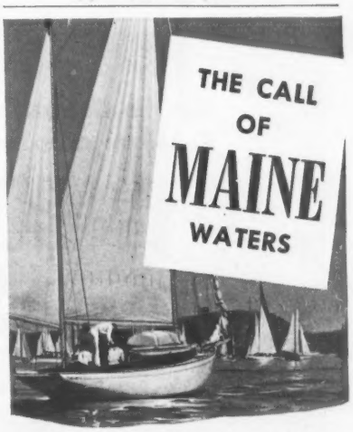

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Mastheading of the colors at the ceremony on presentation of Navy "E" to the Fisher Boat Works. In addition to the Fisher staff, many officers of the Navy and officials of General Motors Corp. attended the presentation

and Gordon Lefebvre, president and general manager of the concern, the members of the party were taken on a tour of the company's foundries, machine shops, assembly floors and test departments. Seven different sizes and types of engines were on test at the time and afforded the visitors an opportunity to see these engines operating at various loads and speeds. Precision machines and methods of manufacture also came in for much attention by the group. The Cooper-Bessemer Corporation is now producing marine Diesel engines in greater quantities than ever before for the Coast Guard, the Maritime Commission, and the Navy.

Fisher Boat Works Receives Navy "E"

▶ On June 11th, the Fisher Boat Works, Inc., Detroit, was awarded the Navy "E" burgee for excellence in production by Rear Admiral George H. Rock, U.S.N. (Retired). The Fisher yard has been in production on a fleet of 110-foot wooden submarine chasers and has produced, also, several of the first U. S. Navy motor torpedo boats.

The presentation ceremonies were held in the Booth Theater, adjoining the Fisher yard, with William P. Fisher, president, accepting the Navy burgee on behalf of the company's 200 employees. Lapel buttons were presented to the employees by Lieut. Comdr. C. Sherman Hoyt, U.S.N.R. Leo J. Fitzpatrick, general manager of radio station WJR, was master of ceremonies and the speakers included Governor Murray, Charles F. Kettering, Russell J. Pouliot, D. Van Wagoner of the State of Michigan, and S. L. A. Marshall, military commentator of the "Detroit News." Music was provided by the Wayne University Band.

The Snow-Nabstedt Gear Corporation

▶ The Snow-Nabstedt Gear Corporation, makers of the reverse gears with which most of the successful PT boats have been equipped, recently announced its new firm name, as given above. This replaces Snow & Petrelli Manufacturing Company under which the firm had served the boat trade for many years.

Incorporated in 1906 by Messrs. L. T. Snow and J. V. Petrelli, the corporation has, during the last 36 years, manufactured as its chief product Joes Reverse Gears, which have become familiar to boatmen the world round from the face of Old Man Joe, used in its advertising copy and literature.

Mr. Petrelli severed his connection with the company in 1916. That same year Arthur T. Nabstedt was taken into the company. Well equipped by education, engineering and business experience, his enterprise and salesmanship soon made him an important factor in the business. The harmonious coöperation of Snow and Nabstedt has been responsible for the growth, development and reputation of the company during the 26 years of their association. It is, therefore, not only highly fitting but a well deserved recognition that Mr. Nabstedt's name be given a prominent place in the Snow-Nabstedt Gear Corporation in which he will continue to fill the offices of vice president in charge of sales and general manager. The other officers are L. T. Snow, president and treasurer, and Douglas M. Pierpont, secretary and chief engineer.

The Snow-Nabstedt Gear Corporation is now engaged to its full capacity on war contracts. While the output is 1000 per cent above normal, the Navy's demand for reverse and reduction gears for motor torpedo boats, mine sweepers, landing boats, battleship tenders and numerous other craft is so urgent that the company is erecting and equipping a new building large enough to double its output.

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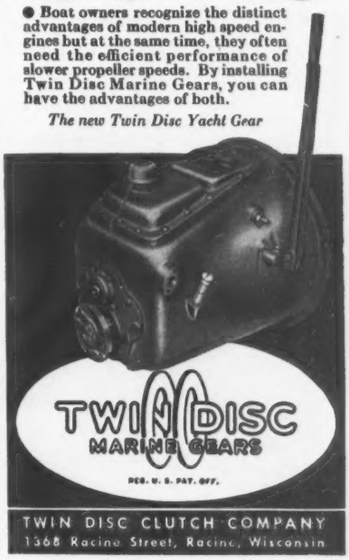

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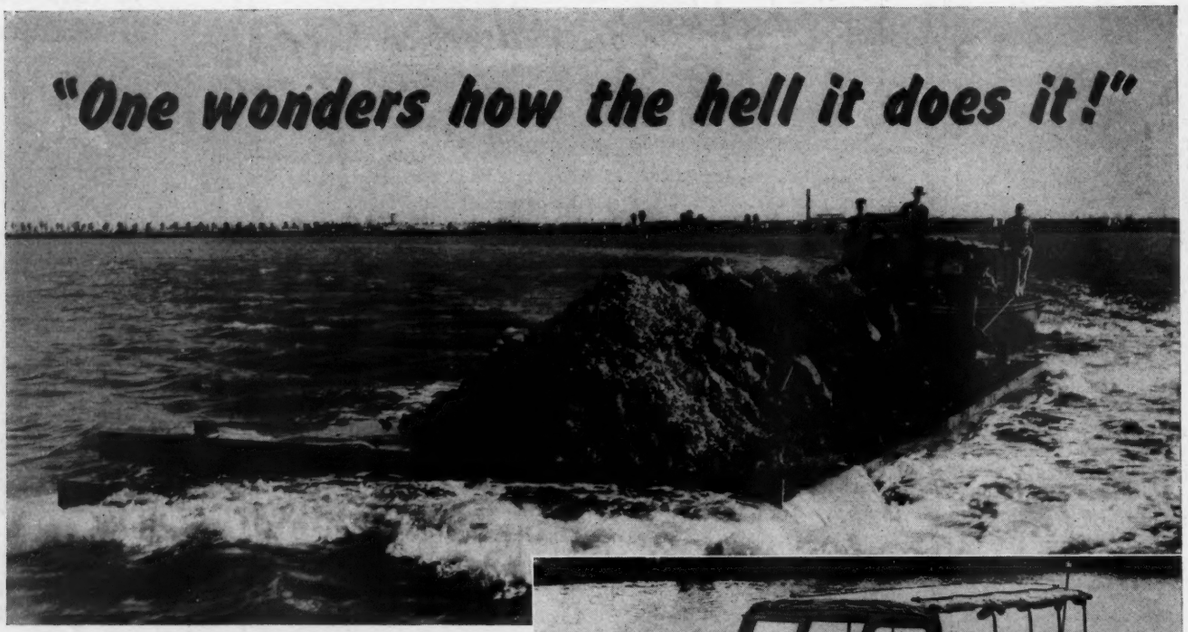

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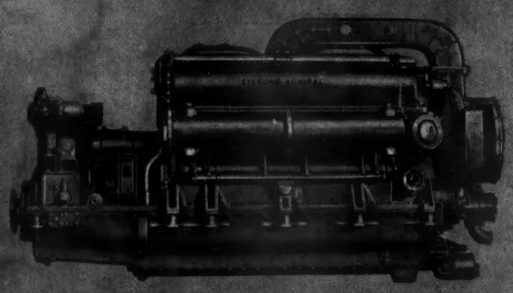

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